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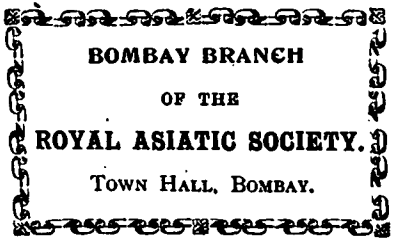

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ESSAYS ON HIS OWN TIMES

FORMING A SECOND SERIES OF

THE FRIEND

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

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LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1850

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LETTERS TO JUDGE FLETCHER.

To Mr. Justice Fletcher

Concerning his Charge to the Grand Jury of the County of Wexford, in Ireland, at the Summer Assizes in 1814.

Letter I.

(Tuesday, September 20, 1814.*)*

"Nec est ut calumniis et injuriis se quisquam oblæsum quiritetur. Non enim civiles ac judiciales nostræ reprehensiones sunt; verum ex eo sunt genere et censu, quas cuilibet scriptori ipsa Veritatis majestas liberas et impunes permittit ac sancit; ut nimirum errores circa principia et historiarum corruptelæ debitâ severitate exscindantur et evellantur."—*Præfat. in Lib. Parag. A. T. Paracelsi.*

My Lord,

SHOULD this letter meet your Lordship's eye, the preceding quotation will have explained to you its nature, spirit and purposes. On the first hearing of your celebrated charge, my objections to it were numerous and such as appeared to myself unanswerable. Yet, in deference to your high station, and from respect to your professed motives, accredited as they were by the rank and character of your audience, I have long withheld all public animadversion. That such an oration should have been addressed by a judge to a grand jury, whilst it constituted the strangeness of the measure, seemed an unexceptionable pledge of its innocence. Your

object, I dared not doubt, was to conciliate the gentlemen of Ireland in behalf of their tenants, not to inflame the Catholic peasantry against the Protestant landholders. You were pleading *for* the poor and ignorant, not haranguing *to* them,—a criterion by which I have seldom failed to distinguish mistaken patriotism from dishonest faction. *Etiam in falso verax*, the true lover of his country even by his mistakes presents a contrast with the insidious ingenuity of the demagogue, whose character it has been in all ages and in all countries to convey falsehood even when he utters truth. I could not indeed forget, that in the delivery of this charge you were sitting, as the representative of your sovereign, in that most awful function of sovereignty, the administration of the common laws to the common subjects of his United Kingdoms. I could not forget, my Lord, that you delivered the charge in question, at a period, which emphatically called on you, as a Judge, to teach us thankfulness for recent and growing benefits, in the room of discontent for yet lingering grievances: and under circumstances which imposed on *you*, my Lord, an especial obligation to be an example to us of subordinating the blind impulses of local predilection to the duties of a comprehensive and enlightened patriotism. Nor was I as able to evade, as I was willing to suppress, the obvious truth, that the warmth and vehemence of feeling, which furnishes elsewhere the best excuse for passionate words and exaggerated statements,

does itself need excuse, when displayed from the judicial bench; that it colours the fault, only to throw it more forward. But I remembered at the same time, that the good and wise, who are ever the most conscious of their own fallibility, feel an interest in allowing rectitude of intention to cover a multitude of errors: and had the circulation of the charge been confined to the class which the charge itself professes to admonish, your Lordship would still have remained untroubled by the present remonstrance.

From this plea, my Lord, I am now reluctantly driven. Daily do we witness the art and industry with which your assertions are perverted to the annoyance of government by our English malignants; and your Lordship must have noticed, with indignant regret, the fanatical avidity with which, on your side of the water, they have been appropriated to the more detestable purpose of disturbing Ireland, and disuniting the empire. I lament that the paramount interests of truth do not permit me wholly to pass by the first occasion of these offences. Still, however, my heaviest censures will be directed to the busy agents, who in almost every large town of the United Kingdom have republished for the malcontents and pot-wise senators of ale-houses what I must suppose to have been consigned by your Lordship to the collective magistracy of the county of Wexford. It becomes therefore a debt of justice equally to myself and to your Lordship, that I should in the first place declare what parts and injunctions

of the charge I do not controvert, in what points I either coincide with your Lordship, or submit my own judgment to your greater experience and more ample means of information. Yet even in these, I must claim the liberty of giving a respectful utterance to certain doubts and reserves, grounded, I trust, on principles as sacred to the philanthropist, as they are binding on every loyal subject. The *ingenuousness* of your nature will at once admit, that in times of popular fanaticism and disquiet, half-truths are the most inflammatory of all the modes of falsehood. Your *humanity* no less than your good sense must have convinced you, that no wise and good man will wilfully draw the attention of the multitude to errors and calamities which he himself knows to be either not at all, or only gradually and slowly, remediable. A Christian and a lawyer, in reverential *gratitude* to the framers and enactors, to the guardians and enforcers of public law, your Lordship must abhor all attempts to exasperate or embitter the popular mind on *any* occasion. How much more, when the attempt is made by a mischievous display of evils, which both the executive and legislative powers have long and anxiously struggled to remove! With how much intenser feeling, when their wisest plans and best intended efforts are known to have been mainly baffled by the very prejudices and antipathies, which the too exclusive and too passionate attention to these evils first kindled, and still continues to feed and furnish! But most

of all I should have presumed (and here I confess myself perplexed by the opposing fact) that your Lordship's habitual sense of your character and duties, as a JUDGE, would have precluded the possibility of your first designating, as useless, and then stigmatizing as a suspension of all constitution, law and justice, the very measures and statutes which, as a Judge, it may become your solemn office to propound and to actuate. Little will it avail you, my Lord, in the court of your conscience, that you did "not know the secrets of the palace," should some rebel or rioter, on whom you had called for his final defence, declare himself a practical convert of your own making, and boldly justify himself for having opposed as null or iniquitous, what *you yourself* had denounced as laws against law, and judgment against justice! Strange secrets! which whispered within the palace, were yet so loudly echoed in the senate house; with which the representatives of Ireland, almost without exception, avowed themselves familiar; and which indeed could not be less known than the remedies, the necessity of which, the very veterans of Irish patriotism voted to be not less notorious than lamentable! Your Lordship might have learnt from one of our wisest poets and historians, how unphilosophic it is to transfer the whole blame of disquiet or rebellion from a country to its governors:

> "For never are the people wholly free
> From guilt of wounds, they suffer in the war:

Never did any public misery
Rise of itself! God's plagues still grounded are
On common stains of our humanity:
And to the flame which ruineth mankind,
Man gives the fuel or at least gives wind."
DANIEL's *Civil Wars.*

But I have touched on a string which has sent forth a sharper note than I had predetermined. I will, therefore, defer to a moment of calmer feeling my further observations, and conclude this my first letter by unfeigned assurances of the high personal respect,

With which I remain, my Lord,
Your Lordship's Fellow Subject and Compatriot,
AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

To MR. JUSTICE FLETCHER, &c.

LETTER II.

(Monday, September 29, 1814.)

MY LORD,

IN my former Letter, from the impetuous simplicity of our national temperament, "the firstlings of my heart" became unwittingly "the firstlings of my hand." I broke off therefore abruptly, from what I could not but condemn, in order to recommence with those passages of your Lordship's charge, on which I might dwell with complacency, or at least differ from without complaint.

No admirer of *party* confederacies in *any* form,

I deprecate not less earnestly than your Lordship, all "*swearings-in,*" all initiatory pledges and mysteries of membership, as factious and disloyal. Be it merely a re-injunction of previous duties, still the oath-rite is a profanation, as being superfluous, and a public wrong as example and precedent. But a *seditious* oath is in and of itself perjury! Ill broken and worse kept, it involves the peculiar guilt of perplexing and entangling the conscience, which cannot decide either way without becoming an accomplice in evil. Well if it be not tempted by false glory to decide in favour of the more criminal alternative. There is a proud and glistering shew of honour and fidelity in the hazardous adherence to obligations incurred by our own act and will, that too often succeeds in stigmatizing as treachery or cowardice the return to our birth duties, and the allegiance which we owe, in common with all others, our fellow-subjects. It is indeed, the main mischief and curse of these volunteer communities, whether political or religious, that they poison and prey upon the noblest qualities of human nature. Intense in proportion to their proximity, they acquire a paramount influence in practice from their very nullity in law and reason. Both from principle and from experience, both from what I have read of the past and from what I know and fear of the present, I deem myself bound, therefore, to thank your Lordship for your firmness in denouncing, as "CONTRARY TO LAW," all associations of every description, whether Orange-

men or Ribbon-men — all combinations of persons bound to each other by the obligation of an oath, in a league for a common purpose, *without the authority or known acquiescence of the supreme power.**

If there be indeed such a thing as an axiom in politics, a truth involved in the very definition and idea of a state, it is this, that no government can consistently tolerate any organized powers not subordinated to itself, yet locally within its jurisdiction. Wens and deformities of the body politic, they always withdraw from it a portion of its nutritive elements, and too often return them back into the general circulation poisoned or effete. Now, of these *imperia in imperio*, unauthorized oaths of union or pledges of honour or of conscience equivalent to oaths, are the necessary condition. If we leave the case of the Knights Templar as too obscure to supply a satisfactory instance, the Jesuits seem first to have systematized this grand mystery and *arcanum* of ambition, and by its aid these subtle "artificers of fraud," subjugated to the intrigues of their order more than half the monarchies of Europe. The transcendent wit and elevated piety of

* This sentence distinguished by italics I have substituted for the original words, "endangering the peace of the country," which render the whole declaration a mere pompous *truism*, of no practicable applicability. "Yes," (would the Orange-men say), "but *we* league to *preserve* the peace of the country."

Pascal; the learning and fervid eloquence of Arnauld; the rise and spread of truth and falsehood, of genuine and pretended knowledge, under the common name of philosophy; the envy and machinations of the elder orders; the awakened jealousy of sovereigns; and, more than all, the notorious laxity of their own political, moral, and religious code; contrasted with the austere ethics, and unbending theology of Jansenism; all these preparations and materials of combustion, kindled by the spark of accident, succeeded at length in overthrowing at once this curious fabric of power and cunning. The deep-laid and well-defended citadel of Jesuitry, the work of two centuries, exploded in a moment; the fragments were scattered over Europe, and nothing remained entire, save the pernicious scheme of their policy, and the fatal example of its long and triumphant success.

Excited by the ingenious dream of Lessing,* the Bavarian Weishaupt attempted to combine the secret oaths and filiated societies of Free-masonry, with the discipline, education and mechanized obedience of the disciples of Loyola, and succeeded so far as to furnish some few hints and materials for that monstrous romance of the Illumino, with which the fanatics, Barruel and Robison, astonished

* In Lessing's exquisite dialogues on Free-masonry, entitled Ernst und Falk.

and terrified the good people of England, Ireland, and Vienna.

The main mischief, however, as might have been expected from the methodising and speculative genius of the Germans, consisted in the perfection to which they brought the theory. But to this we must add the accidental introduction of these secret and organized Societies into France, and the familiarizing of the scheme to the imaginations of the French people. Partly by translations from the German press, but far more by the number of confederated enthusiasts, whom the persecution of the Bavarian Priests and Friars had driven thither, in Paris and the circumjacent Provinces, were the germs of contagion most widely dispersed. In the circumstances, and in the national character of this vain, yet shallow, this frivolous, yet ferocious race, they found both rest and aliment:

> "Then wasteful forth
> Walk'd the dire power."

Here first under the name of Jacobinism, the idea of this stupendous living machinery was realized popularly, and to its fullest extent. Here first this religion of iniquity stept forth into open day, a mighty Church, visible and militant! Throughout Continental Europe were its Moloch altars created, and the bones of its countless victims still lie bleaching around their recent ruins.

Let us not delude ourselves. The bulwarks and temples of ancient institutions, which had been

undermined and thrown prostrate, are now indeed rebuilding. By the heroic persistence of Great Britain, and the inherent elasticity of the commercial system; by the natural reaction of all human events, and the subsequent final explosion of imprisoned and compressed Europe, we have shattered or blasted the terrific engineer in the mines of his own digging! The visible organization of Jacobinism has been crushed or torn asunder; but the *life*, the evil *principle* cannot die, as long as the soil of a half-knowledge and a proud ignorance supplies its own specific juices to the envy, ambition and revenge, which, alas, are the indigenous growth of poor human nature! Many and strangely various are the shapes which the spirit of Jacobinism can assume. Now it is *Philosophy*, contending for indifference to all positive institutions, under the pretexts of liberality and toleration, and yet with all the bigotry of self-conceit, and all the diligence of bigotry, through every channel of communication, and by all the implements of annoyance, by contempt, by ridicule, by opprobrious charge or implication, persecuting all, as persecutors, who will not believe their forefathers fools and tyrants! Now it appears as refined sensibility and philanthropy, declaiming piteously concerning the wrongs and wretchedness of the oppressed many, and in play or novel amending the faulty and partial schemes of Providence, by assigning every vice and folly to the rich and noble, and all the virtues, with every

amiable quality to the poor and ignorant! But, mark you, not to flatter them into greater contentment with their lot. No! but to teach them to *pity* themselves alone, and at once to despise, hate, and envy their superiors. *Their* very crimes forsooth are not their own, but the crimes of their hard and neglectful guardians! *Their* very crimes are *not* crimes, but brave acts of natural vengeance on their plunderers and task-masters.

These are its shapes and dresses when the spirit of Jacobinism travels incognito, and in which it prepares and announces its approaching public entry! Behold it in that, its next and boldest metamorphosis, like the Kehama of our laurel-honouring laureat, one and the same, yet many and multiform and dividuous, assaulting with combined attack all the gates and portals of law and usage, in all the blazonry of open war! As journalist, ladling out his "Hell-broth," of—

> "Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting
> Gall of goat and owlet's wing:"

from his midnight cauldron of slander and blasphemy; as club-president, committee-man, commissary, denouncer, accuser and mob-orator; as Septembrizing and petitioning Poissard, with lips of obscenity and hands of murder, and as incurable orator in the mad-house of a tumultuary legislature, in which all the blindness, presumption, ignorance, dupery, fraud, cupidity and malice of a wicked nation are fairly represented by universal suffrage!

a modern Solon, crushing and creating; till vaporous theorems concrete into meteor constitutions, the *executive* of which is entrusted to massacre, with peculation as first lord of the treasury, and rapacity as collector of the revenue! Yet amid all these fierce and feverish vexations, through all these whirling storm-clouds of confusion and darkness, the "tricksy spirit," still provident for its own perpetuation, by these very horrors and amazements bribes or compels even the good and wise to yield it welcome, and at least a passive support in its next and final transformation, that of Military Despotism; in this the fermented state, like a volcanic mountain, forms at length its crater and outlet; and through this pours forth its countless armies of demoralized fanatics, as so many rivers of lava, to spread through the surrounding realms a community of wickedness, wretchedness, and desolation.

Let it not be objected, my Lord, that from mere caprice I have applied the opprobrious name of Jacobinism, to various and discordant forms of folly and might. They are all one, or at least of one family, all united or at least confraternized by the same marked and distinct characters. In all alike the cry is evermore of *Rights*, never of *Duties*; in all alike the scheme consists in principles of abstract reason, which belonging only to beings equable and unchanging, are *above* man; while the materials, implements, and agency of its realization are found in

terror, secrecy, falsehood, cupidity, and all the passions and practices which are, or ought to be, *below* man. In all alike the appeal is made to the malignant or selfish feelings, and whether it be the liberty that is promised as in the earlier, or dominion as in the later, stage of Jacobinism, it is alike effected by destroying all those objects and reciprocities of human virtues, which alone had precluded or diminished slavery. Boldly therefore, my Lord, do I affirm, that though the spirit may have been silenced, it has not been *laid;* and in my next, I hope to detect the shapes and disguises in which it still *walks* in Great Britain and Ireland.

I am, &c.

AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

TO MR. JUSTICE FLETCHER.

LETTER III.

(Friday, October 21, 1814.)

MY LORD,

IT is with the ordinances of society as with the faculties and functions of the individual. Each has its direct object, and its indirect consequences, an order which we cannot disturb, without running counter to our own purposes. Apt illustrations, and a memorable instance of this truth are presented by your Lordship's own profession during the long period in which its powers and ends were usurped by the papal hierarchy. Law and religion neutralized

each other; and the baleful product retarded the civilization of Europe for centuries. Law splintered into the *minutiæ* of religion, became a busy and inquisitorial tyranny; and religion, substituting legal terrors for the ennobling influences of the conscience, only in name remained religion. An analogous subordination of desirable results to its direct aims marks the jurisprudence of an enlightened government; and a similar attempt to invert this order stands prominent among the characters of Jacobinism. As the warden and inspector of a navigable stream confines his attention to its depths and shoals; to its banks, indentations, promontories, and reaches; yet thus preserves most effectively the component waters from at once losing *themselves*, and ruining the adjacent lands by inundation; in like manner does a legislature appropriate its regards to the *permanencies* of a state, to the supporting skeleton and the containing vessels, of the body politic, to its ranks, estates, conditions, customs, and offices; yet by these means provides eventually, though indirectly, for the perpetual flux of persons, proportioned channels, and a regulated impulse, a quick and vigorous, yet healthy and tranquil circulation. It is the sole prerogative, my Lord, of that omniscience, which is one with omnipotence, to number, to sustain, and to actuate, each drop of each billow in the mighty torrent of MATERIAL CREATION,

"For ever changing, and the same for ever!"

It demands too no less than that wisdom sublimed by an infinite justice, before whose ken time in all its pauseless successions stands simultaneous and circular, to comprehend within its cognisance the moving mass of PERSONAL BEING; to order for each soul its fit place, its proper bearings; to goad on each evil will, an eyeless drudge, toward the removal of evil; and while it apportions the capacity of happiness to the degree of worth, still filling, still to dilate the vessel, which it fills.—Genuine elevation is the exclusive reward of humility.—Not more modest than benignant is the light that streams from the countenance of human wisdom, while it gazes reverentially on its source and centre; which, when it would rival, into how wan and worthless a day-moon does it fade, outshone by every cloud-speck that floats beside it!

Unwillingly, my Lord, and not without disgust, do I call you from truths, whose grandeur the mind cannot contemplate without participating, to behold in contrast that *seditious spirit*, proud in its meanness, and mean in proportion to its presumption, which sacrilegiously transferring to itself the incommunicable claims of religion, still clamours of rights and rights, while it conceals, or tramples on, all the correlative DUTIES, the co-presence of which could alone substantiate them, and without which the very name of rights becomes dishonest, a forgery and a lie! Inspired, say rather inflated by this spirit, the priests and prophets of Jacobinism, (cruelly deluding

whom they grossly flatter), find no object co-extensive with *their* wisdom, but PERSONS and the inherencies of *personal* dues. The weal and woe of the universal individuality of the moral world form the *direct* end, the *primary* object of *their* constitutional codes, the very axioms of *their* legislative geometry! and of these all social and positive rights are to hold by homage and base tenure, precarious secondaries and vassals tolerated at will. Counting where they should weigh, and with true vulgar envy affecting to despise, as null or even suspicious, the wealth and rank, which are our best attainable securities for (an average at least of) integrity and knowledge, THEY would reform and perfect society on principles preclusive of all society, but that of fiends or angels!

Even the *Patriot's* name was to be shunned as of too unimposing a simplicity, as too narrow, and ambiguous in its purport; or usurped by them only for occasional uses, in favour of converts weak in the faith. Citizens of the world, and teachers of *physiocratic* science, the demagogues of this "enlightened age" (oh how far more truly this age of enlighteners!) *commenced* by worshipping the sanctity of the abstraction, MAN, in the divinity of that other abstraction, the PEOPLE.

But alas! the scheme *concludes* by mortising and compacting the scattered and sooty fragments of the *populace* into one living and "multitudinous idol," a blind but hundred-armed giant, of fearful power, to undermine the foundations of the social

edifice, and finally, perchance, to pull down the all-sheltering roof on its own head, the victim of its own madness! Thus, in order to sacrifice the *natural* STATE to PERSONS, they must concorporate PERSONS into an *unnatural* STATE; the deluded subjects of which soon find themselves under a dominion ten-fold more oppressive and vexatious than that to which the laws of God and Nature had attached them, and whose punitive vengeance they first alarm by sedition, then provoke by riot, and brave at last as open rebels. Shut up in a labyrinthine prison of forms and bye-laws, of engagements by oath and contributions by compulsion, they move in slavish files beneath a jealous and ever-neighbouring control, which despotises in detail; in which every man is made his brother's keeper; and which arming the hand and fixing the eye of all against each, merges the free-will of the individual in the merciless tyranny of the confederation.

In this guise, my Lord, is the vital principle of the "evil thing" working, even here in England and at the present moment. In this still reigning epidemic, beneath this quickening atmosphere of a presumptuous ignorance, and supplied at once with the nest and incubation, with warmth and covert from the *dung-yard* of fashionable philanthropy, a section, a dissevered spine of the "redundant" monster has been vegetating, head and tail, into an integral reptile of no obtrusive form, of no glaring colours; but its fang resting on a bag of the old

venom, and its voices supprest indeed and low, yet to be recognised by an attentive ear, as the same foretokening hiss. Real danger is indeed almost always in inverse proportion to alarm. When the panic concerning Jacobinism was at its height in England, it was but paper flames, theatric fire, and smoke volumes of more annoyance than mischief that were *throated forth* from the mouths of the Dragon. The heat, enthusiasm, and temerity of visionary youth; and even the audacious cowardice of mobs, with the incendiary intemperance of their sycophants, these were but the infant noises of Jacobinism, this was the vulnerable, the mortal, the more human part of the "miscreated shape!"

> Ille *Viro* toto moriens, *Serpentibus imis*
> Vivit adhuc, vexatque, etiam post fata rebellis,
> Victorem!—CLAUDIAN.

I revere, my Lord, the writings of the wise men who were before us; and rejoice whenever I can derive from their authority ornament and additional support to my own convictions. I ever feel myself weakest when I suppose myself most original. Nay, even to our more immediate predecessors, whose names are still fresh in the odour of wisdom among my contemporaries, I would bend, in all modest deference, notwithstanding any private suspicions of my own concerning the longevity of this admiration, and though I should feel some inward doubt whether their recent (and as yet unwithered) *Repu-*

tation is sufficiently congenerous to prove a living and healthy graft on the tree of *Fame*. But neither reason nor duty will permit me to be silenced by opinions, which, had they lived to review them in the experiment, I must in charity believe that the authors themselves would have been the first and most eager to recant. Much less dare I suffer myself to be deterred from uttering the whole truth by calumnies, which I anticipate only to scorn, of beings, whose sympathy an honest man dreads as infection, and whose praise he deprecates as loss of character. I prepare myself, my Lord, for renunciations of desperate journalists, who speculate on the contingent profits of a gaol, and of brazening barristers, who bring the surplus of their impudence as vendible ware to the appropriate market of Committee Parliaments, who barter outrage and bravado for present plaudits and after-practice, and give lessons *gratis* at the elective meetings or in the grand confidential synod, of the sedition and treason which they are afterwards to be feed for defending in the Crown Court. More formidable, and yet equally despised by me, I calculate on the malignant lies, and yet more malignant truths of private and personal slander; on the inventiveness, and on the credulity of malice; but, above all, on the circulating whisper of that imbecile and maudlin counterfeit of genuine sensibility, by misnomer of courtesy styled *goodness*, but for which the name *goodiness* (newly minted for its specific designation) is not

more contemptuous than it is just and appropriate. "*Quid id vero mei refert, an me sequantur isti vel persequantur? Coercere ipsos meum non erit, meum tamen erit ipsos prodere, quod fraudibus et impostoris toti scateant, et aliud fundamentum nullum, quam a cacoëthe plausus vulgaris et ignorantia enatum, teneant. Qui fidelis et probus in suum cor est, is me non fugiet aut aversabitur.*"—PARACELSI *in Præfat. ad Paragranum, Librum suum.* AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

To MR. JUSTICE FLETCHER.

LETTER IV.

(Wednesday, November 2, 1814.)

OF the many afflicting truths, to the evidence of which even the kindest natures must gradually constrain their conviction, this is the last and most reluctantly admitted, that there are men and classes of men, whom *no* truth can convince, whom *no* evidence can convert from their errors. But it is to the heart, my Lord, that *such* errors owe at once their origin and perpetuation. Eccentric as they often are, they are still the regular parts and products of the moral system, which they may occasionally appear to traverse. Thus comets (which, if we believe a French philosophy) were at first shot forth from, and by, the sun, deriving from

the same source both projectile and attractive impulse, retain their course unalterable; and although at times seemingly lost and repelled for ever, still fall back upon their focus, and nourish with their accumulated vapours the parent body, which gives to them in return new swing, and a fresh provision of heat and glare.

I avow, my Lord, that I cannot regard, without apprehension, the present numberless societies and combinations of the mechanics and lower craftsmen of every description, interlapidated and cemented as they all are, each *in the club of* his own trade: and all these several clubs forming, as they actually do form, so many contiguous vaults and magazines of one immense fortress, moated and *law-proof;* all the parts of which mutually support and command each other, and all communicating by well contrived passages and galleries, with one common and central chamber, the close Divan of their general War Council, and State Cabinet of their elective Commanders in Chief. This (in the true and only instructive sense of the phrase) is Jacobinism, as it is now re-shaping itself in England. In this huge and living fabric, which, silently and almost unobserved, has built itself up as by some secret magic, we may discern the art and architecture of the wary fiend most dangerous when least suspected, and never so busy as when the imagined success of exorcisms have dispossessed us of our own fears and vigilance. Like a defeated and proclaimed usurper,

he disguises himself in some baser garb: and still plotting re-acquirement of compensation, soon converts his lurking-place into his strong hold, and commences the foundation of a new tyranny.

Innumerable hands are even now at work:

Et manibus cunctis famulatur spiritus idem,
Et vivum certis motibus urget opus.

This passion and contagion of club government fermenting throughout the great mass of the people, this complication and coalition of arbitrary and unchartered guilds, composed of uneducated, and too often fanatic or dissolute journeymen, for the sworn purpose of lording it over their employers and the public, where the latent arrogance, obstinacy, and cupidity of each individual member, heat and germinate by co-acervation; where superior power is the certain reward of superior audacity, and the worst must inevitably become the leaders; where excommunication from the conspiracy is a verdict of outlawry from the trade; where terrorism completes whatever evil communication has left imperfect, and the casting vote at the house of call must seal up both ear and heart to the cries of a starving family at home. This, my Lord, is an historic picture from life, and those who are the most familiar with the originals, and the most interested in them, best know that it has not been coloured too highly. And this I dare pronounce the most formidable, the most intensely *Jacobinical*

phænomenon, that has ever appeared in Great Britain at least, threatened our social virtues and national character, inasmuch as it dislocates and unjoints the ordained and beneficent interdependence of the higher, middle, and lower ranks, distroying or distempering the moral feelings and principles that are the natural growth of these relations, and by which the stout vessel of British greatness has hitherto been made tight, as with ribs of steel, and "pins and chains of adamant." If to these slow, but more sure than distant results, I had added the immediate endangerment of private security and public peace, the late disturbances in the northern manufacturing counties of England, and, if I have not been misinformed, the still existing spirit, would amply justify the charge.

I have pre-considered, and shall hereafter attempt to answer, the objections of the doctors and disciples of political economy, with whom the "Wealth of Nations" is of higher authority than either Bible or Statute Book. But how shall I reply to those, the afore-mentioned empirics of humanity, and self-elected protectors of the poor, from whom it would be unwise either to expect argument, or not to expect abuse. As the secret spring of their tendencies may most often be traced to the sweet lust of power and management, and to the delight of beholding in printed reports and circular letters their own names and busy doings, their orations and donations, motions and emotions; and as societies and

public meetings, with all their mummery, presidentships, chairmanships, secretaryships, and travelling *hic et ubique* speech-makers, are an indispensable condition of their moral titillations; these traders in philanthropy, and fixed stars in eleemosynary advertisements, from mere instinct of unconscious brotherhood will view me hostilely, till dispraising questions, confirmed by pithy dogmas and magisterial nods of positive censure, creeping, like smothered fire, from man to man, will blaze forth in open and public criminations of the supposed author, as a mischief-founder, misanthrope, and liberticide despiser of the labouring poor, and the enemy of their independence, comfort, and instruction. I must find my consolation, my Lord, where alone true consolation can be found, in that which bears witness for me to myself, how long and earnestly I have contended for every real and practical improvement of my countrymen, British, no less than Irish, and that

> "If I knew
> What hoop would hold us fast, from edge to edge,
> O'the world I would pursue it."

With heart-felt joy did I hail the first appearance of the Madras system, and were I required to mention the two public characters I most revere, I should select Dr. Bell and the princely Bishop of Durham, princely indeed in his rank and revenue, but far more princely in his application of them. I had neither doubts nor fears concerning its ultimate

consequences, convinced that whatever inconvenience may have arisen from the commonness of education, can only be removed by rendering it universal. But that alone is worthy the name, which does indeed educe the faculties and form the habits; and reading and writing we should place among the *means* of education, instead of regarding it as the *end*. At no time and in no rank of life can knowledge be made our prime object without injury to the understanding, and certain perversion of those moral institutions, to the cultivation of which it must be instrumental and subservient, or, vapour and nothingness as the human intellect is, separated from that better light which lifts and transpierces it, even that which it has will be taken away. The neglect of this truth is the worm at the root of certain modern improvements* in the modes of teaching, in comparison with which we have been called on to despise our great public schools

> " In whose halls are hung
> Armoury of the invincible knights of old,"

and have been instructed how to metamorphose

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* Two or three years ago a poor charwoman, at the house where the author resided, speaking with natural exultation of her son, who went to one of the Lancasterian schools, used the following words:—" He can repeat the Beggar's Petition with attitudes, and he hates Bell and the Dragon" (i. e. Doctor Bell and the Church of England). The latter clause of the poor woman's speech needs no commentary; but as to the former, it might not have been amiss if the teacher, whether Mr. Lancaster, or one of his secondaries,

children into prodigies; and prodigies with a vengeance have I known thus produced, prodigies of self-conceit, shallowness, arrogance, and infidelity. Instead of storing the memory, during the period when the memory is the predominant faculty, with facts for the after exercise of the judgment, and instead of awakening by the noblest models the fond and unmixed *love* and *admiration*, which is the natural and graceful temper of early youth, these nurslings of improved pedagogy are taught to dispute and deride, to suspect all but their own and their lecturer's wisdom, and to hold nothing sacred from their contempt but their own contemptible arrogance; boy-graduates in all the technical, and all the dirty passions and impudence of anonymous criticism.* This too, my Lord, is a species of Jacobinism, proceeding from the same source, and tending to the same end, the rage of innovation, and the scorn and hatred of all ancient establishments; and as such, falls within the preconceived plan and purpose of these letters.

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had considered whether his sickly poem, however innocent or even useful it might be for the children of the middle and higher ranks of life, was quite so well adapted for his scholars. In short, whether it is altogether praiseworthy to impress the poor, from the earliest childhood, with the notion, that every rich man is an oppressor, and that at every grand house there is a porter to drive, or dogs to be set at them.

* This passage, from the end of p. 702, is repeated in the *Pieg. Lit.* i. 10. 11. S. C.

An earnest advocate for national education, I cannot but be friendly to the societies, who exert their attentive powers in dispersing the best of books, the comfort of the comfortless, and the poor man's infallible receipt to make poverty itself a mine of imperishable wealth. Let it not then be attributed to malignant or contemptuous feeling, if a friend and advocate should occasionally indulge a smile at the frequent high-flown harangues, delivered at their public meetings, urgent recommendations, which could not be acquitted of exaggeration, had the island been recently christianized, and the Bible a curiosity that could be only sought for in the museum of some wealthy convent, and eulogies which, leaving prophecy for tamer spirits, usurp all the privileges of history, though from the very nature and recency of the institution, undocumented by any one fact in proof of general, or even individual amelioration. And I have now before me an orator, reported in the "Christian Observer," which would have secured the declamation prize at any school or college in Europe, and have been extolled by Isocrates himself, in which the late peace, with all its almost miraculous precursors, is introduced as a foil to the exploits of the associated auditors of the British and Foreign Bible Society, two or three unwise pamphlets, *aut mala aut intempestiva*, swoln into the ten persecutions, and the British and Foreign Bible Society gratulated as the Advent, nay, the commencement of the spiritual

millennium. It is only to certain ears that I should dare whisper an apprehension, that speeches like these (equal in enthusiasm, at least, however inferior in genius) following in quick succession in all our great towns, seconded by personal influence, and communicated by the all-penetrating echo of the press, must tend to revive and foster a superstitious bibliolatry, and substitute the feverish heat of fanaticism for the vital warmth of an intelligent faith. But as a sincere friend to the society and to its purposes, I should undisguisedly propose for their investigation and serious reflection, whether from the sting of novelty and the unprecedented enthusiasm of its advocates, the disposable means of the benevolent have not been drawn off suddenly from the accustomed channels of old and *untalked of* charities; whether the crowd of sick and tortured or languishing wretches, that are turned away heart-broken, from the doors of the unsupported and impoverished hospitals in London, are likely to feel themselves compensated for the loss of shelter and remedy from the knowledge that the subscriptions have been transferred to the more important purpose (I trust that the report, however general, is calumnious, but it is such as a poor man, fretful from unrelieved disease, would readily believe and repeat) of putting Bibles into the way of being exchanged at the pawnbroker's, for coin more current at the gin shop. This has, I understand, been publicly denied, and by one who had made a circuit

of investigation through the metropolis. But alas! questions may be put in such a way as will secure the answer wished for. At all events, however, the evil, supposing it to have existed, has cured itself; for the same report, as it reached my ear, added, that, by a sort of tacit compact, the London pawnbrokers had refused to advance money on such pledges, whether from being over-loaded, or from the apprehension that what was so widely given away was not likely to be purchased, I am not competent to affirm. But the former charge is well worthy of serious examination, and if false, may be easily confuted by an immediate inquiry into the receipts of the London, Westminster, Middlesex, and other unendowed hospitals, before and since the institution of the new Bible Society. I think it my duty to mention this publicly, that, if unfounded, it may be publicly exposed, and if it should prove the fact, I feel assured, that to be remedied, it needs only to be proved and made known. I should almost suspect that man's heart, who, whatever his opinions or expectations might be, could attribute to the members of that Society, any conscious indifference to the sufferings of their fellow Christians, more especially in the case of hospitals, a mode of charity which Providence seems to have peculiarly recommended, by freeing it from all fear of producing and perpetuating want and misery by the foresight of relief, in which every man provides for himself, by doing his duty to his poorer brother,

and where the best interests of science and humanity embrace each other.

The object of this and the preceding letters has been to lay a broad foundation for the more particular remarks on your Lordship's charge, and to make the PRINCIPLES from which they are deduced thoroughly understood: for a mere *ipse dixi*, impertinent on all occasions, I should deprecate as presumptuous effrontery in an address to a person of your Lordship's rank and information; yet, like one who is travelling on an unpleasant road, to a far more unpleasant home, I feel that I have lingered on the subject of the Jacobinical spirit, as it manifests itself on this side the channel, from the painful reluctance, approaching to mental cowardice, with which I shrink from the task of bringing distinctly before my own mind, the truth, and the whole truth, of the less disguised and more intimidating forms in which it menaces both private and public safety, and contravenes the progress of civilization, in the injured and now too often self-injuring sister island. This task, however, is necessary, and in full proportion to its painfulness, and as inseparably connected with the accusation and possible defence, or, at least, palliation of the Orange confederacy, will form the subject of my next letter.

AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

To Mr. Justice Fletcher.

Letter V.

(*Saturday, December* 3, 1814.)

"Nemo vero fallatur, quasi minora sint animorum contagia quam corporum! Majora sunt; gravius lædunt; altius descendunt, serpuntque latentius."—Petrarch, *de Vit. Solit.* l. 1. s. 3. c. 4.

My Lord,

I SHALL not regret the prolixity and wide scope of the preceding letters, if I should have satisfied your Lordship both of the sincerity with which I subscribe to your condemnation of all unauthorised societies, and of the deep and broad grounds on which my conviction rests. Not only associations for objects avowedly political, but all combinations of private individuals, confirmed by oath, stand excluded in the strictness of my general rule. However good and fair their first-fruits might seem, I should still expect them to prove ultimately more or less baneful to the real interests of civilization and philosophy.* Still, my Lord, a thing which, contemplated in its principle alone,

* In every state, not wholly barbarous, a philosophy, good or bad, there must be. However slightingly it may be the fashion to talk of speculation and theory, as opposed (sillily and nonsensically opposed) to practice, it would not be difficult to prove, that such as is the existing spirit of speculation, during any given period, such will be the spirit

abstractedly from all circumstances, is evil, may become not only defensible, but even worthy of our praise, should some greater pre-existing grievance have rendered it necessary. What enlightened traveller, could, without instant disapprobation, behold a number of confederates, not in the service of the public, who in street and road, now singly, and now in companies, were distinguishing themselves by wearing of helmets and the carrying of shields? (I take my illustrations, my Lord, from what I myself, in the year 1804, witnessed in Sicily, within twelve miles of Syracuse.) But let him then be informed, that, unchecked, or at least, unsubdued, by the magistracy, a still greater number had previously confederated to attack the inhabitants of that township, and all persons of a known rank and party, with slings and bludgeons; and let it have been proved to him, that they were actually in the habit of thus attacking them, could he then persist in condemning the defendants, deeply as he must blame or lament the weakness of the common governors? No, my Lord, even though he were persuaded that such a society did on the whole produce more mischief as provocation, than it prevented as defence, yet as an honest man he would not upbraid its

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and tone of the religion, legislation, and morals, nay, even of the fine arts, the manners, and the fashions. Nor is this the less true, because the great majority of men live like bats, but in twilight, and know and feel the philosophy of their age only by its reflections and refractions.

members, much less would he *denounce* them to their unendangered and distant fellow citizens; and least of all would he single them out for his *entire* and *solitary* reprobation.—For he would remember in the first place, that his opinion was only that of one man, opposed to the equally sincere persuasions of many, perhaps as honest as himself, and perhaps no less wise: and in the next place, that to demand a calm comparative calculation of the probable average of good and evil to the nation at large, from men in hourly danger of having their own and their wives' and children's brains dashed out, could beseem only an unthinking head and an unfeeling heart.

Having thus explained my thorough coincidence with your Lordship in the main tenet of your charge, I am naturally led to a subject which has occasioned no small perplexity in the minds of very many of our most respectable countrymen. All had known you as a lawyer: most had honoured you as an incorrupt patriot: none ever doubted that you were a sincere Protestant. And now by the appendix to the printed charge, we are called on to revere, in your Lordship's person, the lineal descendant of a hero and a philosopher, not less illustrious as the calm opposer of superstition, than as the fearless combatant for genuine liberty—"the famed Fletcher of Saltown," the precursor and counsellor of the glorious conqueror at the Boyne! Could we then be other than surprised at your total silence concerning that direful confederacy to

which your Lordship might have applied, in their fullest extent, all the principles you have so peremptorily enforced, and all the abhorrence merited by the most criminal deviation from them? But let us pause! Has not your Lordship, at the very commencement of your charge, secured yourself at once, and in one word, from all doubts as to your perfect impartiality? Yes, my Lord, at once, indeed, and only once! in one word, and by one word alone! by one word, one solitary monosyllable! And this too a phrase as little likely to be construed aright by the majority of the English as the name of "Orangemen," and of the Orange club is intelligible and familiar to the whole empire. Your Lordship equally *deprecates* "both Orange and Green," but could find space and motive for the reproach and reprobation of the Orange alone.

"*Ne hoc quidem nudum est intuendum, qualem causam vir bonus, sed etiam quare, et qua mente defendat.*"—(QUINTIL.) Did your Lordship on a sudden distrust the tried charms of a veteran eloquence, and abruptly invaded by fears of exhausting the attention of your auditors, did you thus leave scarce "half-told the story" of lawless confederacy? The unprecedented length of the charge forbids us to suspect your Lordship of such injustice to your own merits. Shall we say then, that as we cannot spread out without thinning, so your Lordship, *dilated* only to *extenuate* the mischiefs and mistakes of the Orange party? And inversely must we, from its marvellous concentra-

tion, estimate the strength and intensity of your Lordship's abhorrence of the other and previous "combination of persons bound by the obligation of an oath, in a league for a common purpose, endangering the peace of the country"—and not only endangering, my Lord, but, as *you* well know, for the sworn purpose of *destroying* the peace, the laws, the government, and the religion of the country! a combination, which your Lordship has "enjoyed peculiar advantages of knowing," to have commenced for the purposes of treason, rebellion, and massacre! O the quintessence of virtuous passions, of patriotic indignation, and honourable hatred, condensed with that simple and unthreatening syllable, "Green!" Should your Lordship's anti-jacobinism prove as tremendous in explosion, as it is marvellous in compression, let the "*Green*" stand at far distance when your Lordship next *charges!*

At that time we shall, doubtless, be provided with a full answer to the natural question of your English readers, "What then has become of the United Irishmen? His Lordship's address seems to flow in two channels, that of wrath against the Orangemen, and that of tender compassion towards certain much-wronged innocents, called "Green or Ribbon men."

"*Conciliantur in unum*
COCYTUS PHLEGETHONQUE ———
——— *hic valvit lacrymas, hic igne redundat.*"

But what has become of the United Irishmen?

Have they vanished, and left no successors? Or have they abjured their initiatory rights, which sanctified perjury by the superior obligation of a prior oath, and enjoined murder as the sacramental test of obedience and brotherly union? Have they all, by a simultaneous shock of penitence, inwardly renounced their projects of separation, their schemes of resumption? And from the recent deluge of traitorous and blood-thirsty passions, does there indeed remain only a harmless partiality for green ribbons; mere symbols, belike of peace and promise, a coloured bow set up as the token of covenant between rebellion and loyalty? And who but must join with your Lordship in angry regret that the mischievous Orangemen should show as brutish and irrational an antipathy to a slip-knot of green as turkeys and wild bulls have to a rag of red? And on this, perhaps, or on trifles as light, is founded the whole "*story which, circulated with prodigious exaggeration throughout the empire,*" duped the imperial legislature "*into enacting for Ireland, and now again reviving and re-enacting the suspension of all law and constitution!!*"

Irony, my Lord, is the natural figure of indignant passion at its first outscope.* But what was chosen as a vehicle, is soon felt as a prison. The restless impulse bursts up through the suppression, which had but forced it back upon itself to make it more conscious of its own intensity. And will you, my

* Outscape? S. C.

Lord, who have charged on the Orange party, and on the existing individuals who now compose it, the main part of all our disturbances and miseries—you, who have publicly accused them of murders, of preconcerted, cold, cowardly murders—you, who have denounced them to the whole empire, as a compound of hypocrisy, cunning, poltroonery, and thirst for innocent blood—will you, my Lord, presume to criminate *me*, as wantonly withdrawing "*the veil from the events of former days and their causes, with tearing asunder wounds, which, God forbid!* YOU *should tear asunder, which,* YOU *hope, are completely and for ever closed,*"—should I, obeying the dictate of mere humanity and common justice, as openly remind your Lordship and the public, (in this and the following letter) *who* this Orange association are; and *whence* they originated, and *wherefore* they *continue!*

To Mr. Justice Fletcher.

Letter V.

(Concluded from Saturday's Courier.)

(Tuesday, December 6, 1814.)

WITHOUT vouchsafing the courtesy of one solitary fact in proof, with all that nakedness of unsupported assertion, which belongs to statements too notoriously true to need support, your Lordship has designated a large and numerous body of your fellow Protestants, who have hitherto gloried

in the name of Orange yeomen, as base and cowardly (see charge p. 7.) "disturbers of the public peace, who frequent the fairs and markets, with arms in their hands, under the pretence of self defence, or of protecting the public peace, but with a *lurking* view of inviting the attacks of the Ribbon-men, confident that armed as they are, they must overcome defenceless opponents." Nay, after they have, according to your Lordship's affirmation, thus perpetrated this mixt monster-crime of premeditated assassination, and contemptible cowardice, you next presume to defame them, as men prepared and disciplined to swear a lie before God and their country. And at last, as if to make infamy more infamous, you finish the dire impeachment by accusing them, on your own knowledge, of actually, and often, perjuring themselves as witnesses, jurymen, and magistrates; and "needing only the display of a party badge to mitigate the unprovoked murder of the defenceless into mere man-slaughter." Merciful Heaven! have the members of the Orange association ever confessed to you, my Lord, this complication and entanglement of abominations? This entrenchment of guilt behind guilt, this barricado of crime within crime? Or have the facts been evidenced in public trial? Or do you profess to read the secrets of the conscience, and (to use the words of St. Bernard) *audire in corde cogitantis, quod nec ipse audit qui cogitat?* Or must we conclude, that the spirit of party, however it may be disguised by

ostentatious assurances of impartiality, intoxicates more than strong wine, and that baleful form of intolerant RIOT might thus have been *seen double*, and the misty and enlarged *image* have been mistaken by your Lordship for a *reality*, and called by the name of its opposite? Indeed, indeed, my Lord, it is the coarsest counterfeit of impartiality, to apply once and transiently some vague generality of indefinite blame to both parties, but in all the after and particular charges, in all that can impress the feelings, or leave a vestige on the memory, to bear down with exclusive rancour on one alone.

Is all history to become a dream, whenever its records are less honourable than we could wish, to the past and present state of our country? Are all evidences, though not less respectable than numerous, and though faithfully echoed by subsequent confessions of the conspirators themselves, to be rejected as a fantastic coincidence of fiction and falsehood, because they respect *Ireland*, the bewildering influences of *Irish* superstition, and the barbarism and virulence of Irish hardship, seditiously flattered as noble and high-minded nationality? As surely as this cannot but be denied, so surely must it be admitted, that the Orange party cannot be justly condemned or even accused, without a previous detail of the causes and circumstances of its origin. And yet throughout your Lordship's pamphlet, we find verdict upon verdict, judgment upon judgment, all aggravation on one side, all apology on the other;

but with as little attempt at research, retrospect, citation of document, or induction of facts, as if on some dark night the avenging rod of our evil genius had been stretched over the land, and lo! when the morning came, an east wind had brought us—Orangemen!

Is all history a dream? I involuntarily repeat. Or is it not even beyond historic faith more certain, that in the winter 1791-1792, a multitude of the lower Papists leagued together, with the express design of rooting out Protestants and Protestantism from the county of Armagh? Has not their oath of union been since made known, attested by copies, confirmed by confession?—In the horror of individual atrocities, in the exclusive choice and selection of the victims, in all but opportunity and consequent extent, might not the Armagh outrages be identified with the massacre of the two hundred thousand Protestants (s) in the reign of the unhappy Charles? Was it possible to read and not to re-apply the memorable words of an eye-witness and sufferer in that massacre, of Bishop Bedell, the confidential friend of Usher and of Father Paul,* whose warm and impartial charity, whose meek and saintly virtues, checked, though they could not control, the wolfish spirit even of priest-maddened savages? "The

* The upright, intrepid, and philosophic historian of the Council of Trent. See BURNET'S *Life of Bishop Bedell*, p. 67.

priests and people of the Romish communion," *(he observes)* "enjoyed not only an impunity, but were as public in the use of their religion as others were in the use of that which was established by law; so that they wanted nothing but empire, and a power to destroy all that differed from them."

It was but a few years prior to the out-burst of these "peep-of-day-boys" in the Northern counties, that the candidates for power and popularity had begun to use the supposed wrongs of the Romanists, as tools and implements of their parliamentary ambition. It was the time likewise, when the recollection of the volunteers of 1782 was fresh and operative, and the gratitude of the country towards them for the removal of many and real grievances, sincere and ardent. Alas! among the many lamentable measures of that weak ministry who commenced the colonial war in the hot, and concluded it in the cold, fit of the same ague, this was the worst and most pernicious, that deaf to all the warning voices of the times, they obstinately delayed concession till the hour of national embarrassment and panic, when it was extorted from them by an armed force, and thus established a precedent of yielding to rebellion * what they had refused to justice. All these events and

* We have said rebellion; (for we use the word in its legal interpretation,) and, however little we may be inclined to condemn the volunteers *morally*, yet till our statutes give us another and different definition of the word, we must per-

circumstances co-operated to lull the Irish parliament and the landholders in general, into the flattering belief, that the jarring claims and presumed interests of sects and parties might now be merged in the common rights of the nation, and the fatal names of Romanist and Protestant, retained only in church and chapel, be elsewhere lost and forgotten in that of Irishmen. Under this influence, laws, which time and a long interval of quiet and prosperity had already annulled, and virtually abrogated, were now formally repealed with all the parade and triumph that could have followed actual emancipation from a present and grinding tyranny, which to have suffered, (though, in point of fact, only in the persons of their ancestors) was soon represented to the bigoted peasantry, as a more effective call for hate and vengeance, than the removal of it for their gratitude. In the hope of quieting by parliamentary concessions the ferment, which had been first raised by parliamentary faction, the Papists were admitted to all political rights, from which they did not exclude themselves by their refusal of the test act; and by a curious solecism in politics, a Protestant legislature was thenceforward to be formed by Catholic electors. The result was such as wise men had fore-

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severe in calling an armed force assembled in defiance of the king's proclamation, for the purpose of intimidating his councils, a *rebellion*, whatever epithet may be prefixed to qualify, or even to extol it.

told. In 1795 the disturbances spread wider and became more terrific. The government (from which the remedy ought to have proceeded, and from which alone it could proceed without involving more or less evil both in the immediate and final effects) perplexed and intimidated, neglected alike to coerce the Catholic aggressors, or to protect the Protestant sufferers. Abandoned to their own resources, replaced as it were under the government of nature, and remitted to her imprescriptible laws of self-preservation and self-defence; harassed from hour to hour, their property exposed to fire and plunder; themselves assaulted in their very houses, agitated by menaces and reports of mighty * murders; and taught by experience, that neither sex, nor infancy, nor sleep, was deemed sacred by their leagued and sworn assassins; the afflicted Protestants were at length compelled to form a counter-league, and under the just appellation of DEFENDERS, associating in armed bodies, soon repelled and suppressed their enemies: then, becoming assailants in their turn, retaliated on their aggressors, and finally effected their almost total expulsion from the county of Armagh and its immediate neighbourhood. In the natural necessitation of evil by evil, what less could be expected? And the victors could at least appeal for their justification to all the past in proof, that the venom of superstition, inoculated into savagery, is at once contagious and incurable. Be it remem-

* Nightly? S. C.

bered too, that the oaths, by which the members of this first *Protestant* association bound themselves to each other, were public, and chiefly differed from the common oath of allegiance, by adding to it a solemn disclaimer of all principle of persecution on the score of religion as religion, and of all restraints of the Romanists, except what the tenets, influence, and foreign connections of their hierarchy, added to the incivilisation, known bigotry, and inveterate prejudices of the Catholic peasantry, rendered necessary for the common safety, for the preservation of constitutional freedom, both religious, and political, and the maintenance of a government which withheld from the Romanists no other power, but that of enslaving themselves and persecuting their neighbours. Such being their avowed principles, their ranks were soon filled and extended by the advocates for Protestant ascendancy; the association became daily more numerous, and more respectable, and, at length, in the year 1795, in grateful memory of their great deliverer William III. they dropt the name of DEFENDERS, to assume that of Orangemen, that whether collected in their lodges as brethren, or called to the field as loyal soldiers, they might hear in the very name, and bear about them in the common badge of their union, a perpetual remembrancer of that tolerant spirit, admitting no principles of persecution, but that of disarming persecutors on principle; and of that heroic devotion to liberty and equal laws, which have rendered the House of Nassau

venerable to all Europe, and the name of Orange dear and religious in the heart of every patriotic and loyal.

IRISH PROTESTANT.

To MR. JUSTICE FLETCHER.

LETTER VI.

(Friday, December 9, 1814.)

Vincitur: at victum Alecto solatur alumnum;
O senium positure rogo, falsisque sepulchris
Natales habiture vices, qui sæpe renasci
Exitiis, proprioque soles pubescere leto!
Accipe principium rursus, corpusque coactum
Desere: mutata major procede figura.

CLAUDIAN. *Phœnix* 1. 49.

MY LORD,

IT might be objected, that according to the preceding statement, the Defenders, under their new name of Orangemen appear to have perpetuated their bond from the mere pride of victory, when the complete attainment of their declared objects had rendered such an association needless; bad as preventing a salutary oblivion of the discord, and worse as tending to revive it. It is now therefore incumbent on the apologist to shew, that *their* continuation and enlargement resulted from the continuance and extension of the same hostile conspiracy, to whose attacks their first formation had been proved attributable. But the spread, resources, and terrific character of the aggressing faction, now notoriously

re-ordained as the United Irishmen, cannot be adequately or profitably represented without previous consideration of the conducing causes and auxiliary circumstances, which conspired to the unexampled rapidity of its growth and maturation.

The task, however, is more painful than difficult. Foremost in the list of favouring causes, I must fix your Lordship's attention on the delusive and pernicious transformation of local predilection and clannish pride, into a sentiment and principle of nationality. This is indeed sufficiently observable in North Britain, and among the lower ranks of the Welsh, but nowhere is it so generally diffused, or produces so decisive an influence, as in Ireland. Anxious to avoid offence, as far as higher interests allow, let me premise, (though it is, I doubt not, a truth already familiar to your Lordship's reflections,) that those feelings, which, in their proper place, form the strength and glory of our nature, may be so transferred as to become of all others most imperious. Take, as illustration, the reverence of supernatural power transferred to objects of the senses, and trace its effects in the lewd and sanguinary abominations, which have been found attendant on all the forms of idolatry. A second example, equally clear, of the evils resulting from this mis-appropriation of noble feelings, is presented to us in the instance of the social instinct, and of that predisposition, scarcely less instructive, of implicit obedience to powers as often as these sacred sentiments (the very palladium

of humanity, at once the noblest product and the brightest proof of a social and intelligent nature!) are converted to conspiracy, and a blind submission to its remorseless leaders, and fanatical by-laws.

On the same grounds, my Lord, and as exemplifying the same truth, I object to the abuse of the feeling of local attachment. I hold the "*amor natalis soli*" of priceless value, for its kindly influences on the virtues and amities of private life, and more especially as the preparatory school, and the almost indispensable condition of PATRIOTISM; yet, when, instead of being subordinate to patriotism, it is passed off as its substitute, or (what, in a state of things like the present, is still worse,) when it is made to usurp its name and duties, I have not hesitated to pronounce it delusive and pernicious. Delusive, because the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, to which it might prompt, is impracticable; and, were it not so, yet the success of the undertaking would be an event to be deprecated, as but another name for war, intestine discord, insignificance and slavery; and pernicious, because the passions appealed to are strong and binding, the hopes and ideas which it holds forth, bold and flattering, and the whole too well fitted

"To tempt th' attempt, tho' vain, and work our fall."

It is mournful, my Lord, to reflect with how constant a supply, from how many sources this prejudice has been fed, and the antipathies and extrava-

gant hopes that toss on its stream have been kept buoyant. It would suppose either gross ignorance of our history, or a mind utterly alienated from the love of truth, not to name as the chief and amplest of these sources the too, too often *oppressive*, but always *weak* and *unsystematic* measures of the English government and its prefects, from the second Henry even to the commencement of the present reign. The first attempts towards a wiser and less *novercal* policy did but let in air on the disaffection and blind wishes which had been fermenting during centuries of error and neglect, alienation and exaction. The event of the American war, with the doctrines and declamations of the opposition during its continuance, and still more, that narrow mercantile jealousy on the part of England, which produced the volunteers of 1782, followed by the hasty, fear-extorted compliances which had the effect of legalizing their conduct, gave at once direction to the current and fuel to the flame. Long, and fondly, and (if my fears do not mis-prophesy) most mischievously, will this precedent be remembered and referred to, of overawing the sovereign power by an armed confederacy, of petitioning by menace, and begging with levelled musquets! Certain it is, that from that time to the present hour, accessions of combustible matter have not ceased to be poured in from the press, the bar, the senate, (and slander has been more than usually bold and creative, if I may not

venture to add) from the pulpit and the confessional. For that the phrase, *Irish* patriotism, if it have any meaning at all, must mean that Ireland is *de jure*, a separate and independent country, will be evident to as many as have learned what patriotism signifies, what duties it enjoins, and why its injunctions are binding on the conscience.

Of those who have raised themselves into popularity by their vehement professions and recommendations of this feeling, many looked no farther than to a ready means of gratifying their vanity or ambition. But many likewise were, I doubt not, actuated by the sincere belief, that they were labouring as the pioneers of civilization; and that political zealotry was calculated to act on Protestantism and Papistry, with all their Irish accretions, as an alkali on water and oil; though caustic and corrosive in its own nature, unite the two incongruous natures into a milky and cleansing quality, that would remove from the moral countenance of Ireland all the anger and efflorescences produced by intestine heats. By such men, whose misfortune rather than fault it is to have heads as warm as their hearts, a more than sufficient atonement will have been suffered from the same sad experience which justifies the present writer in having adduced that love of a part as of the whole, so loudly eulogized under the name of IRISH patriotism, as the first among the conducing causes and aidances of the conspiracy of the UNITED IRISHMEN.

As the second, I shall barely state without comment that habit so utterly alien from the character of the English, and yet, from the force of circumstances, more to be regretted than condemned in our countrymen, of foreign connections, arising mainly from the foreign education of the Roman Catholic clergy, and the natural preference shown, through a long period, by the younger sons of the Catholic gentry to *foreign* military service. In the third place, I include all the various causes and circumstances which lead the population of Ireland, at once the most numerous, and, with few exceptions, the least civilized of Christian Europe, with fewer gradations and modes of interdependence, with less descending influence of opinions and manners from the gentry of the country; but above all, with a more confirmed habit of obeying powers not constituted or acknowledged by the laws and government, and of course with as much greater devotion as conscience is mightier than law. These causes, my Lord, I shall attempt at some future period to detail and elucidate, and in such a manner, I trust, as will not hazard the excitement of the passions, on the one side, nor yet soften down truth into falsehood on the other! And however disproportionate my talents and information may be to the execution of my design, yet the spirit displayed will, I trust, prove that I am neither ignorant, nor blind, nor unfeeling as to the actual state of our country, though, God forbid! I should ever prove an accom-

plice in the mad attempt to remove the evils I lament, by rekindling those fierce and vindictive recollections, which, if not the main causes of the disease, are at least among the most effective preventives of the cure.

AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

TO MR. JUSTICE FLETCHER.

LETTER VI.

(Concluded from our Paper of Yesterday.)

(Saturday, December 10, 1814.)

THE realization of Jacobinism in France, and the spirit of its principles, as fully developed in my second and third letters, may be considered either as a fourth cause, or as the torch applied to the inflammable materials already accumulated by the three above stated; say rather, as both. For we have only to combine the pre-existing causes with the more intense and peculiar influence of Jacobinism, in consequence of their pre-existence, in order to account for the temporary junction of all the discontent and turbulence of the island, in the wide-spread combination of the United Irishmen; and their natural reliance on France, and correspondence with the regicide rulers, even as, in former times, the chiefs of rebellion had been accustomed to fix their hopes on the Court of Spain. With equal fulness of conviction shall we admit

the impracticability of subduing the conspiracy by law, not merely from its unprecedented extent, and the multitude, ignorance, and ferocity of the oathsmen, (though this might of itself have precluded the attempt,) but likewise from the facilities of concealment afforded by the Erse language, and *latterly* by the habits of secresy and obedience, which the major number derived from the peculiarities of their religious discipline.

It is true, that of the four causes, the first and last alone acted on the Protestants, who joined the confederacy in the North of Ireland. But the last, the contagion of Jacobinism, I mean, acted on *them* with a more than proportional force, and for a time, though only for a time, amply supplied the place of the causes and circumstances, which applied to them either not at all, or in a very small degree. If I notice that they were Dissenters, I do not intend the remotest reference to their religion as a mode of faith. The steady loyalty of the Church of Scotland, would at once convict such an insinuation of gross calumny. But you, my Lord, who doubtless have studied history with the preparatory knowledge of human nature, will agree with me, that a religious minority relatively to the whole empire, forming the great majority in their own department, and additionally compressed into a sect, by the ever to be lamented application of Test laws to Protestants, will naturally be found less warmly attached to their government, because it is

identified, in their feelings, with the Established Church, at all events, more inclined to regard IMPORTANT *changes*, as real reforms, and as such, to favour and promote them. I am sorry to add, that from the presumptuous mock-philosophy imported from France,* and from the same causes, which had produced the same effects in the Presbyterian congregations in England as contradistinguished from the Independents and Baptists, the Irish Protestant Dissenters had wofully declined from the rigid orthodoxy of the Scottish kirk.

It need not therefore excite wonder, if the French Revolution, misunderstood as pure and high-principled republicanism, was not only welcomed by them with the same triumph as by their brethren in South Britain, but from the impetuous and enthusiastic temperament, which the very soil of our country seems to convey, adopted as an object of practical imitation.

My eye has glanced on your Lordship's Charge: and I must retrace my steps. Instead of stating, it would rather become me humbly to inquire of your Lordship, concerning the causes of the conspiracy and the rebellion effected by its machinations. Your Lordship *knew* (p. 4) and consequently *knows*, "what the state of things was then, and how that explosion was produced—*knew* it professionally—

* In matter of fact, England was its birth-place; but not succeeding there, as long, at least, as it was thought English, soon found its congenial soil in the rival nation.

having enjoyed peculiar advantages of *knowledge* which other men did not enjoy." You "conducted for several years the prosecutions for the crown, and hence derived an intimate *knowledge* of the transactions." Besides this fourfold assertion of your knowledge, we have your Lordship's own word for your perfect *impartiality*. Whatever the spirit and contents of the *charge* may suggest to the contrary to heretics of little faith, you are "connected with no party, indifferent about party." After assertions so strong, and so many of your Lordship's qualifications for an historian, viz. absolute equiponderance of attachment, and intimate acquaintance with the subject, it does indeed appear a little tantalizing, not to say cruel, that your Lordship should so unexpectedly exclaim STOP! and with a "*God forbid!*" put out the light, with which you had been waving to us to follow you; except when some quick and short turn of the dark lantern throws a lurid gleam on the countenance of that direful worker of all harm, the Orange association! Much, however, and of much consequence, we had learnt from the twenty or thirty lines preceding. We have learnt that the very district, in which the rebellion most raged and put on its most fiendish aspect, was to the very time of its commencement, "*a moral curiosity; with a peasantry industrious in their habits; social in their dispositions; satisfied with their state; amenable to the laws; cultivating their farms with an assiduity which insured a competency; their con-*

duct peaceful, their apparel whole, their morals improved, their lives spent in the frequent interchange of mutual good offices. Each succeeding circuit shewed you wild heaths and uncultivated tracts, brought under the dominion of the plough, and producing corn for the sustenance of man!" What have we not read in these few lines? Could the exuberant eloquence of a Pliny have pronounced a more *head-and-heart satisfying*, a more soul-elevating panegyric on the government, magistracy, and land-owners, under whose auspices so excellent a state of things had been progressively established? Had new laws been introduced, new customs?—Not one. This, this was the state of the people, who were seduced into an atrocious rebellion against this government: these, these the people, who (as Mr. Edward Wakefield informs us, p. 360, of the 2nd of his ponderous quartos) "groaning under oppression of every kind, and irritated against their rulers, were ready to embrace any new order of things, which they might think calculated to free them from their misfortunes, or even to afford a chance for a change in their favour." We may easily imagine, forsooth, "the ardent feelings of such who, like these, have long groaned under the poignant anguish arising from political severity, &c. &c."—(But of this gentleman, whose mere assertions so well, in other places of his works, chime in with your Lordship's assertions against the opponents of these rebels, more hereafter!) "As it was then," your Lordship pro-

ceeds to assure us, " so it continued for many years: until these unhappy disturbances which burst out in this country with such a sudden and unexpected explosion." *Unhappy*, my Lord, *unhappy!* Nay, wicked, most detestably wicked! Atrocious the guilt! accursed the authors, whoever they were. Nor can that man, my Lord, be wholly acquitted, who, *knowing* them, suffers the innocent to remain liable to the suspicion of a crime so abominable in the view of every Christian, much more of every loyal

IRISH PROTESTANT.

THE REGENT AND MR. PERCEVAL.

(RESPECTING GENERAL CRAWFORD'S RUMOURED APPOINTMENT.)

(Friday, April 19, 1811.*)*

THE breach of confidence implied in this communication we leave at its own doors. Neither are we disposed to controvert the propriety of his Royal Highness's decision, still less to detract from the magnanimity of which it is a proof and a pledge; only let the declaration be limited, as his Royal Highness undoubtedly intended it should, to places fairly analagous to the appointment in question. But at the first perusal of the article we foresaw, that the words—" I never can or will consent to bestow *any place or appointment meant to be an asylum or reward for the toils and services of*

our gallant soldiers and seamen"—would be taken in as *indeterminate;* and that the conclusion of the sentence—" on any person *upon account of parliamentary connection, or in return for parliamentary votes,*" would be interpreted in as *odious* a sense as possible. We foresaw that the latter clause would be perverted to authorise the calumnies of the factions, and to confirm the prejudices of the ignorant or misinformed, concerning the venality of parliament, and the corrupt practices of ministers: and that the former would be misconstrued, as extending, in the spirit, if not in the letter, first, to all naval and military commissions, and then by a natural, and indeed inevitable deduction, to all the lucrative situations in our dock-yards, commissariat garrison, and colonial governments. For all these are not only important situations, the several duties of which must be ably and faithfully performed, or our fleets and armies will themselves become inefficient: but many of them, if not absolutely meant, are yet well suited, to form an *asylum* for superannuated or toil-worn service, and all of them to become *rewards* for such as had laboured long and zealously in subordinate stations. For surely the rewards of merit, no more than the merit itself, are to be confined to soldiers and seamen. This is certainly not the principle which was acted on by the party, whom the Regent, uninfluenced by filial feeling, and unfettered by temporary circumstances, would have honoured with his official confidence: not the principle which was, in

its application at least, acceded to by their opponents, and of course sanctioned by the whole legislature. In the case of peerages, the proposed exception in favour of naval or military exploits, was strongly reprobated by Lord Grenville, as implying a superiority of desert in warlike over civil services, and not only unjustly but contumeliously detracting from the worth of those who had been ennobled on the latter account. It is indeed difficult to determine at what point the *spirit* of the rule can stop, short of the whole patronage of the state. The bishoprics, deaneries, prebendaries, and the preferments in the church in general, were surely meant and destined for those who had approved themselves most faithful in the labour of love, most pious and learned. Shall the navy-board and the war-office, with their appurtenances, near or remote, be fortified against all approach of parliamentary influence? And shall not the altar be railed in and secured from the same profane interference?

The commentaries both in our daily and weekly journals have amply justified our presentiment. With the writers of the prints alluded to, parliamentary *interest* is always synonymous with parliamentary *corruption:* and from the baneful influences of this corrupt interest, the power and patronage of the crown are now, they say, about to be rescued *in toto.* And what indeed can at first sight, appear more just, more cheering, than that in every department merit and comparative length of service should

form the rounds in the ladder of advancement? Let this be effected, and doubtless in every branch of the public service we shall find talent, heroic zeal, and indefatigable exertion. The sun of justice is shortly to rise on this poor benighted constitution: and mounted on the wings of Hope and Prophecy, our political sky-larks already hail its dawning!

The present "*most execrable and dangerous system,*" (we quote from one of the writers on this auspicious occasion) the present state "*of that parliamentary corruption which has polluted the sources of all public virtue, and threatens to palsy every arm that is to be raised in defence of the country.*" What! though it have, in these its worst days, produced a Howe, a Duncan, a St. Vincent, a Hood, a Nelson, and with the Nelson the whole heroic brotherhood of Collingwoods, Balls, Trowbridges, Strachans, Keats's, &c.&c. &c.? And what! though it have at the same time, produced all the Abercrombies, Stuarts, Wellesleys, Fergusons, and Grahams, who keep the balance of our military fame in trembling equilibrium with that of our naval glory? What! though on every occasion in which it was possible for our warriors "to raise the arm in defence of the country," our commanders have been perplexed whom to select as pre-eminently deserving, from the general mass of active talent and intrepid courage? What! though even in the two or three disgraceful or calamitous events of 17 years' war, the disgrace has rested exclusively with the

chief commander? And though it is notorious, that it was not to parliamentary interest, no nor even to ministerial predilection, that our armies have been indebted for the heroes of Buenos Ayres, Cintra and Walcheren! What! though the whole navigable ocean is scarcely more subject to the moon, than it is to the united influences of the commerce and the naval power of Great Britain! What! though when all have fallen, we alone stand—"collecting all our might, *dilated* stand"—and not only stand ourselves, but wherever any vital sparks of patriotism remained, have been able to raise up the fallen!—The answer will be: what does all this prove, but that, if such have been the accompaniments of "an execrable and dangerous system that pollutes" (*although somehow or other, it has not polluted*), "the very sources of all public virtue;" what results, and how much more glorious, may we not expect from that incorrupt and beneficent system, the sacred influence of which even now

> "Shoots far into the bosom of our night
> A glimmering dawn!"

O! the cheering promises of these state-astrologers, who thus point out to us the gloomy old moon half encircled by the bright thin rim of the newly appearing crescent! We will not at present call on them to explain the contradiction between cause and effect, which gives a reverend air of mystery to their scheme: neither shall we comment on the volume

of questionable matter *close-packed* in that weighty monosyllable, *If!* But we shall—for our duty to the public requires it of us—explain at once, what this new luminous system is, at the first distant approach of which such a loud cock-crow of exultation has commenced, and from the piercing glances of which our present system of parliamentary interest is to vanish

"Murmuring; and with it fly the shades of night!"

It is simply this: that the whole enormous patronage of Great Britain, and of the British Empire, should be placed, exempt from all partnership, *actually* as well as *nominally*, at the arbitrary disposal of the supreme magistrate, whose powers and prerogatives are secured to him by his birth, not conferred on him by election. For it has been proved, that the same grounds which shall exclude all interference of interest from naval and military appointments, would equally demand its exclusion from every other department of public patronage. And it is evident, that if the members of the two Houses are not to interfere with their claims and interest, (i. e. including their family connections and immediate dependants, a vast majority of the great landed proprietors, are no small proportion of the richest moneyed men of the realm) no other class of subjects can have the least pretension, or shadow of right, to influence the great dispenser, steward, and state-almoner, by *their* claims or solicitations.

For the whole argument rests on the assumption, that all *interest* is the substitute *for* ability and integrity, and not the pulley to raise and lift them into notice—at all events, too seldom so to be admitted into the calculation. This then is the glorious result, which the most popular, and though hitherto least powerful, yet most numerous class of our * reformers, anticipate and already welcome. A mem-

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* We entreat the genuine friends of liberty not to infer from our use of the word "reformers" that we do not respect those who *deserve* the name. On the contrary, we are believers in the expedience and practicability of what is meant by reform in many and important instances: though we think the *word* "reform" of lax and equivocal meaning, and in its proper sense of bringing *back* the constitution to some form or state, in which it once existed, not only unjustified by the historic fact, but likely to mislead and inflame. We demand that which has been taken away from us forcibly or fraudulently, not without impatience, irritation and discontent; while we recommend and ask for *improvement* and *addition*, whether it be a new buttress to the wall, or only a more secure lock to the pantry, with zeal and earnestness perhaps, but yet with temperance and a disposition to hear patiently whatever can be urged on the other side. The former appeals to the sense of right in our *moral* being, a sacred sense, which is above all calculation of consequences, and which therefore we should be most cautious not to profane by misapplication; the latter wholly subsists in the comparison of consequences. "We are deprived of the estate for which our ancestors toiled and bled"—*inspires* far different feelings from the thought, "We are indeed far better off than our fathers were; but for that very reason we should endeavour that our children should be better off than we."

ber of parliament, who must frequently hear the sentiments of his fellow-citizens, whose happiness depends mainly on the good opinion and sympathy of the circle in which he moves—*he* is likely to be blind or indifferent to the unworthiness and incapacity of the individuals whom he recommends, and for whose conduct his own good name is in no slight degree responsible! *He* has no eye to discover, no heart to love merit! But a sovereign prince—all analogy of history, no doubt, assures us—that *his* will and firmness and penetration will all dilate in proportion to his power,—that as he can have no motive, so will he feel no impulse, to partiality and favouritism,—in short, as the Catholic bishops told Napoleon, *he cannot but be "an earthly Providence!"* Our ancestors indeed thought differently in 1688: but that, the admirers of *later* events have told us, was a revolution for the aristocracy, not for the people.

It is generally considered suspicious, when two parties contending for the same object use arguments that mutually destroy each other. If one critic objects to a long admired picture, that it is under-coloured, and another that it is over-coloured, an impartial man will be apt to infer, that the picture is coloured just as it ought to be. Now the zealous and prolix advocates for parliamentary reform in the *Edinburgh Review* have uniformly argued on the enormous increase of the influence of the crown, as contradistinguished from the healthful diffused in-

fluence of the great proprietors and gentry of the realm. They adduce Mr. Hume as already anticipating the near approach of the destined *Euthanasia*, the easy sleep-like death of English freedom, in an absolute monarchy, at a time when our revenues and all our various establishments, domestic and colonial, naval, military, and civil, could scarce be rated above a fifth of what they now are. To the authority of Hume, quoted by the reviewer, we may add that of the celebrated philosopher of Königsburgh (Kant) who considers the power of making war, joined to the stewardship of the national patronage, which our mixed government entrusts to the crown, as leaving us only a flattering semblance of liberty, dearly purchased by the general corruption of morals, which must, he thinks, result from the means employed to secure and manage the majority in parliament, and from the notorious bribery, perjury and drunkenness, which disgrace our elections.

To the apprehensions of the Scottish, and to the assertions of the Prussian philosopher, the following has been deemed by many a satisfactory reply. This tremendous power of peace and war (it is answered) and this immense patronage is only nominally a monopoly of the crown. By the practice of the constitution, property does on the whole confer political influence or the power of acquiring it, in a tolerably fair proportion to its amount: and the great proprietors, who possess parliamentary influence, so far from admitting their

share of the state patronage to be corruption, consider it as their right, a right which it is their duty to enforce, as without it the power of the crown would, of necessity become absolute. But the influence in obtaining places and appointments, which each or any powerful nobleman or county member may possess, no more rests entire in the mere will of that individual in the second instance, than it did in that of the prime minister in the first; but as he has claims on the minister which cannot conveniently be withstood, so have many others on him; and it is a mistake to imagine that an incorrupt member of parliament, who represents a great, rich, and populous county (as that of York for instance), makes no claims on the minister, though it may be very true that he asks nothing for himself or his relations. Thus the immense national patronage, which, if it were confined within the high and rocky banks of royalty, would form a torrent of power deep and strong in proportion to its narrowness, is now diffused so widely, that it becomes dangerless to the public freedom. Nor is the benefit merely negative. The reciprocal dependence of the crown, the aristocracy, and the minor proprietors, on each other, creates and preserves an unbroken chain of connexion between the great component classes of a civilised state, highly conducive to its national union, tending moreover to soften and popularise the manners of the higher ranks, and to elevate the feelings of those below them. But that

the crown, by its confidential servants, should, like Pharaoh, through his prime minister Joseph, purchase the liberties of the nation, with the nation's own money, from the majority in parliament, as at a market, or that it should, by means of corruption, carry through the two Houses whatever measures it pleased, however contrary they might be to the real convictions of the lords and commons; this the advocates for the constitution consider as an absurd and ridiculous apprehension. An Egyptian sultan, in times of old, like an emperor of Morocco or of France at the present day, may choose his grand vizier out of a prison, and give the seals of office to a Jew on the strength of a dream; but the prime minister with us must be first lifted up on the shoulders of parliamentary strength before he can come within the reach of the throne. Besides from that system of acting *in party*, which has been established since the revolution of 1688, it is evidently in the power, and most palpably the interests, of the most powerful party at the time being, to secure at once both their several proportions of influence in the disposal of the public patronage, and likewise their *preventive* negative on the plans of a minister whom they support, and who to the assurance, or at least probability, of this support, is full as much indebted for his situation as to the royal favour itself. Why should they content themselves with one, at the price too of their consciences and reputations, when they might with equal ease

take both without either self-reproach or public dishonour?

On the other hand, to prevent itself from being enslaved by its own confidential servants, it is as clearly the interest of the crown that the party of which the ministers are the leaders and agents, should never become so strong, but that by adding its own influence and strength of prerogative to its opponents, at a proper moment, and in a well-chosen state of public opinion, it may be able to place the weaker party so near an equilibrium with the more powerful as will be certain, in no long time, to draw off from the latter such a number of recruits, as will suffice to form an efficient majority, and with it a new administration. Such was the case when the most formidable combination of the aristocracy ever known in this island since the Revolution, attempted, under the banners of Mr. Fox, to force the India Bill on the crown and country: and such too was the case with the late ministry. Whatever may have been the merits or demerits of the "No Popery!" cry, it would be the death of our mixed government, if at more or less distant period, something equivalent to this did not occur in the state of public feeling, so as to enable the crown to shift the reins of power from one party to the other. The history of the last century has proved irrefragably that the bands of party are quite strong enough to control and manage any minister, but yet composed of too hetero-

geneous threads to manacle and enslave the royal prerogative, whenever it wears "on its heroic shoulders" the Samson locks of public opinion, which are sure to grow again, sooner or later, by whatever Dalila they may have, for a time, been perfidiously shorn.

Finally, with regard to the corruption of morals, and the decay of public spirit, the wiser advocates for our constitution admit that many, too many individual instances occur of political profligacy, and that, though many, and those effectual restraints have been already opposed to it, still other preventives and improvements are both requisite and practicable. But they affirm, that the charge is grossly exaggerated, that there is not only more public spirit, more true and active patriotism in Great Britain, than exists elsewhere, or ever did exist under any other form of government in any country equally rich and populous; but that there is far more public spirit, far less and less gross corruption, in the present than in any former generation since the restoration of the second Charles. They contend too, and we believe, with justice, that those who decide on the utility of parliament from gladiatorial exhibitions of the ministerial and opposition parties, and the debates on the questions or events that agitate the day, imperiously underrate its beneficent effects, though even those debates, as a sort of national education, and as generalizing throughout the empire a keen interest in public

measures, are of no little use or moment. Let them attend the committees of the house, peruse their reports, and make a catalogue of all the regulations that have been introduced into all the public departments, through the direct or indirect influence of members, and of all the laws and bills that have been passed for the national benefit or convenience, within the last fifty years; let them then make themselves acquainted with the weekly and daily business of any representative of a county, city, or populous town, in behalf of his constituents, and compare the facility and honourable methods of access, whether for solicitation or remonstrance, which we enjoy under our constitution, with the magic circles of power abroad,—and *then* let them judge! Heaven forbid that such arguments should prevent our amending whatever is faulty, or making still better what is already good: since nothing human can remain stationary. If we are not progressive, we must be retrograde. But the *feeling*, with which we enter on the work of reform and improvement, this is indeed of great moment; and to render it what it ought to be, no more effectual discipline can be recommended, than honestly to compare our own state (all grievances included) with that of former times at home, and of other countries at the present day: unless it be to live for a year or two under some one of those governments which have been represented as so much superior to our own. When the late every way illus-

trious, and no less good than illustrious Admiral, Sir Alexander Ball, first came to Malta with the power of Civil Governor, it was understood that he wanted a valet de chambre. After a few days, a Maltese, well dressed, with all the air and manners of a gentleman, and (as it afterwards came out) of a good family, waited on Sir Alexander, and brought with him strong recommendations from the principal noblemen of the island. It was some time before Sir Alexander could discover his object, till to his no small surprise it was explained that he came to offer himself as valet. By means of a little cross-examination the candidate gave him to understand, that he expected, in virtue of this most respectable office, to be *patented* as the sole deliverer of each and every suit, remonstrance, or petition, which any of the Maltese should desire to have presented to his Excellency: for which good service, for his prudence in choosing the *mollia tempora*, and his occasional good word, the worthy gentleman flattered himself with the usual pledges of gratitude. Nor was the speculation quite so extravagant as at first sight it may seem to the English reader. For in fact, the valet of the late Grand Master, whose place Sir Alexander was about to fill, had by these means accumulated one of the largest fortunes in the whole island. Sir Alexander, however, very gravely, though very politely, informed him that the sum total of the duties which he should require of, or permit from his valet, was to brush his clothes and

set his razor in order; but that as to any interference, or intermediate agency between him and the Maltese, as he should check it in his nearest and dearest connexions, so he would most certainly kick his valet down stairs for the very attempt. Sir Alexander then caused to be made known everywhere, that at certain hours on two days in the week, he was accessible to every one, and that he would never deny himself at any other time, should the business be urgent; but that any one who should employ another to present his request or petition, except in case of sickness or other personal good reason, would infallibly secure its failure, even though there should exist no other objection to his complying with it. The joy which this information spread through the island was the first taste of a government conducted in the spirit of the English constitution.

This article has already extended beyond our ordinary limits. Reflections on a part of the subject of equal and more immediate interest, namely, the army and navy, and the late fervid praises of the Regent, which are indeed remarkable only from the character and principles of the party from whom they issue, we must defer till to-morrow.

S. T. C.

(*Tuesday, May 7, 1811.*)

OUR readers will have observed, that the Distillery Bill has been lost in the House of Lords by a majority of twenty. Lord Holland, with the independence of mind which is his characteristic, voted with the ministers, and supported the bill. The arguments of the opponents were grounded on the great profits accruing to the farmer from the growth of barley, his consequent ability to pay his rents, and the consequent opportunity given to the landholder to raise them; on the belief that the measure proposed would be injurious to the agricultural interests; and on the undoubted truth, that these interests should be protected and fostered. With unfeigned diffidence we presume to confess, that the arguments were not satisfactory to our minds. We regret, that in the present state of our commerce, when the whole Continent is almost walled up against us, so that our commodities, both home-made and colonial, must be stolen in, as it were, through the breaches and accidental crannies, which the Argus of French tyranny has overlooked, or where some one of the hundred eyes has been lulled to sleep by the caduceus of an enormous bribe—we regret, that in such a state, so unexampled in its kind, and so indefinite as to its duration, there should be even the appearance of an inattention to those markets and that channel of commercial intercourse, which remain

sacred to us; and the prosperity of which, both reacts on us immediately in every state of its increase, and finally settles with us, forming a perpetual nursery and supply of independent members to the gentry of the realm. We regret too, that in the present uneasy and unsteadfast state of our relations with America, when, perhaps, a few months may bring us tidings of such grievances suffered by British subjects, and such insults offered to British honour, as may force us against our wish into a war with the republic, that fuel should be supplied for additional discontent to our West India colonies, and so plausible an argument furnished them, as,—"By law, you prevent us from seeking a market abroad, and, by law you make it impossible for us to enter into competition in the market at home. You will not even put us on a level with aliens and with enemies."—We are far from asserting that there is really injustice in the determination of this illustrious House; but to minds already sore and feverish from stoppage of the commercial pores, there will seem to be injustice. Again too, we cannot subscribe to the propriety of thus disjoining the agricultural from the commercial interests, as if in this country these were not as necessary to each other as the veins to the blood, as closely intertwined as the nerves and muscles with the flesh-fibres of the body. Is it possible that the decay of an interest, such as that of our West India merchants and planters, which employs directly and

indirectly so large a body of manufacturers and middle men in such various kinds, can fail to affect proportionally the interests of agriculturers, whose products feed and clothe this large body? Assuredly, it is short-sighted policy which attempts to benefit the seller by the ruin of his best customers.

The debate on the bullion was adjourned, and will be continued this day. We have no room for remarks on the speeches, had we not previously determined to defer them till the discussion has been finished. We think that Mr. Horner employed too much time to prove what no one denies, viz. that a one pound bank note will not now purchase the silver contained in twenty Mint shillings.

(*Thursday, May* 9, 1811.)

THE intelligence we communicated yesterday of the action at Colberg produced a very great sensation: not because it was supposed that Prussia, fallen as she is, "from her high estate," could successfully contend against France, but because she was considered as speaking, by her resistance, the sentiments and determination of the Russian government; because she was viewed as the outwork of Russia, and that an attempt upon her was equivalent to a declaration of war between the two great Powers. The intelligence obtained general credit, because the measure was so much in the

style and manner of Bonaparte. He merely wished to *pass* through Colberg, to take a position capable of preventing the introduction of English goods, and thereby furthering the general *prosperity* and *independence* of the Continent, so *happily* placed under the influence of his *wise* commercial restrictions—or he only wished to *pass* through Colberg to attack Russia, who had evinced an intention of violating the *independence* of Prussia.—Yes, he wished to pass through Colberg as he passed through the fortresses of Spain to attack Portugal. Blucher was sufficiently well versed in the Bonaparte dictionary to know what he meant, and resisted and defeated the attempt. This intelligence, we repeat, obtained great credit. No confirmation, however, has been received by government, nor do the German papers mention it. Nothing, however, is to be inferred from their silence. They would not dare to speak of it till they had received their tone and colouring from the Paris press. However, we have the intelligence from Helsingburg, whence the Anholt mail brought it to this country. It is mentioned in letters from Stockholm, but with doubt as to its authenticity. French troops were certainly moving towards Prussia; the French general, Rapp, had orders to occupy all the ports as far as Memel; and Colberg was a very important position for them, both with a view to closing a port against England, and to operations against Russia.

Of a war between Russia and France, all the

letters by the mails speak with confidence. Some indeed state that it has been actually declared, and that hostilities have already commenced. One letter, from Gottenburg, of the 29th ult. addressed to a mercantile house, says—"We have this moment received a private express from Stockholm, where a most important fact was disclosed on the Exchange, which may be considered *official—Russia has actually declared war against France.*"

The question of the Bullion Report is again readjourned, and will be resumed this day. With the fullest conviction, that the remedy proposed by the committee would have proved beyond proportion worse than the disease, we are yet startled at Mr. Vansittart's assertion on the second day of the debate, that bank notes had not fallen below the value of the legal coin, of which they are the representatives. Surely, the word "value" was here employed in a very equivocal sense, that seems to us too like sophistry; for, were the assertion tenable, it would follow, that it depended on the mere vote of the legislature to prevent bank notes from ever being depreciated. It is in my creditor's power, though not to arrest me after a tender of bank notes, yet by a process to compel me to pay him in coin. Where am I to get this? Suppose the sum very considerable, and that I know no other way to procure it than by purchasing bullion, and sending it to the Mint to be returned in guineas. Can any

man expect to convince me, that my bank notes were worth as much as the same nominal amount would have been fifteen years ago? But, indeed, Mr. Huskisson's instance, that a light guinea, which formerly it was thought ill luck to receive, is now worth 4*s*. or 5*s*. more to the receiver, than one of the legal weight, appears to us unanswerable: and we cannot but express our opinion, that startling assertions, supported by verbal subtleties, will tend only to injure a cause, which we believe to be perfectly safe, if its advocates do but confine themselves to the plain *common-sense* way of defending it, as the lesser of two evils. *Bad* is no reason with wise men for choosing worse.

Again, Mr. Vansittart "would not pay such a bad compliment to parliament, as to suppose they could not devise means, by which the evasion of the law, (forbidding the export of coin) might be prevented." But surely the experience of mankind would authorize us in rather saying, that we would not pay such a bad compliment to the legislature as to suppose them capable of expecting, that by any penal laws that would not disgrace our criminal code, they could prevent a practice, to which so many thousands have so strong a temptation, such great facilities, and with such an overbalance of chances on the side of their impunity. Bonaparte, with his armies of spies, and his contempt of public opinion, might perhaps effect something: though we doubt it. An English legislature will lead and

enlighten the public opinion ; but will never attempt to counterbalance it by mere terror. Notwithstanding these defects, we give Mr. Vansittart high credit for his speech, which contains more original views, and fuller hints for the true *philosophy* of the question, than any thing we have yet read on this eagerly controverted subject. Nor should it be forgotten, that the speeches of his antagonists contain their full share of paradox and hardy assertions. Both sides have gone into extremes.

As we shall now soon enter on this difficult subject, rendered difficult not so much by the obscurity of its elementary laws, as by the number and complexity of the bodies that act and re-act on each other under the same laws, and still more by the *disturbing forces* of men's hopes and fears, which vary as their dispositions and degrees of information vary, it may be expedient to state the manner in which we propose to consider the question. Those, from whom we dissent, may be divided into two classes, very different, and almost wholly distinct from each other. The first, of whom Mr. Cobbett is the oracle, we consider under the influence of vulgar errors on the subject of a circulating medium in general, errors which have found as determined opponents in Messrs. Horner, Huskisson, &c. as in Messrs. Rose, Vansittart, and the Bank Directors. The second consist of the Bullion Committee, and the enlightened defenders of their Report. In reference to the former, we shall

give a rapid, yet we trust, plain and satisfactory history of money, taken in its most general sense, as whatever has a value among men according to what it *represents*, rather than to what it *is*. The high expedience that some part of this representative medium should possess an intrinsic, and universally acknowledged, value, in order to be a common measure of the rest, is admitted, but yet forms a distinct and subordinate question. Among nations at all civilized, the latter, though general, is not universal, or in an *absolute* sense necessary: the former is strictly both universal and necessary. This sketch in the form of history will contain in itself both the elementary laws, which govern the movements of the circulating medium, and the disturbing forces which result either from a collision of the laws themselves, or from the complexity of the agents. For this branch of the subject, which will form our first essay, we can hope, from men already well-informed, no other praise than that of clear statement and lucid arrangement, heightened perhaps by a sense of the utility of a simple and popular review of the subject to a majority of those, who have recently felt themselves interested in it.

To the latter class, for whom we avow the highest respect, we shall, with becoming deference, state, in the first place, the points in which we agree with them, and so far dissent from their antagonists: and then the errors, and the ground of these errors (*τὸ πρῶτον ψεῦδος*) which we appear to ourselves

to have detected both in the report, and in the pamphlets and parliamentary speeches in support of it.—And we shall end by giving as fair a table or catalogue as we can, of the evils and advantages which are involved in each of the two measures now depending, namely, the fixing by law a definite time for the re-commencement of the payments in cash by the Bank of England, and the leaving such a period indefinite, as long as the state of things remains indefinite: till a change of circumstances shall itself point out the time in which the restriction may be removed with safety. Of course, we shall assign our reasons for coinciding with the latter scheme; but yet, both on this, and on all other important subjects, it will be our ambition so to treat it, as that even those, who should form a different conclusion from us, may yet derive some advantage from our endeavours. If we are wrong, we yet wish to furnish at the same time a torch, which may assist the reader in the detection of our errors—*Non omnia vera esse profitemur, sed legentium usibus inservire.*

(*Saturday, May* 11, 1811.)

THE conflict between the French and Prussians at Colberg appears to have been a fabrication, from which, however, we may deduce, that a war between Napoleon and his uneasy friends and vassals in the north has been the subject of

men's hopes and expectations. A political fiction pretty generally argues a previous belief in its probability. The accounts relative to a rupture are, as is usual on the dawn of such an event, contradictory. One of the letters from Russia says, war is determined upon between France and that country. Those from Stockholm are all in unison, that there has been a serious dispute between Alexander and Bonaparte, of which war is deemed the inevitable result by some: while by others it is asserted, that a reconciliation has taken place, and that preparations are making to receive General Lauriston, who is on his way to Petersburgh, with distinguished honours. The circumstance, too, that our government is said to have purchased large quantities of hemp at an advanced price, will weigh with the mercantile world, as a presumptive proof that our government at least have no expectation of an immediate rupture; and of course that the fleet sent into the Baltic must have some other destination than that of co-operating with Russia and her allies. A rupture sooner or later we deem certain; and the chief argument, which prevents some persons from thinking that it will now take place, is grounded in the deductions which Bonaparte will draw from the bullion report, and the variations between the nominal value of our bank notes and the price of the precious metals, and the late debates in the House of Commons, of which he will, of course, give full credit to those state-

ments, which most flatter his hatred to this country, and most tend to confirm him in the ruinous effects of his anti-commercial system to the resources of the British empire. That he will find himself grossly mistaken in the end, we have little doubt; but as little that he at present fully builds on its ultimate success. His language to the merchants deputed from different parts of France, "you wonder at my severity; but if *you knew what I know*, you would be much severer,"—seems capable of no other interpretation. Unless, therefore, either his pride or his ambition have suffered some very irritating repulse, we suspect that he would piece out the lion's hide with the fox's skin, temporize, and even make some sacrifices, rather than break up the totality of his continental system, and suffer the north to open again its ports to the British flag. On the other side, his disasters and disgraces in Spain may have created such a sensation in France against him, as even he, with all his brutal contempt of the opinions of his slaves, may deem it prudent to overdazzle by altering the scene, and (as he no doubt anticipates) the fate, of the war.

Robert Waithman, Esq.

At the special court of common council, convened on Thursday for the purpose of voting thanks to Lord Wellington, Mr. Waithman (as our readers saw) added new glories to his former

character for intrepidity of assertion, and hardihood of countenance more impenetrable than Goliah, and covered with armour of the same *metal*. Having first taken a view of the convention of Cintra—having omitted the victory at Vimiera, the fruits of which, if its hero had been allowed to gather, the convention of Cintra would never have taken place, or have been a name of glory and national exultation; and having censured the battle of Talavera, which, added to that of Vimiera, gave the death-blow to the panic of invasion, and inspired a *moral* strength into the whole empire, the orator proceeded to *measure out* his printed stuff as follows:—"He could never believe, that the conduct pursued by Wellington had originated in a pre-determined plan. *Who could believe*, that a general would traverse Portugal, &c. for the *mere purpose* of drawing a French army after him, under an impression that famine would force them to retreat, and then he could pursue them. SUCH A COMBINATION OF IDEAS COULD NEVER HAVE ENTERED THE MIND OF ANY MAN!! Who could believe it?" To be sure, in at least half a dozen books of travels and histories it had been asserted, that such was the natural strength and such the general sterility of Portugal, that a comparatively small number of well-disciplined troops, commanded by an able general, and possessing the confidence and affections of the Portuguese population, might weary out army after army, and ultimately *bank-*

rupt the most determined invader. To be sure, after Lord Wellington had given proofs that he united in his person the qualities both of a Fabius and a Marcellus, it was confidently anticipated in almost every paper, not the mere organ either of party or of faction, that "the cloud would descend from the hill," and fall in thunder and lightning on the backs of the modern Hannibal and his miscellaneous conscripts, whom famine and disease, as advanced guards, had first turned to flight. To be sure, the minister did produce in parliament extracts of letters from Lord Wellington, written at an early period of the campaign, fully stating the plan which he has since pursued, and avowing with becoming fortitude his resolution not to be diverted from it by the yelping of the curs of faction, nor even by the *baying* of nobler animals in a more august place. With such facts in proof, who could not believe? Why—Waithman, Esquire and Linen draper! — Such a combination could never have entered the mind of Robert Waithman—*ergo*, not of Lord Wellington, nor of *any man!* The *major* of this enthymeme will be universally admitted; and though the conclusion may not appear quite so demonstrative, yet we hold it a venial and natural mode of logic. For as hypochondriasts have imagined themselves phial bottles, so if in a whimsical mood we could suppose a phial bottle to possess self-consciousness and an understanding of the same dimensions with that of the city orator; and if we

further imagined this said ounce phial to be placed under Niagara, or the Falls of the Rhine, it surely would be very natural for the phial to judge of the cataract by the exact quantity of it which itself could contain!

Add to the above quoted sentences the objection, that there was no *precedent* for a vote of thanks on an occasion exactly similar, (as if this did not form a prominent part of the glory of the service, and supply an additional motive for the expression of the public gratitude!) and such were the assigned grounds for making a meeting convened in honour of a national benefactor, an occasion for detracting from his services, and for adulterating unwilling concessions by eager abuse. But it won't do! indeed, Mr. Waithman, it will not! These laurels, which, the poets tell us, secure themselves, and the brows they ingarland, from the flash of lightning, will never be withered by the fitz and spit-fire of a serpent or a cracker! These laurels, that stand proof against the thunder-bolt, repel to an immeasurable distance, the nuisance of a mouth-grenade, or combustible stink-pot!

PUNISHMENTS.—SCOURGING FEMALES.

(Monday, May 13, 1811.*)*

WE have just read in a provincial paper a list of the petty culprits who had received sentence at a County Sessions—We do not mention

names: for our remarks apply to the laws, and not to the individuals who exercised their discretion within the bounds permitted by them. In this list we see one man imprisoned twelve months for stealing a sack of coals; a young woman, for stealing six loaves, sentenced to six months' imprisonment, *and to be whipped;* and three other females for petty thefts, one to six, and the others to three months' imprisonment, *and to be whipped;* while a man and a woman, convicted of having long kept an *infamous brothel* in a *country town*, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and to be fined ONE SHILLING.

Now let any thinking head and feeling heart consider the nature and consequences of the offence last mentioned. Think of such a house in such a place, as a small swamp, whose pestilential vapours extend as far as the remotest habitation of those, who attend its weekly markets. Think of the early corruption and *heart-hardening* of the apprentices and other youths of the town and vicinity; of the recruits for prostitution raised from the servant maids, and other still more unprotected females; of the diseases, sapping manhood, and alas! so often carried into families, and re-appearing in the second and third generation in the form of scrofula, consumption, and mania!—and then weigh in the balance of reason a hundred petty thefts with the guilt of this one crime! We well know, that laws cannot be proportioned to the moral guilt of actions, but must

take in, as a most important guide, the difficulty and necessity of prevention; but we likewise know, that laws can never *outrage* the proportions established by the conscience without either baffling themselves or degrading the public morals.

This, however, is not all that pained us. We were in hopes, that with the progressive refinement and increased tenderness of private and domestic feelings (in which we are doubtless superior to our ancestors, whatever the average of virtue may be), this unmanly practice of scourging females had gradually become obsolete, and placed among the *Inusitata* of the law dictionary. It is not only the female herself, who yet, if not already a miscreant, must needs (to use a far softer phrase than our feelings would prompt) be grievously injured in the first sources and primary impulses of female worth—for, who will deny, that the infamy which would attend a young woman from having been stripped naked under the lash of a townsman, would be incomparably greater, and have burnt deeper in, than what would accrue from her having been detected in stealing half a dozen loaves? We are not shocked for the female only, but for the inflictor, and at the unmanliness of the punishment itself. Good God! how is it possible, that man, *born of woman*, could go through the office? O never let it be forgotten either by the framers or dispensers of criminal law, that the stimulus of shame, like some powerful medicines, if administered in too large a dose, becomes

a deadly narcotic poison to the moral patient! Never let it be forgotten, that every human being bears in himself that indelible something which belongs equally to the whole species, as well as that particular modification of it which individualizes him; that *the* woman is still *woman*, and however she may have debased herself, yet that we should still shew some respect, still feel some reverence, if not for her sake, yet in awe of that Being, who saw good to stamp in her his own image, and forbade it ever, in this life at least, to be utterly erased. Shakespeare, who alone of all dramatic poets possessed the power of combining the profoundest general morality with the wildest states of passion, and the truest workings of individual character under specific sufferings; whose moral aphorisms are no glittering bubbles blown up by the breath of declamation, but sparks of fire that fly off from the iron, as it glows and vibrates on the anvil; our philosophic Shakespeare has not suffered this debasement of our common nature to escape the all-pervading glance of his observations, or elude the inevitable tact * of his moral sense: and we cannot doubt, but that hereafter our legislature, which has already shewn itself so friendly to all dispassionate and unfactious attempts to

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* "a watchful heart
Still couchant, an *inevitable* ear,
And an eye practised like a blind man's touch."
Wordsworth, P. W. II. 301. S. C.

amend the penal code, will allow us to repeat, *by authority*, the poet's bidding—

> " Thou rascal Beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
> Why dost thou whip that *woman*?"—*Lear*.

(Tuesday, May 14, 1811.*)*

THE belief of war being about to break out between Russia and France is strong and universal—Nay, some decisive steps are understood to have been taken both by Russia and Prussia, which place the matter beyond a doubt. Russia has recalled her ambassador from Paris, and has directed General Kaminsky, who commanded the army against Turkey, to take the command of the troops in Poland. The king of Prussia, refusing to league with the tyrant of the human race, is withdrawing his troops from Berlin towards Königsberg, to join Russia. There is no doubt that the French did demand a passage through Colberg, which General Blucher refused. He is to command the Prussian troops. The emperor Alexander, it is added, waits only for the arrival of the British fleet in the Baltic, to declare his intentions, and open his ports to our ships.

It has been said, that this is an inconvenient time for Russia to engage in such a contest, on account of her being at war with Turkey, and of her revenues being so much impaired by her adherence to Bonaparte's system. But peace, we apprehend,

may easily be made with Turkey, though certainly not without the sacrifice of those pretensions which Russia has made, and which, for the present at least, it will be more for her interest to abandon than to persevere in. But is it a more convenient time for Bonaparte to engage in a new war? Granted that he feels the necessity of striking some great blow, of doing something brilliant to wipe off or divert public attention from his disgraces in Portugal and Spain.—Yet let us recollect that he must enter into this new war with a wasted treasury, with a discontented people, with armies thinned by the harassing warfare in Portugal and Spain, with armies deprived too of their character of invincibility—he must begin this new war with the lesson before the eyes of the people of Germany and of Russia, of what can be effected by a people. If he enter Poland, he must enter it after having furnished Portugal with cause for rejoicings and illuminations, on account of having driven his best generals and his best troops from her territories. His last war with Russia came on the heels of his victory of Jena—his present war will come after his defeat and disgrace in Portugal. So interesting a spectacle has not for many years been presented to the nations of continental Europe as an illumination in any country for the expulsion of the French. This is a jubilee which they have not so much as witnessed, much less celebrated themselves. The villanies of Bonaparte have been hitherto suc-

cessful. He never seriously attempted the subjugation of any state on the continent without accomplishing his purpose, and the world was in danger of falling into his power solely through an imposing impression of the invincibility of his arms. Opinion was doing the work of France faster, and more effectually than arms, when the struggle commenced in the Peninsula; but the present results of that struggle have dissipated the illusion. That great truth which history had taught for ages, which, for ages had been believed, but which many, in these modern times of violence, were beginning to doubt—that a virtuous nation is invincible, is again demonstrated in the history of Portugal; and the deliverance of that nation is less the cause of exultation to Portugal herself than to the human race. People from all the quarters of the globe might have lighted up their torches in the illuminations of Lisbon; for in Portugal the first effectual barrier has been set up against a tyranny which has conspired against the rights and happiness of the human race.

In the debate on Lord Sidmouth's bill, Lord Holland affirmed, that every man possesses *a natural right*, independent of the Toleration Act or any other statute, to preach publicly his religious opinions, whatever they may be. We are not at present disposed to controvert this position, though his Lordship, we think, would find it difficult to

support it, to any practical purpose at least, from the impossibility of defining the phrase "*religious opinions.*" For, surely, his lordship would not have it extended to all the frantic, blasphemous, or immoral, and seditious public discourses, which an incendiary might choose to call, or a fanatic conscientiously believe to be, a part of his religion. In truth, we are suspicious of these natural rights in general, when applied to actual cases in the social state; for they must all, of necessity, be limited by law conventional or positive, and thus limited they become civil rights.—An absolute right, that is yet rightfully limitable, is a contradiction in terms. But waiving this objection, and admitting his lordship's position, yet he will not assert that a man's right to preach constitutes at the same time a right to evade all the expensive or burdensome duties, which he owes as a subject: and for conscience' sake, as well as from the penalties of law, if he be a Christian. Now this is the very point on which the expedience of Lord Sidmouth's bill turns, (we speak of the *principle* of the bill, not the bill itself) and we *know*, that the indulgence of the Toleration Act (which we do not perhaps think a matter of right, but which in the case of all ministers of congregations, of whatever description, we hold a matter of high expedience, nay, even of Christian charity, and public decency) has been grossly abused, and is daily abused. A young man of loose habits, and whom, in respect of creed, we

can place only among the too numerous class of Nothingarians; one, who would make merriment at the notion of his even preaching or teaching; took out a license as a preacher, with the avowed purpose of evading the militia laws. On being reproved, he defended himself by the declaration, that a large *club* of his young friends had done the same from the same motive. Preach, who will preach! we care not. Let it rest with the physician, not with the magistrate, when his fervour shall be confined within due limits. But that every idle vagabond should, by the mere pretence of a call, acquire an immunity from all his social duties, this is intolerable. It were a calumny on the sacred name of religious toleration to pretend that such practices may find refuge within its precincts.

(Wednesday, May 15, 1811.)

A MAIL from Heligoland arrived this morning. The accounts by it relate chiefly to the internal state of Holland, which in misery and oppression exceeds that under which any nation ever groaned at any time. The late disturbances, though quelled, have proved what the feelings of the people are, and the tyrant has accordingly poured upon them the full phial of his wrath. Three persons must not talk in the street—The husband and wife must not stop to greet their son—There is treason in their welcome—There is disaffection to the tyrant

in their interchange of blessings—We remember to have read of a cup so filled that the liquor trembled on the brim, and to add any thing was deemed impracticable, till a stranger placed a rose-leaf on it. Such must have seemed the state of Holland and the other countries under the curse of French despotism; and what is the rose-leaf which remained to be added? O poor, insulted Holland! or rather, poor, insulted, trampled on humanity! In contempt of human nature, as if nations were delivered up to him on the same conditions as the beasts that feed in his stalls, of no other use than to drag on his chariot of devastation, he has promulgated an edict preventing all marriages in Holland, till after the age of thirty, and requiring fourteen witnesses of age previous to every marriage. Indignation prevents us from saying more. If this thorn-bush, instead of the rose-leaf, do not make the cup of bitterness overflow, we shall be apt to think, that we, and not the monster, have mistaken the character of continental human nature.

Last night, Mr. Ryder's motion for the interchange of the English and Irish militia was brought forward and carried. It is with peculiar reluctance that we ever turn to the state of Ireland, from the difficulty of treating the subject without reference to errors on both sides the water, which, if our earnest and anxious wishes could avail, should be buried in eternal oblivion. But when events

scarce a week old force a painful truth on our attention, the attempt to escape it by closing our eyes were mere cowardice and neglect of duty. The remark has been extorted from us by the proceedings at the *Catholic dinner*, given by the Catholics to the FRIENDS OF TOLERATION, on the 7th of this month, and published at large in the *Dublin Evening Post* of May the 11th.—The Debates in Parliament preclude us from giving at present more than a few of the toasts, with the names of the principal gentlemen who attended. Our readers will decide how far they answer the character given them by the Dublin editor, of being "calculated, well calculated to pour balm into the wounds of an afflicted country, to file down the asperities which distract her, and to harmonize her contending elements." Ireland being, according to the editor, "in a state of thraldom and degradation," because there are thirty-three great state offices to which the Catholics, in common with all other Dissenters in Great Britain as well as Ireland, are not admissible. This is the provocation; we shall now give the wishes and political sentiments, for which such a grievance is deemed both warrant and justification by men, who are ready to swear, that neither in themselves personally, nor in their religious principles generally, does there exist the least ground for distrust to the interest of the United Empire. The speeches we shall notice, when our limits will enable us to do more justice to them.

"Major Bryan took the chair, amid a burst of

applause, and surrounded by a number of Protestant gentlemen, among whom we observed—the Knight of Kerry, M.P. Colonel Talbot, M.P. Colonel Martin, of Galway, M.P. Mr. G. Latouche, Mr. Todd Jones, Rev. Mr. Robinson, the principal agent who so admirably managed the retreat of the ten thousand Spaniards, and the gallant Romana, from the north of Germany; the Rev. Doctor Dickson, a dissenting clergyman in Ulster, and a distinguished friend of Toleration; Mr. J. B. Trotter, private Secretary to the late Mr. Fox. The principal Catholic gentlemen present were Messrs. O'Connell, Hussey, Kernan, Kirwan, Dr. Dromgoole, Counsellor O'Gorman, &c. &c.

After the cloth was removed, the chairman gave,

The King—*Drunk in silence.*

The Prince Regent, the friend of Ireland and of Toleration; three times three—*Drunk with enthusiasm, and amid peals of applause.*

'A Repeal of the union.'—*Loud applause.*

Mr. Finnerty's health, drunk with great applause.

The Memory of the Volunteers of 1782, AND A SPEEDY RESURRECTION TO THEIR SPIRIT.—*A burst of general approbation, and drunk with enthusiasm.*

But more of this hereafter. We will now only add our reprobation of that artifice, by which a pretended enthusiasm for his Royal Highness, the Regent, is made a cover for setting his authority and that of the laws by which he governs, at defiance.

(Monday, May 20, 1811.)

THE *Gazette* of Saturday contains the official details of the action in the Mediterranean. Captain Hoste's letter is in the same style with all the letters from our naval officers, clear, convincing, and modest. It was a most brilliant action indeed—The enemy more than doubling the number of our guns, and nearly tripling the number of our men. It has happened by a singular good fortune, that all our conflicts with the enemy of late years, whether by sea or land, have been maintained against a great superiority of force:—the battle of Talavera, of Maida, of Busaco, of Barrosa, of Anholt, and this late action in the Mediterranean:—thus stripping that vain-glorious people of their boasted invincibility and holding out to nations the most encouraging example and incentive.—If the dignity of this country can admit of any appeal to the justice and honour of the French government; if it be not a poetic license, inconsistent with the gravity of statesmen, to apostrophise non-entities; we should wish, that a demand were made for the delivery of the *Flora* frigate, or at least, that the Commandant Peridier, should be instantly tried on the charge of an infamous breach of the laws of war, tending to aggravate its horrors, and constituting a right in the British navy to treat all French armed vessels, as piratical, and the enemies of the human race. But

the application would probably be fruitless. What can we expect of a wretch, whose every measure has betrayed a wish to re-barbarise Europe, and to substitute a rank savagery for that respect which the inhabitants of Christendom had hitherto retained for each other, even in the heat of national controversies. Besides, the Corsican relies most on the worst passions, as incentives of courage; and might even be pleased with the thought, that his crews would fight with a better chance of success, if deprived of all hope from any other quarter.

The *Morning Chronicle* directs the attention of the public to the sickness which prevails among the Portuguese peasantry. The hospitals, it tells us, are full, and 50,000 persons have died during the campaign, of want and disease; and annexing no other remark, but that "it adds greatly to the calamity, that there is no adequate supply of medicines to relieve the unhappy victims," leaves no other impression on its readers, but that these unhappy persons are the *victims* of our campaign. How comes it that the M. C. looks at every distressful fact with one eye only fixed on the distress; and as regularly closes the other, which should have descried the causes of it. Great indeed must be the sufferings of the Portuguese. But is sorrow the only passion they are calculated to awake? Is equivocal complaint the only language which they should call forth? Is there no room for abhorrence and indignation at the savagery of the

brutal invaders, who have carried on a system not of hostility but of devastation by massacre, and have laid waste a distant and unoffending country with more than the horrors of the most infuriate civil war? But if these thoughts be too oppressive, and the nerves of the party be too delicate to endure the contemplation of such wickedness as that of the arch-ruffian by his hosts of trained bloodhounds, was there yet no room at all for gratitude and a moderated exultation? that these unhappy victims are at length rescued from the sight of their remorseless sacrificers? from the additional miseries which the wretches would assuredly have inflicted? from the further indefinite accession of fellow sufferers? Was there no room for praise and honour to attach to our countrymen abroad, who have shed their blood in defence of these "unhappy victims?" or to our generous countrymen at home, of all classes, who are exerting themselves, under the auspices and with the previous example of our government, to alleviate their distresses, to pour balm into their wounds, to re-cultivate the nation, to rebuild the cottage and re-plant the vineyard?

(Wednesday, May 22, 1811.)

THE official accounts of the brilliant victory gained over the enemy are not yet arrived; having probably been sent by the way of Lisbon.

But not a doubt can be entertained of the fact, &c. &c.

Col. Trant, as our readers will recollect, had, about the end of last month, left Oporto with the militia to proceed to the Portuguese frontiers. He was near Castre d'Alva, and consequently was at hand to receive the first intelligence of any battle near Almeida. The despatch from Col. Trant was to the following effect: "The allied army under the command of Lord Wellington has, in a general engagement, completely defeated that under the command of the French General, Massena. Upwards of 4000 Frenchmen were found dead on the field of battle, and 800 prisoners were made at the same time. The allies have lost about 1000 men in killed and wounded," &c. &c.

The actions of the 3rd and 4th are understood to have been partial ones. On the 5th Massena brought up his whole force, pushed on to the Coa, and a general battle took place. Lord Wellington, by a most masterly manœuvre after the battle had commenced, had nearly surrounded Massena, from which the latter was only extricated by a sudden and rapid retreat. He is said to have been driven over three rivers, the Turon, Azava, and the Agueda, losing, as might be expected, many men drowned. Four thousand are said to have been left on the field of battle, and in prisoners and drowned some accounts state that he lost between 5 and 6000 more. The Portuguese troops justi-

fied the character they had acquired, and four of the regiments of General Pack's advanced division were Portuguese. It is added that they gave no quarter to the enemy, putting them to death wherever they found them. The severest loss fell upon the 71st regiment, which had 12 officers and 169 men killed and wounded.

The despatch from Colonel Trant to the deputy governor of Oporto, is said to have left Lord Wellington on the other side of the Agueda, in the direction of Salamanca, to which Massena was retreating.

A few words more on the man, to the wisdom of whose plans, to whose steadiness and unremitted presence of mind in the execution of them, this country—O! even that is too little—Europe and Humanity itself, are indebted for the present bright dawn of their hopes. When Gustavus Adolphus was tenderly reproached by his great Chancellor, Oxenstiern, for the rashness with which he exposed his own person and his army to superior numbers, he answered: "Far be the charge of rashness from me, on whom rest so many souls and a cause so important. But the time will come when duty will command me to follow the caution and wearying delays of a Fabius: and what better means of suppressing the impatience, without cowing the courage of my army, or the hopes of our allies, can I furnish, than a proof positive from my past character, that foresight and a commanding genius

must have dictated my forbearance; for that timidity could have no share in it." Never was an anecdote of past times more applicable to the present, than this to Lord Wellington. Review his almost romantic victory in India—the rapidity with which he snatched those laurels at Vimiera, which an unhappy intervention alone prevented him from forming into a full garland of decisive success. Follow him to Talavera, where he effected the weighty and difficult task of *unlearning* Europe and too many of no mean rank in Britain their superstitious dread of French discipline and French generalship. Compare his retreat with that of generals, who, though personally brave, had their minds and imaginations cowed with pre-conceptions of the Gallic *Gog* and *Magog* of the day; and having thus put himself on a full equality, at least, with the enemy, then behold him assuming the appearance of a new character, yet in reality only developing the hitherto latent parts of his own—and again, at the exact moment, recurring to the former. What can we say of such a man? who, as a Marcellus, enabled himself without a murmur of distrust from his eager troops, to act with the patience and far-sighted self-control of a Fabius, and then unites and completes both in a Scipio! Under whose auspices a nation, long degraded, awakes as from a sleep to all its ancestral heroism—like the sun, not only bright in herself, but spreading brightness and vital energy on all beneath him!

Lord Sidmouth's Bill (t) was last night rejected, on two very sufficient grounds, which did great honour to the prudence and liberality of the House of Lords; and if we may particularize any one of its illustrious members, particularly to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose liberal and calm opinions were such as well became the Primate of the church of England. The grounds were, that the provision of the bill outstepped the evil complained of; and that the bill had excited alarm, and general disapprobation, among the large and respectable portion of the population, who were most interested in it. Yet completely satisfied, as we are, with the result, we still think that an evil does exist, for which it would be desirable to find a *specific* remedy, strictly confined and proportioned to the complaint. The business of a Christian preacher is to instruct his flock in their various duties, with the grounds and motives for the same. Now, that an individual, by merely declaring his desire to teach others their duties should acquire a right of immunity from practising any of them himself, is too palpably absurd to need confutation. If, indeed, a congregation have chosen one man as their teacher, or if, from the nature of his education, or from other evidence, there exists a probability that he will be so chosen, *then* it is a fair and honest plea, that by enlightening and inspiriting *many* in the discharge of their duties (to their king and country, as well as to their Maker and their neighbour) he serves the state more effectually than he

could do by a personal performance of a certain class of these duties. He may fairly point to his congregation, and say—Behold! these are my substitutes! To repeat our own words, such exemption to the clergy of all denominations, and by whomsoever appointed or chosen, is not only a matter of high expedience, but a duty of Christian charity and public decency.

(Thursday, May 23, 1811.)

THE official dispatches from Lord Wellington are not yet arrived: but we do not entertain the slightest doubt of the accuracy of the intelligence from Oporto. It comes to us in "no questionable shape;" it is not intelligence brought by a ship that had spoken another at sea which had heard such a report—it is not a tale which every body has heard, but which nobody can trace to any respectable source—It is intelligence brought by a captain of a vessel belonging to this country, a British captain—He hears it first on ship-board; he goes on ashore to ascertain its truth or falsehood—He is known at Oporto; he knows the merchants there; he knows the deputy governor, and heh ears him read the despatch from the Governor, Colonel Trant, who was near the scene of action, and who would naturally transmit the earliest possible account to the city of which he was Governor. Can we desire more positive evidence, unless it be the official despatch of Lord Wellington,

which would be sent by Lisbon, his Lordship having always sent his despatches to the Portuguese capital, and from thence to this country? But the *Morning Chronicle* doubts, and fears, and hesitates, and disbelieves. Rarely, indeed, does it listen with undivided attention to the notes of the ascending lark. The croak of the prophetic raven from the churchyard yew better suits "the temper of its wishes." With a zest, which it scarce affects to conceal, the writer avows his disbelief of the late victory—"a trifling affair of posts there probably has been;" but as to a victory of a Wellesley and of British and Portuguese troops over Massena and his moulting eagles, now re-feathered—his vanquished brigades, now re-invincible—it gives no credit to it. The *Morning Chronicle* does not indeed impute any thing to Colonel Trant. No! nothing at all; only it doubts his accuracy, and supposes him, on a vague report, to have written an official letter, of many particulars, that could only have been collected from a number of persons who had been at the scene of action, and as minute as any account not from Lord Wellington's head-quarters could be expected to have been.—It not only doubts the *accuracy* of the Colonel's letter, but even "the VERACITY." The writer may interpret the word "imputation" as he likes! but if he did not mean to calumniate the Colonel, he must be content to bear the imputation of egregious ignorance of the English language. But whence this triumph of *positive* doubts? Simply,

because according to the *Morning Chronicle* the post from Almeida to Oporto takes but two days; and had it been true, there must have been many letters received confirming it: And who told the *Morning Chronicle* that there were not many letters received, and all of nearly the same import?—But if it had been false, and if instead of a victory and a hot pursuit (which assuredly gave Lord Wellington something else to do than to write a full official account to the acting Governor of Oporto) there had been only a trifling "affair of posts," would there not have been many letters received in the same interim contradicting the former exaggeration?

We can smile at this temerity of doubt, and hardihood of unbelief respecting an event of which a few days must determine the extent and circumstances, and concede much to obstinate habits and wishes rendered more eager by the restraints of decorum and the necessity of half-suppression. Yet it was with disgust that we contemplated the acrid joy, the sardonic grin with which the same paper has presumed to assure the public, that the royal physicians and the venerable persons of her Majesty's council have consented to pass a delusion, a trick, on the country; that they have exhibited his Majesty in a manner which could not but produce general (alas! why not universal) joy, and undoubting belief of his rapid convalescence: when, in fact, a new malady, a more alarming symptom of disease

was the true cause of their placing their beloved sovereign "on his spirited Arabian horse." Yes! the *Morning Chronicle* publishes to the country, that the Queen and royal family consented to receive the congratulations of a crowd of nobles, on the sovereign's improved health, heard the bells ringing from the churches, and the cannons setting forth the tale of joy, when in truth "the *swelling of his Majesty's legs*" having incapacitated him for walking, he has been suffered to take the air on horseback, "*under great precautions.*"—This and another equally indecent paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday, a paragraph which we blushed to see published in a Christian country, convinces us, that the two commands in the one precept, "Fear God and honour the king," were not placed in juxta-position by accident. The best excuse we can make for these revealers of state-secrets, is that the strong workings of their party-spirit throw them into a reverie, and that they write both while and as they dream.

It is the nature
Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes
That are melancholicke, to work at first
Slow and insensibly in their ascent,
Till being got up, and then distilling down
Upon the brain, they have a pricking quality
That breeds this restless rest, which the grave Sons
Of Physic call a walking in the sleep,
And telling mysteries! * — Ben Jonson.

* *Clair-voyance* of Mesmerism anticipated. S. C.

PARIS Papers have arrived to the 13th, announcing Marshal Ney's arrival at Paris. Whether he is come back in disgrace or not, we know not. The papers merely announce his arrival.

"Amidst the disgrace of his arms and the defeat of his best army and his best generals, Bonaparte takes his accustomed amusements as if nothing had happened. The journals inform us of his hunting, and his levees and his visits to the nursery. How the king of Rome sucks and sleeps seem to him of more importance than the fate of armies and of kingdoms. Yet while he rocks the cradle of his adulterous offspring, he knows no more of the destiny of the infant, than his own mother could have predicted of his when he lay on her lap: it is at least as probable, that the babe, for whose acquisition he outraged the laws of God and man, for whose nursing he seems almost to neglect the reins of government, will live an exile and die an outlaw, as it was thirty years ago that he himself, in the sequel, would mount the throne of the Bourbons over the prostrate necks of all the monarchs of the continent. Should this puny being, for its own repose and the future happiness of mankind, dwindle and drop into an early grave, we verily believe it would afflict his father more than the desolation of ten kingdoms; yet if he lives he may probably by his idiotism or his ingratitude, avenge the wrongs of many a childless parent on his father's head. Napoleon can neither give his

heir brains nor good fortune, and it remains to be proved whether he has been *blessed* or *cursed* with the accomplishment of this, the most tormenting of his wishes.

(*Friday, May* 24, 1811.)

THE *Morning Chronicle* complains of the calumnies to which its attempt to examine the degree of credit due to Colonel Trant's letter, has exposed it, and that it has been insinuated by the *Courier*, that it is never slow to give credit to British disaster. Insinuate? No! we *affirmed* it unnatural and incredible, that men should habitually turn away their attention from every prospect favourable to their wishes, in order to fix it exclusively on what they deprecate. The *Chronicle* may safely appeal to the public for the nature of its sentiments and feelings on occasion of any victory *confirmed past doubt*. To be sure, rejoice it *must* on such occasions! But we too appeal to the recollection of its readers, whether any success achieved by Lord Wellington, has ever been made public, that has not been either undervalued, or declared indecisive, and in short, by all possible artifices of depreciation shorn of half its beams. Not indeed always, or generally, at the first annunciation. But the day or two after, has it not been religiously besprinkled with the chilling baptism of doubt and despondency? Massena had, forsooth, chosen to quit a stubble field, to leave time for the

sowing and growth of another harvest, which he was then to come and re-gather, &c. And its "attempt to examine"—O noble attempt! Supported by two arguments; the one, a supposition ridiculous in itself, and contradicted by the very paragraph in which it is found, and which, if it were just, would be felt with tenfold force in favour of the report; the other, a *surprise*, grounded on the grossest ignorance of diplomatic decorum, and implying that a deputy governor, appointed by Col. Trant to officiate in his absence, should have presumed, unauthorised, to commence a correspondence with the British Secretary of State, without necessity, and without any one end to be answered by it? This is the attempt, and what are the *calumnies* that have followed it? The detection of its absurdity, and the reprehension of the indecency, with which without ground or evidence, not merely weakness and the poor credulity of an open-mouthed gossip were burthened on this estimable officer, but a bold disbelief avowed of the *veracity* of his letter. But why does the *Morning Chronicle* pass over that which occasioned and called forth our severest reproof—the manner in which, on the credit of a private account, it imputed to the Queen's council and to the government at large, a trick, a virtual falsehood!—the triumph with which it proclaimed in two conspicuous parts of its paper, that "swollen legs," an exacerbation of his Majesty's illness, and not convalescence, has occasioned his

late public rides, with his royal children and customary noble attendants! Why has it passed by our other charge, of attacking, insidiously, not only Christianity, but religion *in toto!*—and then to talk of "calumny!"

A MORNING Paper announces very gravely that the King is going to create a *Female Order of the Garter;* and the garter is to be worn—on the arm!—and they are to have Knights Companions! *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

A SET of men have taken it into their heads that the Burdettites and Purity of Election are synonimous terms.—Now this, after the trials and convictions consequent upon the Middlesex election, some few years ago, is a little too impudent. But these men contrive to have occasional dinners, where certain persons are expected to make speeches, to drink each other's health, and to assure the nation that nobody is wise, or honest, or patriotic—*but themselves.*—One of these dinners was held yesterday. Sir Francis Burdett, only because he has been the defender of public rights and the advocate of reform, has been branded with the name of Jacobin. He a Jacobin! Lurks there no drop of blood in the ossified heart of Calumny to furnish her cheeks with one faint blush for so improbable a charge? A Jacobin indeed! No, Sir F. B. wants reform only. What that is to be, and how

far it is to go, he does not know at present; "*but when great numbers of persons are assembled,*" then it will come out. For who ever witnessed a great assemblage, rudely called a mob, either at the Westminster hustings, or at a tavern dinner, but must have acknowledged its consummate fitness for the complex and difficult questions of legislature?—No matter where they may be individually—let them only be close packed together, like hay in a rick, and a little *wetted,* and they will be sure *to illuminate* the whole country. The oracular smoke of their fermentation will be followed by a full blaze of light and spirit! A Jacobin indeed! No! he wishes the legislature to grant him and his party their demands, fairly and in a friendly way; only if they do not, and in a reasonable time too, they must expect "A RESUMPTION OF POWER BY AN AGGRIEVED AND OPPRESSED PEOPLE!" It cannot indeed be denied, that an excitement of the people to resume the supreme power in "a manner *most unpleasant* to the feelings of his Majesty and the two Houses of Parliament," has been pronounced by all our law sages to be always sedition, and in aggravated cases, treason: or that the actual attempt is branded by the law with the opprobrious name of foul rebellion—that legal misnomer for a *holy* insurrection! So "incomprehensibly" do "*the learned Judges of the Bench make decisions, and misapply the maxims of the law,*" which they are sworn to administer in purity

and truth!—But as to his being a Jacobin, it is really too extravagant!

Mem.—Not a single toast was given at the dinner of these patriots, to our army or to the cause of Portugal and Spain!

DEFEAT OF SOULT; FALL OF ALMEIDA; DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH IN CATALONIA.

(Tuesday, May 28, 1811.)

GOOD news flows quick upon us. The ink is not dry with which we communicated the intelligence of the victory over Massena, when another victory demands our attention. Soult has paid the same tribute as Massena to the superiority of our arms. He has been defeated in an attack made upon Marshal Beresford on the 16th, &c. &c. &c. Such is the cheering intelligence we have to communicate to-day. But it seems not to warm the hearts of the Opposition, or to make their blood flow more freely. The *Morning Chronicle* is at its doubts and fears again. And now "our armies are at a most inconvenient distance from their depots, and at a most dangerous distance from each other." Let us see how this is.—Inconvenience and danger are words never to be used in affairs of war except *relatively*. Positively they always exist, where the belligerents are at all matched to each other; and

on what rest Lord Wellington's claims on our admiration and wonder, but on the dangers which he has overcome, on the obstacles he has vaulted over, and the inconveniences which he has either warded off, or inspired his troops with the fortitude to endure? On what, but the soul-exalting facts, that in every struggle he has been opposed to superiority of numbers, to troops disciplined and naturalized to all forms of warfare, confident in their invincibility from constant success, admirably officered, and commanded by an adopted son of victory? and yet, that in every struggle he has been a conqueror, with an army composed in part of raw and untried troops, whom, as by a charm, he and his gallant fellow-soldiers had brought to unite the enthusiasm of recruits with the steadiness of veterans? Had there pre-existed no grounds for fear, what grounds would there have been for glory? The laurels of the soldier love a rocky soil, and root themselves on the side of the precipice: and when shadowing out truth by fiction, the wise men of old styled them thunder-proof, it was of course implied, that the storm rattled over them and the bolt fell beside them! The question therefore must be, whether the present dangers are disproportionately great, that is, greater than the advantages to be obtained by overcoming them, greater than the means and talents that are to grapple with them, greater than the dangers which the same talents, with the same means, have already overcome. Doubtless, Lord

Wellington's was a state of danger and inconvenience, when he was attacked "three days together by a far superior force, and a superior number of cavalry," in an infinitely superior condition. Well! and he repulsed them; and they left Almeida to its fate! Doubtless, Beresford's army was in a state of greater peril from being so widely divided from his Lordship's. In consequence of this, no doubt, Soult attacked him, and Soult was baffled! And are there no dangers and inconveniences on the side of the enemy?

DESPATCHES are arrived from Lord Wellington dated the 19th. They arrived late, and no Bulletin had been issued at a late hour this morning. They relate to the fall of Almeida, and the detaching of divisions of the Allied and French armies to Marshal Beresford and to Soult.

WE received this morning Paris Papers to the 23rd inst. and their contents are of great importance. We have Massena's account of the battles of the 3rd and 5th. He dates his despatch from Fuentes de Honor on the 7th, in order to encourage the belief that he succeeded in taking and keeping possession of that village for two days after the battle. Lord Wellington, however, had settled that point in his despatch, in which he says, "the contest lasted in this quarter (Fuentes de Honor) till night on the 5th, when our troops *still held their post*,

and from that time the enemy had made *no fresh* attempt on our position." Massena boasts of the successes of his cavalry over our right wing, and of the distance he drove it; but throughout his despatch there are the strongest proofs of the admirable manner in which Lord Wellington met and defeated all his manœuvres. He foresaw every thing, he provided against every contingency.—This is apparent from the French account. No sooner had the French gained one point than they were forced to abandon it. They found artillery and troops ready to receive them, and Massena adds, that Lord Wellington employed all the arts of fortification against him.—This is another proof of the greatness of his Lordship's talents, of his promptitude in conceiving and executing plans — of that presence and quickness of mind which knows how to decide, and to decide with the greatest judgment, on the instant. We do not desire a more decisive tribute to the merit of Lord Wellington, than what is paid him in the despatch of Massena.

Lord Milton gave notice yesterday of a motion upon the subject of the re-appointment of the Duke of York to the command of the army. The pressure of foreign news leaves us but little room to-day to say what we think: but we have not abandoned one of the opinions which we maintained when the enquiry took place two years ago.

The Opposition wish to represent the appoint-

ment as proceeding from "an insidious motive of disparaging the Prince Regent." This they state in defiance of what they know to be the fact, that from the conclusion of the inquiry, down to the present hour, his Royal Highness has been uniform in his wishes for the Duke of York's restoration. His intention to restore him was no secret very soon after the passing of the Regency Bill.

(*Thursday, May* 30, 1811.)

THE short debate on the petition introduced by Mr. Grattan from the Irish Brewers, praying that the duty on spirits might be restored to its former rate (i. e. from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*. and 8*d*. per gallon), has excited more thought in our minds, and awakened a deeper interest, than many discussions which have filled our columns. We must be blind indeed not to perceive the more than ordinary, and only not supreme, importance of the revenue at the present moment. A collision of vital interests must needs be a subject of grief and anxiety to every lover of his country; and sincerely do we hope that, in the present case, some means may be found to reconcile them. But where the health and the morals of a whole island, and with them both its industry and public tranquillity are at stake, the revenue cannot be said so much to make sacrifices, as to refrain from borrowing, for the present craving sums which must be repaid by subtraction,

at a most usurious interest, in a time, perhaps, of still greater necessity. It is well known how nearly allied to frenzy are the effects of spirituous liquors on men who have strong feelings and few ideas. The quantity of stimulus, which, taken by a man of education, surely as it will hasten the decay of all his powers, would yet, for the time, only call them into full energy—

> "And only till unmechaniz'd by death,
> Make the pipe vocal to the player's breath"—

the same quantity renders an uneducated man, of undisciplined habits, a frantic wild beast. Nor do these effects cease with the temporary intoxication; but engender habits of restlessness, a proneness to turbulent feelings, even when the man is sober, in short, a general inflammability of temperament. Nor can it be denied, whatever may be its causes, that there exists a certain nationality of constitution, which occasions the poison of spirituous drinks to act with greater malignity in some countries than in others.

Apply these facts to the lower classes of the Irish, whom such indefatigable pains are taken to intoxicate with another poison, a malignant hatred to Great Britain, and a persuasion, that to the oppression and tyranny of the British government they are indebted for all the miseries they either feel or imagine; and that the hesitation to concede the eligibility to thirty-three great offices of state to the wealthy Catholics, by some marvellous circuit

of operations, strips the cottager, or rather *hoveller*, of every comfort, and keeps him half-fed, half-clothed, and half human! Apply these facts to those districts in our sister island, where a large majority of the inhabitants, with the third or fourth glass of whiskey, *pruriunt in pugnam*, itch for a riot; and, if there is no quarrel nigher at hand between the caravats or—we forget the name—the anti-caravats, begin to inquire after a rebellion! Reflect, in short, on the passion and appetite of the lower Irish for spirits, the effects of these spirits on them, and on the mournfully large proportion which their numbers bear to those of the middle and higher classes—and then deduce the consequences of the poison being rendered so cheap, that a man may be mad-drunk for *three pence!* Much injury has arisen, as well as many errors, from the indiscriminate application of the maxim, "Things find their level."—*Things* may find their level; but the *minds* and bodies of men do not. Drunkenness will not wheel round again to sobriety; nor sloth to industry; nor will disorderly habits and turbulent inquietude sink down again into peaceableness and obedience to the laws.

(*Tuesday, June* 4, 1811.)

SIR WLLIAM BERESFORD'S account of the glorious battle of Albuera is very clear and distinct. It was one of the most brilliant events

of a war that has been richer in such events to this country than any war that has preceded it. There was nothing wanting to the glory of the day. It was not a repulse of an enemy attacking a strong position—it was not a victory towards which the nature of the ground contributed as much as the valour of the troops defending it—it was a victory gained over an enemy who had every advantage of numbers, of cavalry, and of artillery—who had the power of choosing his point and moment of attack—who could bring that peculiar species of force, his cavalry, so formidable in a plain, into full and complete action—whose army was not composed of men speaking a different language, and belonging to different nations. An enemy could not have desired more favourable circumstances to try a contest with us. All these he had, and all were unavailing. Soult retired to tell the same tale as Massena, and to assure his master that the troops of France must yield the palm and place of honour to those of Great Britain. Let us dilate more upon these points. They will best prove to us the value of the victory, and the greatness of the glory it has achieved for us.

The exact number of the enemy cannot be known; but there is abundant reason to estimate it at nearly 30,000, including a prodigious superiority in that species of force which the nature of the ground and the circumstances of the battle made of more than usual importance and effect, in their most success-

ful movements during the battle, in covering their retreat, and in diminishing their loss of men both before and after their repulse; we mean, their cavalry. In a word, they were vastly superior to the allied army, where without that specific superiority their defeat would have proved utter rout and destruction. But this is not all. On the part of Soult, an army blended into one spirit by similar discipline, and the long habit of fighting under French commanders—all equally as prompt and flexible in manœuvre and rapid change of position, as they were steady in making or receiving the appointed charge—all confident from familiarity with success in the open field, and the greater part actuated by the enthusiasm national in Frenchmen as long as it remains unsuppressed by defeat and reverse of fortune. And this army, so constituted, more than equal in mere numbers, and very greatly superior in the most effective part of them, was enabled to choose its own time, and its own point of attack, and in a country, "the whole face of which is everywhere passable for all arms." Add, too, that all the *accidents* of a battle, as of weather, of inequality of ground at particular moments, &c. were in its favour: so much so indeed, that to them we have to attribute the heavier part of our losses, and the enemy its most successful movements. On Marshal Beresford's part, we see an army composed of three different nations, all indeed equally brave and zealous, and a third part of it at least as well

disciplined, steady, and moveable as the enemy; but of the remainder, one division, recently disciplined, and far the greater part by officers of a different language from the soldiers; the other, rivalling the former in heroism, but with a deficiency in mechanical skill and adroitness, with an imperfect power of executing sudden changes of position with safety and celerity, that could not but detract from the efficiency of their innate gallantry and patriotic enthusiasm. Yet the latter army repulsed and defeated the former, with great but yet inferior loss: and we must thence conclude, that though Greek met Greek, and brave men fought with brave men, both under skilful leaders, there was yet a difference between, not indeed (would to Heaven! it had been) proportioned to the difference of the causes, for which they fought, but sufficient to uphold us in the noble self-esteem taught us by our forefathers, sufficient to remove for ever from the imaginations, not only of the Spaniards and Portuguese, for these have already learned to set it at defiance from the strength of moral abhorrence and virtuous revenge, but of the Continent at large, the superstition of French invincibility, which, like many other prophecies and presentiments, contributed the better half to its own realization and fulfilment. Yet other views of the subject press on us. Much as it must grieve us to have observed that such important services are effected for the enemy by conscripts from the nations it has most imposed upon

and insulted (the Poles, for instance); and though we learn from this the unwelcome truth that men, however and wheresoever raised, will, under skilful officers, and a potent and energetic government, become good soldiers, even in a cause which as individuals they detest; yet still we may derive one datum of hope, however distant its accomplishment may be, that a large portion of the military power of Bonaparte does not flow out of permanent sources. A war with Russia, insurrectionary disturbances in Germany, the awakening of Sweden and Denmark, or rather of their governments, to their true interests—any of these, (and if any should, all probably will,) would not only bring a new enemy against the Tyrant, but intercept an important part of the resources by which he is to oppose them.

We have not room to say what we fain would say respecting the Spaniards; but we cannot repress our indignation at the words of a Morning Paper, that "now, for the first time, unequivocal testimony is borne to the gallantry of the Spaniards." Good God! let the Editor peruse Captain Pasley's admirable essay on the military policy of Great Britain, and there find unequivocal testimonies of valour, such as, perhaps, no other nation ever exhibited. In the admiration of all good men throughout the world at their conduct under Blake in the North of Spain, in the enthusiasm excited throughout Europe by the very names of Saragossa and Gerona, let him find it! Find it in the unaided

efforts and strange successes of the Catalonians, which, *because* unaided by British troops sent out by *our* government, even the *Morning Chronicle* itself dared praise with full plaudits, and " for the first time," without one single ominous " *But.*"— Above all, let him find it in the broad, glaring fact, that these same Spaniards, abandoned, betrayed, without government, without treasures, without unity of impulse, have suffered more, done more, made greater resistance to the common scourge, than all the disciplined armies of Continental Europe put together! And if he be a true Briton, let him not forget, that if we are fighting the battles of Spain with a large portion of our armies and our wealth, that the Spaniards are fighting the battles of Great Britain with all their means, with the ruin of their cities, towns, hamlets, and cottages; with the devastation of their fields and vineyards; with the massacre or captivity of their noblest countrymen; with the plunder, insult, and sacrilegious profanation of their religion, and all its sanctuaries; and at the risk of the brutal violation of their sisters, wives, and daughters! Let us not seem to speak intemperately.—We should suspect our own hearts and principles if we could speak other language than that of indignation. The inhabitants of the Peninsula are our *friends*, and we cannot permit our own boys to tell us from their school-books,

Absentem qui lædit amicum,
Qui non *defendit*, alio culpante—
Hic niger est!

THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

(Wednesday, June 5, 1811.)

WE cannot dwell too much upon the victory of Albuera, one of the most important that has ever been gained — not merely because we baffled the enemy in the object he had in view — not because he was forced to leave Badajos to its fate, but because we afforded him a specimen of what the united troops of the three allied nations can do against the picked, the veteran troops, and the best Generals of France—because the Spaniards have shewn themselves not only to be most active and able in carrying on desultory warfare, but because they have proved themselves excellent troops in a pitched battle, in an open plain, where the enemy had all the advantages of superior cavalry and artillery. What better proof that their valour was combined with steadiness could any troops give, than that which the Spaniards gave on the heights of Albuera; they defended them strongly and obstinately; they yielded only to the overwhelming superiority of the enemy; and then, did they retreat in disorder? No — and this we beg our readers to recollect — they rallied at the foot of their heights, turned upon the enemy and checked their career. "Most gallant and honourable was their behaviour," says General Beresford, "and though, from the superior number and weight of the enemy's force,

that part of them that were in the position attacked were obliged to cede the ground, it was after a gallant resistance, and *they continued in good order to support their Allies.*" The cordiality that subsists between the Allies — the unity of concert with which they act—their devotion to this country, which, without vanity we may say, we have merited —the signal successes that have of late everywhere attended the operations of the Allies, cannot but give Spain a conviction of her real strength, and of her ability to defeat all the machinations of the tyrant against her.

We remember the decisive influence of the battle of the Nile, in re-marshalling the powers of Europe against the common enemy: and should we have to add a similar impulse to the counsels of the Northern Powers to the other various effects of the victory at Albuera, we may truly exclaim—

> —— Victoria nulla
> Clarior, aut hominum votis optatior unquam
> Contigit'——

The more indeed we reflect on this providential event, the more fruitful does it appear to us in happy consequences. Let us not too bitterly blame the Spaniards for their slowness and reluctance to be disciplined and commanded by British officers: long and earnestly as we have wished to see this now almost only needful measure adopted. But we should not forget, that from a noble pride and a fond nationality Spain has derived that strong

and steady enthusiasm, which enabled her even in despair to perform all the duties of hope; to rise up from a blow under which any other nation of the continent would have remained prostrate and stunned, or have awoke from its stupor only to behold the iron chains fastened inextricably round its limbs. The characteristic faults of a great nation are always near relations to its distinguishing virtues; both have their parentage in the same feelings. To the obstacles, which their nationality and proneness to sanguine expectations, oppose, they owe a great part of their defeats and failures in the field; but to the support, which the same feelings supply, we must attribute the elasticity with which they rebound from the pressure that had trampled on them, the faithfulness with which they return after dispersion, and rally again around the banner, they had been forced for a time to abandon; and above all their sublime fortitude in the patient endurance of the most cruel privations. It is this national character, which still at the touch of the native soil renews the strength of the fallen Antæus, when thrown to the ground by the Herculean power of consummate discipline: it is this, which returns them to the defence of their dear country, as a wise mother her truant child, gives him food and rest, and then sends him back to his school.

What we ever deeply regretted, therefore, we yet could never harshly censure: and it is among the prime grounds of our joy at the late engagement,

that by its happy results, by the equally wise and generous eulogies of Marshal Beresford on our Allies, and by the harmony between him and the Spanish Commanders, we have the best reason to hope that the measure necessary for giving full efficiency to the virtues emanating from the Spanish character, will be reconciled with it, nay, welcomed and facilitated by it. An evil day for the tyrant, but a day of joy and confident hope for Europe will that day be, on which we should behold the English rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, inwoven into the garland of camomile, which has hitherto adorned the brows of Spanish heroism. — For, like "the virtuous herb" we have imagined as its emblem, it has still risen up alive and vigorous from the foot of disaster, and the hoof of brutal invasion.

(*Saturday, June* 8, 1811.)

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer yesterday, in a very eloquent speech, moved the thanks of the House to Sir William Beresford and the brave army under his command, as well as the erection of a monument to General Houghton, who was killed, cheering on his men to victory. In the course of his speech, he mentioned the names of the two officers, one of whom, we stated the day before yesterday, died rather than give up his colours, and the other, when wounded, felt only anxious to lay the colours of his country to a congenial heart, that beat

high for her glory and her greatness. It would be an act of justice to the former of these officers to erect a monument to his memory, on which should be inscribed the last words he uttered—"ONLY WITH MY LIFE!"

The thanks of parliament were also voted last night to the Spanish General and the Spanish army. This was highly judicious.

Mr. Perceval's just exultation on the frequency with which the motions for votes of thanks, and the still more numerous occasions that might well have justified them, have crowded on the House, suggested to us the lines of Claudian, as furnishing a most apposite quotation:—

> Singula complecti cuperem: sed densior urget
> Gestorum series, laudumque sequentibus undis
> Obruimur.—CLAUD. *de Laudib. Stilic.* Lib. i.

There was one part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech last night, which will no doubt strengthen the belief that war between Russia and France is at no great distance.—We allude to that part in which he said, that "he was aware some gentlemen were of opinion, that there was no limit to the French emperor, and that he could have no difficulty in sending three or four hundred thousand men into the Peninsula. For himself he should say, that he did not think it so easy for him to send any large force thither; *particularly when there was a prospect that he might have employment for so many of his forces elsewhere.*"

We have not room, and scarcely enough prudence of temper, to comment, as the subject merits, on the observation of the ardent admirer of Napoleon's consummate wisdom, that the governments of Great Britain and France were "equally indisposed for peace without undue advantages over the other.—Would Bonaparte consent to any peace that would not reserve to him the *dominion* of all the continent of Europe? Were we willing to give up *unqualified domination* on the ocean?" We leave to our readers' penetration the curious modification of the phrases in the latter query; and the singularity of thus confounding the simple circumstance of the one nation's possessing a superior naval power, with the other's unprovoked invasion, conquest, ravage, in short, "*unqualified* domination" of every independent country within its grasp by the frantic misuse of an overwhelming army. To make the parallel endurable, the British fleet ought to have invaded and plundered all the islands and coasts within its reach, have massacred the bravest of the inhabitants, and enslaved the remainder. *Litem lite*—Question for question—What one nation can fairly say, "we are in a worse condition at present than we were before the war with France, in consequence of the actions and oppressions of the British navy?" Is it not notorious that the commerce of the neutral powers, up to the time of Bonaparte's intermeddling with it, of America, of Denmark, &c. had been *trebled* during the war?—and to a considerable degree

at our loss, yet without our repining?—Is it not notorious, that whatever parts of Christendom have yet escaped invasion and slavery, (America for instance) or are successfully emancipating themselves, as Spain and Portugal, they owe their safety in the one case to the preventive protection of the British fleet, and their best help in attempting the other, to its direct or indirect aidance? Then convert the questions, and apply them to the wealth and welfare of the continent as affected by the armies of France. And above all, ask, if the conquest and slavery of Poland, North Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, were in any way requisite for the security, or even for the true greatness of France, as France: and as far as the French people are interested! And whether this persuasion of decided naval supremacy is not absolutely necessary at present for the very existence of Great Britain as an independent country! of every Briton, as a Free man!—DOMINION of France! UNQUALIFIED DOMINATION OF GREAT BRITAIN!!

(*Tuesday, June* 25, 1811.)

UNDOUBTEDLY there cannot be a man in the country who will not go with Earl Grey in reprobating the principle of assassination. It is not because Bonaparte himself at the commencement of the war encouraged the idea of assassinating the King of Great Britain, that we should imitate his

example. But while we abhor the idea of assassination, do not let us run into the other extreme, and recommend the language of respect and moderation in speaking of Bonaparte. — We saw the other day a report of a sentence in a case of libel, in which the venerable Judge is stated to have delivered a sentiment, as to which we must suspect the report of gross inaccuracy. The party convicted of the libel had adduced, in extenuation of his offence, proofs, that so far from wishing to institute a levelling comparison between the blessings enjoyed under the British government, and the condition of France and the countries under the same domination, he had thought it his duty, and made it his constant practice, to hold up the latter to the terror and detestation of his readers, and by the contrast, to make them grateful that they were Britons. And the learned Judge is (most falsely, we are convinced) represented to have replied, that it was a bad excuse for a libel on this government, that the offender had previously *libelled the enemy*. It is impossible that this can be true. In the first place, while he is a public enemy, there cannot be, *legally*, though doubtless there may be *morally*, a LIBEL on him. But, secondly, is not this an unexampled, an extraordinary war, which cannot be adequately supported but by extraordinary means? Is it not a war in which we are all alike interested, not only as patriots (though as patriots, for the very existence of our country as an independent state) but likewise as Christians and even as

men? Are not the lively convictions and strong moral feelings of the community at large, an essential and most important part and condition of those extraordinary means? And how can these convictions and feelings be impressed, but by proclaiming aloud and in the strongest language, though no language can be adequately strong, the baseness, the injustice, the perfidy, and the remorseless cruelty of the enemy, against whom we are to fight for every thing that makes life worth living for? and is this to be called *libelling?* Is this to be an exacerbation rather than palliation of an incautious or intemperate attack on one point of our own regulations? Forbid it, liberty! forbid it, humanity!

(Wednesday, June 26, 1811.)

WE must call the attention of the public more and more to the language used by Lord Grey and other Peers, in speaking of the article that advised the assassination of Bonaparte. Natural it is that every Englishman should feel and express horror at so atrocious a crime; but is it necessary to express almost equal detestation of the language used by nearly all English writers in speaking of that base, unmanly, and we will add, cowardly ruffian? One speaker does not "think it proper to utter against him constant abuse," and even the Marquis Wellesley, if the report of his speech be correct, said, "it was not for him to join

with those who would have recourse to vile and general abuse." — Good God! and is it come to this that we are to court the Tyrant by honied phrases and expressions! We are not to abuse him! How is it possible to do otherwise? When we recollect the long and black catalogue of his crimes — when we know him to be the ruffian that stole in the dead of night into neutral territory, and forcing the last hope of the House of Condé from his bed, dragged him to one of his tribunals of blood and had him shot! Are we to speak of such an action and such a fiend with gentleness and moderation? Many of those who deprecate abuse must have seen the head of that illustrious House and his son at the Prince's Fête. We should have thought the very sight of their bowed-down figures and grief-worn cheeks would have added fresh fuel to their hate of the wretch that has consigned them to such misery. Or if that were insufficient, the recollection of our own countryman, Wright, tortured and murdered in the Temple, would have made them use no other terms in speaking of his assassin, than those of inextinguishable detestation and reproach. Is there a crime he has not committed? Is there a tie human or divine he has not broken? Are the murders of Palm, and Pichegru, and Toussaint, to be contemplated with tranquil countenances and moderate phrases? Let us beware!—the moment we speak of any crime in other terms than those which it deserves, the moment we

soften it down by moderate and measured expressions, from that moment our detestation of the crime itself is lessened. — One effectual weapon against Bonaparte, and which he dreads as thoroughly as the sword, is the general abhorrence of his vices; but if these are forgotten, the abhorrence must expire with the recollection. Whilst he is called by the name of his reputed father, the Scrivener of Ajaccio, the memory of his pristine meanness continues; with his meanness we associate his crimes; with his crimes we confirm his infamy; with his infamy we perpetuate our resistance. Nothing can so effectually prepare us for the yoke of tyranny as this idea of speaking with respect and moderation of the tyrant, and we declare to God that if this change be produced in the public mind, it will in our opinion be a greater victory to Bonaparte than any he has ever gained.

(Wednesday, June 26, 1811.)

PARLIAMENTARY and foreign intelligence has hitherto prevented us from speaking of the Opera of *Elfrida*, brought out a short time ago at the Opera-house.

Catalani was the *Elfrida;* in which character she displayed her usual powers. *Elfrida's* father challenges her husband to single combat before the King. At the moment when the combat is going to begin, she comes to the lists. It is possible to

conceive that the powers of an actress might be applied here with great effect, and Catalani took all the advantage of the scene. After a few wild sounds of terror and astonishment, she burst from her attendants, and rushed into the lists. While her husband and father stood motionless, she seized on *Athelwold's* sword, and then turned, in the same strong and sudden spirit, to disarm her father; but on turning, she caught his eye, and a daughter's feelings came upon her. It is, perhaps, one of the most regular laws of human feeling, that extreme excitement should be followed by extreme relaxation, and the effect is more sure in that sex which makes up for strength by sensibility. When the high soul of the moment was gone, Catalani's strength seemed totally exhausted; she drooped her head — her frame quivered — the sword fell from her hands — she lost the tone of proud and lofty remonstrance — and with one glance of her fine eye, at her father's countenance, to see if any "touch of mercy lingered there," she began her supplication. Paisiello's music is plaintive beyond all other; and even when it rises into a richer style, it never altogether forsakes its original tenderness. The address to *Orgando* could scarcely be called a song, for it was without regularity, or distinctness, or art; it seemed nothing more than a wild collection of those wandering sounds which would be naturally uttered under the influence of unconnected feelings; but it was soft and subduing, a thing of

"linked sweetness;" and the low strain, and the despairing look, with which it ended, left nothing to be required for the expression of acting and music.

The opera of *Elfrida* has been characterised as the ablest of Paisiello's works, and we believe it entirely merits the distinction. The composer has fortunately disencumbered the plot of those unmeaning characters of friends and confidants, that hang with such heavy oppression on the multitude of Italian operas. The chorus, a barbarous and wearisome superfluity, has been almost totally dispensed with, and the whole effect of this admirable work has been to make us regret that the best should be the last production of the season.

BONAPARTE.

(*Assigned to Mr. C. by conjecture.*)

(Thursday, June 27, 1811.)

THE doctrine of not abusing but of speaking moderately and respectfully of Bonaparte, is so full of danger, that we cannot avoid reverting to it again and again. The Opposition are indignant whenever they are said to be the palliators or apologists of that ruffian; but whenever he is spoken of, who hears from them the language of execration and reproach? When the last hollow peace was made, how eagerly did they run to Paris to attend

his levees; and now in the midst of war with him for our independence, and our existence as free men and as Christians, now, loaded as he has been since the war by so vast an accession of cruelties and crimes, they are advising us to abstain from all abuse of him, to speak of him with gentleness and moderation! Were we to say to them, that they wish to extend his yoke over this country, they would start, no doubt; yet what is it but preparing us for such a yoke, when they would check the expression of those indignant feelings which such atrocities give rise to? This free people are fighting against the greatest tyranny that ever scourged mankind, and yet we ought not to speak of it but with coolness and moderation! We are fighting against the man, who respects no treaties, who employs treachery and fraud, midnight assassinations, tortures, and every other cruelty as his engines, and yet we must not mark him as a murderer and a villain! We are fighting against a tyrant, who has threatened to make our country a land unfit to live in, and we must not apply to him every epithet of aversion and hatred with which our language can supply us! He has dyed every country with blood: he has sacrificed millions to his ambition, and we are not to designate him as the most ambitious monster that ever existed! "They would have us expunge" (we quote from some excellent letters in our paper two years ago) "from the dictionary of our own and all other languages, every

phrase, every word, which does not represent some external fact, but only expresses the feelings of complacency or aversion, which arise in all well constituted minds from the contemplation of certain facts. Or if we are permitted to call white, white, will they please to assign their reason, why black should not be called black? If, when a Washington having purchased the *independence* of his country by far-sighted patience and enduring courage as a warrior, and then established and watched over her *freedom* with the wisdom of parental love, unmoved by the entreaties of his fellow-citizens, lest by yielding to them he should form a precedent injurious to their posterity, retires to the unambitious duties of private life, and disclaiming all titles but those given by domestic love and reverence, bows at length his dear and venerable head to the emancipating angel, and restores his spirit to that great Being, whose goodness he hath both adored and imitated—if for such a man we collect all terms of honour and affection, and fondly involve his name in phrases expressive of his virtues, must we remain mute, and stifle the feelings which the contrast to all this must needs awaken in us? and though this contrast should furnish a humiliating proof, that the slaves of iniquitous ambition can carry guilt to a height, which dwarfs the best virtues of the best and most heroic of men in the comparison? Or are we to confine both our sentiments and our expressions of abhorrence to petty villains trembling beneath the foot of the law, and

have nothing but *candour* and *respect* for the traitor who has abused the reputation won for him by the enthusiasm for equal laws to set himself above the law, nay, to trample all law human and divine beneath the bestial hoof of military despotism? The error, which of all others most besets the public mind, and which yet of all others is the most degrading in its nature, the most tremendous in its consequences, is an inward prostration of the soul before enormous power, and a readiness to palliate and forget all iniquities to which prosperity has wedded itself; as if man was only a puppet without reason and free will, and without the conscience which is the offspring of their union, a puppet played off by some unknown power! as if success were the broad seal of divine approbation, and tyranny itself the Almighty's inauguration of a tyrant!"*

No! no! whilst life and language last, *dum spiritus hos regit artus*, we shall always apply to this man and his crimes every epithet of the deepest reproach and the keenest execration. We shall never "palter with him in a double sense." Assassination is so abhorrent to the nature of an Englishman, that we are almost astonished it should have been deemed necessary to have rescued us from the imputation of such a crime.

But if after having long vexed the earth it should be the fate of this man to fall under the assassin's

* *Letters on the Spaniards*, of 1809. S. C.

dagger, we cannot say that we should be surprised, we are sure we should not be shocked. When Marat expired under the poniard of Charlotte Corday, did we hear in this country a single lamentation?

BUONAPARTE.

(Saturday, June 29, 1811.)

TO the comments on the newspaper publication, instigating the assassination of Buonaparte, the public attention cannot be too often called or too deeply fixed. That publication we have not seen; but taking it for granted that it is such as described; what then? We would not advise the assassination of any man; but we would not cross the gutter to save Buonaparte from death by whatever means it was coming upon him; nor can we think any good and wise man would pursue a different course from that which, in such a case, we would lay down for ourselves.* The death of Buonaparte would be the greatest blessing, which by any human event could

* If a gentleman had been accused of being the author of the article in the weekly paper instigating the assassination of Buonaparte, it would have become him to deny and repel so disgraceful a charge; but no such imputation was cast on the nobleman who brought the matter forward, nor on any of his friends. The publication was made in a paper directly hostile to his party and friendly to the ministers. Hence neither that nobleman nor his party could be in any way implicated; and this being the case, the matter should have been

at present befall mankind, since his life has been the most grievous curse to humanity in our time. Setting aside the assassinations, poisonings, &c. he has procured, his whole history has been, and is even at this day, one dismal tale of blood, rapine and devastation. Without pretext for war, without the shew even of a quarrel, he has inundated whole nations with fire and sword, massacreing the loyal to their king by thousands, in the streets of the capital, because they were loyal; murdering in cold blood thousands of armed patriots, fighting for their country's independence, because they were not dressed in uniform! Can we contemplate the widows and orphans he has made, the towns he has ruined, the nations he has rendered wretched, he still stretching further his arm of pestilence and death, chiefly anxious to thrust it into the very bowels of our own country, without viewing with horror and indignation, those who would throw up any fence, under any circumstances, for the protection of the person or character of so great a monster? * If his actions have placed

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left to be settled between the authors of the publication on the one part, and the friends of Buonaparte on the other. As the friend of Buonaparte that nobleman cannot be regarded; but from this proceeding we must regard him as less hostile to the tyrant, usurper, and assassin, than, as we think, it becomes every Englishman to be: and this, considering the influence of the nobleman on our counsels, is a most melancholy and dispiriting object of contemplation.

* Can we already forget the horrible burnings, rapes, rob-

him out of the protection of the laws of society, have they not also rendered him an outlaw among nations, whom any one may kill with impunity?*

This is the true description of the relations of this country, and of all nations on earth with him. While we are at war, speaking the truth of him cannot be a libel, which is a breach of the peace; and while we may speak the truth, we will, (inadequate as any expressions we can find may be to a just description of his crimes); while we may speak the truth, we will speak it in defiance of judges and peers, however grave by seniority, or noble by blood. Let them burn our paper too, as well as that which has been

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beries, and assassinations, which the French, a few months ago, committed on our Allies the Portuguese? Who is the prime cause, adviser, director, and protector of these atrocities? Buonaparte! And yet, while subscriptions are raising for the relief of the miserable survivors, as much horror is expressed in our great state council at the idea of the author of these crimes meeting the fate of Cæsar or Marat, as if his existence were the greatest blessing, instead of being, as it is, the greatest curse to mankind.

* Mr. Fox complained in parliament that Cobbett's writings advised the assassination of Buonaparte; and at the same time government prosecuted Peltier for advising his assassination. But this was when we were at peace with France, and it was necessary to observe a certain decency of conduct towards the blood-stained Usurper. When Mr. Fox in 1806 sent advice to Paris of the assassin, the step was regarded as an indirect way of sounding the enemy respecting peace, and as such it was excused. But the present proceeding far outsteps all its predecessors in * * * *

complained of. We should expect that, as good men and good patriots, they would be able to light the flame with their blushes. Let them burn our paper; thank God they can yet do no more. Let them defend the greatest enemy of their country, of mankind, nay of civilized society.—Let them defend the greatest enemy of our country; we will attack him; and let them touch us if they dare!!!

That a Judge should have regarded as an aggravation of a libel on the British army, the writer's having written against Buonaparte, is an act so monstrous, that after the first shock which it produced, for the honour of the bench and of our country, we concluded the observation had escaped from the mere habit, when passing sentence, of calling all palliations of a libel, aggravations; a habit which the ingenuity of the lawyers is ever ready to support by argument. In this way, for our own comfort, as Englishmen at war with our most deadly enemy, Buonaparte, we accounted for and excused the Judge's observations, not being capable of believing they would be sanctioned after due deliberation, and a full view of their tendency on the moral feelings, the mental energies, and military strength of the country.

But the notice taken in a superior court of the article in a weekly paper will not admit of such an apology. It can only have arisen, as a poor piece of mimicry of the adventures of Charles Fox and his assassin, timed, we fear, for a similar purpose, the

precursor of a negotiation for peace, to conciliate the tyrant usurper.* Happily we have some secu-

* Nothing can be more shallow than a supposition that Buonaparte really feels any gratitude for tirades in this country against plots to assassinate him. To believe otherwise, we must suppose he, to some extent, entrusts his personal safety in our power. This it would be gross folly to suppose. No man knows better than he does, that almost all the nations in Europe have more cause for desiring his assassination than England has, and that to most of them, particularly to those he has most offended, assassination is much more familiar. It cannot be Englishmen he dreads, but Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Germans, &c. When he to Mr. Fox accused Mr. Windham of assassinating designs, he must have done so to lower eminent Englishmen to his own level, to excuse his own crimes by shewing they could be practised by the highest men in the most virtuous nation, and also to amuse such men as Mr. Fox with the notion of their being in his favour. Experience has shown the shallow calculations of such English politicians! Do they imagine that by defending Buonaparte's character he will be disposed to grant them better terms of peace, or to permit them more easily to conduct the affairs of this country? The man who could act in contemplation of such indulgences would be a traitor to his country, and would have already submitted, in his mind, to the yoke of the enemy. Would Buonaparte concede in 1806 reasonable terms of peace to Mr. Fox in return for the flourish about the assassin, or for prostrating his grey hairs at the feet of the Usurper in 1802?—No—Mr. Fox lived to see his own folly, and to know something more of the Corsican than his blind hatred of the English ministry had allowed him before to discover. Buonaparte wishes to amuse, conciliate, and entrap the men of the greatest power in England, that through them he may subdue this country; for to that object every other consideration is with him subservient. A friend he

rity against undue proceedings of this nature, against the adulation of power, however atrociously acquired, in the generous and manly reception publicly given by the Prince Regent to the members of the royal family of France. This is a consoling circumstance, counteracting in some degree the impressions which the speeches on the assassinating publication made.

Considering the high station in the public eye of the nobleman who introduced the subject, the influence he has, and much more the influence he is likely to have in the councils of the nation, his known patriotism, his spotless integrity and elevated notions of honour;—notwithstanding his want of fixed principles and steady character, his habit of acting from the impression so easily made by others, rather than on the suggestions of his own judgment;—considering the station, the influence, and the public virtue of the nobleman who introduced the subject, the observations he made on it produced on our mind the most melancholy sensations. Neither the battles of Austerlitz, nor Jena, nor Wagram, filled us with such fears of approaching subjugation and slavery. On reading these observations, we conceived we felt the chains of Buonaparte crawling around our limbs, the halters of his Mamelukes rustling at our throats.

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never can be; and it is most dangerous, under any circumstances, to contemplate him in that character. From his favour we have nothing to expect but treachery and ruin, such as Spain has experienced.

Eighteen years ago the same party could not open their lips without calling the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, Austria, &c. tyrants, despots, &c.; but for Buonaparte, that good friend of justice, of liberty, and of Old England, a different language must be used! He is powerful, and those who seek power naturally admire it when exerted against such as keep them from the darling object of their ambition. This is a dangerous feeling to indulge, but unfortunately it is too common. If any party in this country can conquer for Buonaparte a character other than that which it truly is, atrocious, stained with every crime, they will do much to promote his views of universal empire, much to enslave England. The good opinion of the poorest man is grateful to the most powerful monarch. Successful villany may shine, but still it stinks; and the peasant with a sweet conscience rears himself proudly in his own mind above the tainted lord. If Buonaparte will have power by blood and rapine, let him at least pay the usual price for it, when so obtained. Every adventurer, however high, acknowledges at times, the price to be too great; and this sense of character, this longing after the esteem of men, as well as after the power of commanding them, is the best protection of society. Indeed it is the same end, sought by means which defeats its object. The command over men is only sought because it seems to acquire their esteem. Let the means defeat the end, and the delinquent will not only be punished, but his fate will

warn other unprincipled adventurers from attempting a like course. Hence we deem it the first duty of all men, especially of all Englishmen, to hold up Buonaparte's crimes in the full noon-day blaze of all their enormity. This is our best protection against his power, and whoever advises a different course, saps the foundations of England's independence.

OLD AND NEW WHIGS.

(Saturday, June 29, 1811.)

RUERE *in servitium et patres et populum.*— This is, may be, too much, at least *premature*, to say; but that we recollect no period marked by an equal laxity and indefiniteness of political principles, none in which we had observed such apparent oblivion of the constitutional *practice*, as it had existed from the revolution of 1688, among men in general; or such strange inconsistency with their own former professions on the part of distinguished individuals, we consider neither a premature nor an overcharged statement. The lapse of a very few days will enable us to deliver our convictions more at large, and more consecutively on the numerous weighty questions and events, which, during the session of parliament, have revealed the opinions and attested the judgment and the principles of public men: on the external relations of the country (to the Peninsula, to France, to America, &c.); on the state of the

army and of our commerce, and its circulating *media;* on Ireland and the Irish Catholics, and on parliamentary reforms and reformers. At present we merely propose the following brief compendium of Whiggism, as it was *formerly* understood, and as brief a statement of a very small part of the principles implied in the language and conduct of the professed Whigs at present.

By a *constitutional* House of Commons the Old Whigs meant a body of men fairly representing the various interests of the empire, having themselves a weighty stake in the public prosperity, and existing in close sympathy with the public opinion. By a government *constitutionally* formed and administered, they meant an executive composed of responsible state-officers, recommended to the choice of the sovereign by the attachment and support of the majority in the two Houses of Parliament, continuing under the influence of Parliament, not only with regard to the repressing power of a vigilant and respectable opposition, but likewise to the sense and general wish, whether positive or preventive, of the majority supporting them. To the terrors of the royal prerogative there had succeeded the influences of public patronage, far more dangerous, or at least requiring a far more watchful superintendence, than the former, because it would necessarily increase with the extent, power, wealth, and dangers of the empire, and because the crown would have more to bestow in proportion as luxury and its concomitant

effects rendered men of all classes more disposed to receive, more eager to solicit. Above all, therefore, the Old Whigs insisted, as on the chief preventive of arbitrary power, that the patronage, whether of things lucrative, or things honourable, which the constitution has entrusted to the crown, should be dispensed by the crown with and through its known responsible ministers, so as to preserve or re-adjust the true balance of the constitutional powers; and not by the sovereign singly and personally, from motives of private favouritism, or as a means of acquiring a separate and preponderant power for the King and royal family. But to secure the one and to preclude the other, the Old Whigs knew no other way, and could discover no other way, but that of distinguishing secret and selfish corruption from legitimate parliamentary interest; and while they held in abhorrence the influence obtained from accidents of personal favour, for selfish and transitory advantages, and with pledges of indefinite support, they justified and jealously maintained that influence in the disposal of patronage, which accrued to an individual, as the representative of a fixed property and rank, and proportioned to that parliamentary interest, which by the nature of things attaches to such property with such rank. In the successions and alternations of parties, in the libration and change, the waxing and the wane, of their comparative power and numbers, and then in the due influence of the stronger and more numerous party for

the time being over the ministry, they supported, the Old Whigs professed to find the only means of preserving the immense and ever-growing patronage of the empire from becoming the private property of the court, and the rightful power of the crown from degenerating into the absolute power of the sovereign and his personal adherents.

So thought the Old Whigs. But what think the New Whigs? Our readers will be at no loss to conjecture, if they will but refer to the grounds avowed and applauded by men of great name in the ranks of party, for a certain re-appointment, to the exultations expressed, because the Regent at once continued ministers in office, and declared that they did not possess his confidence; because appointments have occurred without and contrary to the recommendation of the sole responsible advisers, and emanating from the Regent's private choice. We say not that these things have been accurately stated; but that the known vehicle of the sentiments of the Opposition party has so stated them, and triumphed in the statement—triumphed, because with "a curious intestine war," the Regent is said by them to be manifesting his good wishes for one Irish Peer, while his own responsible advisers deem it requisite for the support of government to make earnest canvas in favour of his rival candidate! Yes! the New Whigs declare the existence of a royal authority separate from, and in hostility to, the sworn ministers and only responsible advisers of royalty; yea! tri-

umph in this separation, and anticipate the defeat of all that shall dare presume to *thwart* this insulated, personal royal authority. It is not willingly we introduce the word *personal.* The *Morning Chronicle* takes care to force it on our notice, when it informs us with such glee, that the choice of the governors of the Charter-house lying between the Archbishop of York and Earl Harrowby, the great leaders of the Opposition voting for the former, and the ministers for the latter, the Regent "nominated his own personal friend, Earl Moira," instead of either.

(Tuesday, July 2, 1811.)

MR. WHITBREAD has followed the steps of Lord Grey, in calling for a disavowal of the doctrine of assassinating the ruffian of France. But he went a little more into detail than his noble relative, and if the report of his speech be correct, it proceeded upon the principle, that if Buonaparte deserved to be assassinated for his crimes, others deserve it in an equal degree. In reply to the argument that any Spaniard would be justified in assassinating the oppressor of his country, he instances the invasion of Zealand by us, as if there were the slightest similitude between the two events. We had a perfect conviction that the force of Denmark was to be employed against us — that it was to be an engine in the hands of Buonaparte against

this country, and we did, what by the law of nations, of self-defence, and of self-preservation, we had a right to do—we deprived him of that engine, we took the Danish fleet, and then retired from the island—But did we kidnap the royal family? Did we interfere in the government of the country? Did we murder the inhabitants because they were faithful to their King? Did we hang up peasants by thousands for daring to resist us? None of these things we did. But had Buonaparte any thing to fear from Spain? Had he any suspicion that she would turn against him? Was she not the devoted instrument of his ambition, the blind supporter of all his measures? Was she not in his arms, and did he not, while she was clasped around him, stab her to the heart? Oh! do not let us attempt to blacken one's own country in order that the guilt of another may appear less glaring!

This practice of mooting extreme cases in morals, is not only bad as a symptom of a sickly moral taste, bad as tending to paralyse or perplex the moral sense, but it is likewise for many reasons absurd. It is absurd to seek after a general rule for actions, that do not permit a single query concerning their moral character under any other name, than that of very rare and extraordinary *exceptions* to a general rule. It is absurd too, because such an exception supposes and implies a complexity and concurrence of peculiar circumstances, each single instance being itself a species, to be tried on its own

grounds, and resting its whole pretences for acquittal or mitigation of censure on its *peculiarity*. It is absurd, again, because it is useless; for in such cases, men neither act by a rule, nor judge by a rule, but in both one and the other are determined by their feelings. Ravaillac was, perhaps, as sincere and disinterested in his enthusiasm as Brutus: yet, all Europe, both at the time and ever since, have held the one in abhorrence, while the name of the other was never pronounced without love and honour even in the worst ages by any noble-minded Roman; and it is curious that Napoleon himself, on assuming the Consulate, ostentatiously placed his bust in his Chamber of Audience; having besides, when he fought under Robespierre's brother at Toulon, taken the appellation of *Brutus* Buonaparte! The feelings of mankind at large have crowned the one, and branded the other; and Mr. Whitbread and the rest, who would teach us to condemn Brutus by a rule, are really, though unintentionally, pursuing the same course as those who attempt by another rule to justify tyrannicide in general. Both alike are mooting extreme cases. The truth is, that in all examples of this kind, it is not the action, no, nor even the immediate motive, that is the object either of our admiration or abhorrence; but it is the *man*, the sum-total of his known moral being, collated with the customs and creeds of his age and country—it is the individual himself that is judged of according to the effect produced

on our unsophisticated feelings, by our idea of his collective character and nature, out of which those impulses grow up, which are the true sources even of his conscious motives, and (unknown to himself) the real causes of the action. Lastly, the practice is absurd, because the murder of a tyrant does not constitute tyrannicide, unless where the tyrant is killed wholly and solely as the means of removing the tyranny. Now, as a contemporary writer has justly observed, "in a nation or empire, it is inconceivable, that the circumstances which made a tyranny possible should not likewise render the removal of the tyrant useless. The patriot's sword may cut off the Hydra's head; but he possesses no brand to staunch the active corruption of the body, which is sure to re-produce a successor." Therefore, we say, that there is an absurdity in the attempt to establish a *moral* rule for tyrannicide, when it is already precluded by a *prudential* rule. What is the use of asking, whether a good man *might* do what no wise man would do? We will only add in illustration of our position (that the killing of a tyrant does not, of itself, constitute tyrannicide) the case of the murderers of the Emperor Paul. There is little doubt, that Paul was a frantic tyrant, yet, as little, that those who destroyed him, were mere murderers. Of the myriads who rejoiced at Paul's removal, there were few whose joy would have suffered any diminution from seeing his removers kick the air from a gallows over his coffin. Thus, too,

let Buonaparte be as horrible a tyrant as he may, he is not *our* tyrant, but our open enemy; and any Englishman, who would attempt to kill him any where but in the field of battle, might call himself a tyrannicide, but would in truth be an assassin.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT got another of those castigations yesterday which he so often receives and so richly deserves. There seems to be a degree of credulity about his party which rarely falls to the lot of men; but then it is a credulity all on one side. They seem only credulous of every thing that can in any degree militate against the character or honour of the government. On Wednesday last, the Baronet, in giving notice of a motion relative to flogging, said, that "a case had occurred in the Isle of Wight, where a man had been sentenced to be flogged. The idea of the punishment was so horrible that he cut his throat. The wound, however, was sewed up, the man was likely to recover, and to receive an additional punishment for this rash act." So stated the Baronet—and what does the fact turn out to be? The Judge Advocate yesterday declared in the House of Commons, "that the man alluded to had been recruited for the Royals at Tilbury, and sent to the depôt at the Isle of Wight—he was of suspicious character, and continued at the depôt till he had contrived to draw the whole of the bounty, and then, in company with three others, was taken

in an attempt to desert — They were tried by a Court-martial, and it appeared that, *before he knew what the sentence was,* he had made an attempt upon his life."

Sir Francis seems to be receiver-general of all rumours — to be at the service of all grievance-hunters—" Francis? Anon—anon, Sir."

TYRANNICIDE AND MR. WHITBREAD'S SPEECH.

(Thursday, July 4, 1811.)

WE have said enough, we trust, in our paper of Tuesday, if not to put this question itself at rest, yet to put it out of all question, that *we* at least are little disposed to act over again our school-boy declamations on either side of the old theme—*An tyrannicidium sit justificandum?*—and still less inclined to play the advocate for writers, who under privilege of the English press have applied the affirmative to the case, and against the person, of an existing individual, who, though our inveterate, is yet our open, enemy. We have shown, that in *all* cases of rare *exceptions* * to an admitted rule,

* i.e. Cases that are entitled to be considered exceptions by the *peculiarity* of their circumstances, and which are justified on the plea, that when the reason of the law does not apply, the law itself applies not—" *cessante causa, cessat lex.*" Strictly speaking, an *exception* in ethics means no more, than

but more especially in the question of *tyrannicide*, we do not decide by any general rule (how can we indeed, when the case comes before us as an *exception?*) but by the effect produced on our *feelings* by the sum total of all the data and circumstances of the particular case: and we decide without hesitation, when we know that our feelings are in perfect sympathy with those of mankind at large. It is, in fact, the character and moral being of the agent, modified by our recollection of the times and of the occasion, and not the action itself, abstracted from the agent, which in such cases we either approve or condemn. But such feelings, that are indeed genuine manifestations of the moral sense, revelations from the uncorrupted heart, are produced by *realities* only, by the contemplation of actual individual cases, with all the many and nice circumstances that individualized them, and not by those meagre and shadowy generalities which may serve to elucidate a general law. It is clear, therefore, that on such a subject as that of tyrannicide we never can with propriety decide *prospectively*: but only *retrospectively*. It is nearly so with revolutionary resistance to established authority: *a priori*, we know no general law that must not condemn it, yet

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an individual act that is itself a *species*, with its own distinguishing characters, and subjoined to that one division of moral duties, which it might appear, though only *appear*, to contradict. In strict language, there can be no *exception* to a moral rule.

few, we trust, are the bigots who will now deny that the resistance to John which procured the Magna Charta, and the Revolution which made the Bill of Rights a part of our super-parliamentary Constitution, did justify themselves. This being the case, all mooting of the question of the right or wrong of tyrannicide *generally* is rendered absurd, and a contradiction in terms: and the best preparation for a justifiable act, if any can be so, must be to dwell upon and inculcate that general law, to which such an act would appear an exception.

If we have been prolix, it has arisen from our sense of the extreme risk which a writer runs, of being ignorantly or wilfully misinterpreted: and before we proceed to our comments on Mr. Whitbread's speech, we again force on the notice of the reader, that we are not discussing the question of tyrannicide, much less recommending or even defending the act *prospectively;* but that our sole object is to expose the weakness and the mischief of certain arguments against it. We have reason for enforcing and repeating this. It is our only way of preventing a repetition of the assertion (as far as the COURIER was alluded to in a late speech), that we had supported the writer, whoever he was, that had justified tyrannicide on the grounds that implied the recommendation of it in the case and on the person of an existing individual, who is so far the fair, as he is the open enemy of Great Britain. Such writings we have proved to be not only inde-

fensible, but absurd: and we again affirm, that in our contempt they find their only shelter from our abhorrence. If a mere wish could decide whether the detestable ruffian alluded to should go home to his dark master and his brother fiends by the mail coach or the wagon, we should certainly prefer the quicker mode of conveyance, as we can conceive no part of the road in which his absence would not be the best company. But we would not advance the additional fare, though it amounted to no more than the perplexity of one single Englishman's sense of right and wrong; much less at the hazard of a suspicion on the magnanimity of Great Britain. If therefore the charge should be repeated, we shall answer it in one word, *calumny!*—or rather, if good manners to the public did not forbid it, in a single syllable.

We have again and again reperused the speech which the newspaper Reporters have given as Mr. Whitbread's *entire*, and from each perusal we have risen, undecided, which to wonder at the more, the froth or the dregs! the flimsiness of the former half, or the grossness of the remainder! The reported speech (we beg leave to *personify* it) starts up, its hair on end,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine"

and commences the blazon, scarce tolerable "to ears of flesh and blood," with a "List! list! oh list!" What? why, that a question has been brought into discussion, a dire question, which has been the

crambe bis millies cocta of school-boys' themes for more than two thousand years! a question, indeed, of which we know no other use than

"Ut pueris placeat, et declamatio fiat."

(*Thursday, July*, 4, 1811.)

WE wait with anxiety for the next despatches from Lord Wellington, which may bring the account of another battle. Meanwhile, let us take a view of the preparations that have been made on both sides. Lord Wellington very naturally pressed the siege of Badajoz with all possible vigour, hoping to make himself master of it before the French should have been able to collect sufficient reinforcements to try the fate of another battle for its relief. This will account for the different attempts made to take it by assault; and though they did not succeed, yet his Lordship acted with great judgment and decision in making them. Soult having collected reinforcements from different quarters, and showing again an offensive aspect, Lord Wellington acted with equal judgment in considering Badajoz, which was before a primary object, merely a secondary one, and in drawing off his forces from before it, in order to make head against the army advancing again to its relief. Badajoz is now therefore, only in a state of blockade; and this determination of Lord Wellington, to concentrate his force against the enemy, may have been accele-

rated by an intercepted despatch from Soult, to the Governor of Badajoz, desiring him to hold out to the last extremity as he was advancing with reinforcements from Seville, Madrid, and the North. In the mean time, as if by consentaneous movement, both parties are descending from the North to take part in the important events that will mark the campaign in the South. Soult, who, after his late defeat retreated to Llerena, received there some reinforcements from Seville, and possibly, too, from Victor's army, while Drouet joined him from the North. His force must then be about 28,000 men. With this number he seems to have considered himself strong enough to shew a menacing aspect and to advance once more. And besides, in proportion as he advanced northward, he brought himself nearer Marmont's army, which was descending southward to effect a junction with him. All minor considerations, all operations in other quarters, are, with the usual policy of the French, abandoned to concentrate their whole force and attention in one point. The direction of Soult's march is upwards, from Llerena to Merida: the direction of Marmont's is downward from Salamanca to Merida. The Tagus is the central point between them, and there, as we have more than once stated, they will attempt to establish themselves. Of the exact force of contending armies it is difficult to obtain information till long after the conflict has taken place. But if we estimate Soult's at 28 or 30,000 effective fire-

locks, we cannot rate Marmont's at more than 35,000—a total force of 65,000 men. Marmont was, on the 10th of last month, at Placentia, which is about 80 miles from Merida and the Tagus, and about 110 from Soult's position at Llerena; but Soult's cavalry had made their appearance at Los Santos, about six or seven miles north of Llerena, on the road to Madrid. It is said, in some letters from Lisbon, that there had been an affair of advanced posts at Almendralejo, about 10 miles north of Los Santos; but as we know not the authority on which this statement is made, we do not place any reliance upon it.

By that active and intelligent mind which happily directs the allied armies, these movements and intentions of the enemy could not but have been foreseen. The operations of the enemy have been met by corresponding operations on our part. There has been no surprise, nothing comes unexpectedly upon Lord Wellington, and when he adopts a measure on the sudden, we must not therefore conceive that he has been taken unawares. When Marmont moved from the North, our army under Sir B. Spencer moved also in a parallel line. As a measure of precaution, Almeida is said to have been first destroyed. Gen. Spencer was at Castel Branco about the time Marmont was at Placentia; of course he would not be able to join Lord Wellington so soon as Marmont would be able to join Soult, for both the French Generals were moving at the same

time towards each other, whilst Lord Wellington was not making a retrograde movement to bring him nearer General Spencer. By the junction with General Spencer, the Allied Army would be rather above 600,000 men. Lord Wellington, as we stated yesterday, had advanced to Albuera. It remains to be seen, whether he will make a flank movement to the river Lobon, in order to interpose between Soult and Marmont, and attack the former before he can be joined by the latter. We know we have a force at Solana, which is on the Lobon; because we have seen a letter from one of our officers dated from that place. But of the amount of that force, whether it may not be merely a party sent to reconnoitre the movements of the enemy, we are not informed. Were we to hazard a conjecture, it would be, that though Lord Wellington will not refuse a battle if Soult wish to bring one on, he will not himself march to attack Soult. But we have no grounds on which to form any positive opinion upon the subject.

Such is the substance of the last accounts from Portugal; they have been held with eagerness by the Opposition, and the most gloomy conjectures and speculations have been founded upon them.—"The enemy are advancing greatly reinforced—immense body of cavalry—Marmont within three days' march of Soult—all amply supplied with stores—in excellent condition—seventy-five thousand firelocks—Massena returned"—huzza! huzza!

here is glorious gloom for the Opposition—how charmingly will the Session end for them—how delighted will they go back to their several homes! And Lord Wellington! nothing remains for him but discomfiture and retreat—first they depict him already as having retreated to Elvas—but that would not content them; he must run back through the Alentejo and cross the Tagus; they see him in imagination already retired within his former lines at Torres Vedras. They feel no confidence in the talents of our General, or in the bravery of our armies. They do not think that the arms which have so often beat the enemy may yet beat him again. A retrospect of the past furnishes them with no bright hopes of the future.

> No! though recording history displays
> Feats of renown, though wrought in modern days;
> Tells of the noble hearts, that fought and died
> Where duty placed them at their country's side;
> Not one of them is mov'd with what he reads,
> He takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
> Unworthy of the blessing of the brave,
> Base, though he boasts, and born to be a slave.

The following is a letter we have received:—

"We have made two attempts to carry St. Christoval, which commands Badajoz in some degree, but we were repulsed, as the breach was found to be impracticable. Major M'Greachy, 17th Portuguese Regiment, who commanded the storming party, and three officers, were killed in the attempt. We have given up the siege of Badajoz; the ord-

nance we had against it, chiefly Portuguese, was not sufficient to batter it so quickly as was thought necessary to enable us afterwards to meet the enemy in due time. It is not thought there will yet be a general action; but Lord Wellington is making the necessary arrangements by removing all incumbrances to the rear."

(Saturday, July 6, 1811.)

VICTOR has raised the siege of Cadiz to reinforce Soult, who has drawn troops from all quarters to try the fate of another tremendous conflict. This indeed increases our anxiety to an extraordinary degree. But still we feel no diminution of our confidence; we see no cause for alarm or dismay. And surely when the Opposition journalists are so busy in taking the measure of our weakness, and in preparing *mourning* before-hand for our discomfiture, it might have occurred to them that Marshal Soult has likewise his weakness, and must likewise have his fears and uneasy anticipations. In his very address to his soldiers, and hypocritical commiseration of the Portuguese, we seem to hear a kind of whimper blending with the high clarion notes of boast and bravado. Was it nothing to have been defeated by that very army, which he now resolves to re-assail, and defeated in the open field when he himself has been the assailant? Is it nothing, that he cannot disguise from himself or from his army, however his master may conceal it

from the French nation, that in the former battle he owed all his temporary successes, and the other army the greater part of the heavy loss, at which they purchased their victory, to accidents of ground and weather combined, the recurrence of which he can have no ground for expecting, and they no reason to fear? Something, something too, we trust there is, in the cause for which the two armies are to fight; on the part of Soult, a worse cause than ever palsied the nerves of a soldier, with a prospect of death before him, and the banners of atrocious guilt waving over his head. On that of the Allies, a nobler cause and a grander hope than ever before gave enthusiasm both of daring and of enduring to a righteous combatant.—Alas! alas! every week, almost every day, furnishes us with proofs both in and out of Parliament, that party-spirit intoxicates like strong wine—only the drunkenness differs from that produced by the latter in its power of *choosing* the objects, on which it displays the ordinary two-fold effect of inebriation. But the effects are the same: it blinds the man to the post before his nose, while other things it makes him *see double*.

The intelligence by the Cadiz Mail speaks of a gallant action in Baeza, in which the French were worsted with loss: It also informs us of the efforts made by Soult to repair the losses he sustained at Albuera, and to place himself in a condition to fight another battle; and let us hope and add, to experience another defeat.

TYRANNICIDE AND MR. WHITBREAD'S SPEECH.

(Tuesday, July 9, 1811.)

WE have never seen the article which has been so strangely honoured with the notice of both our Houses of legislature. But in some London newspaper, we know not which, some writer, we know not who — had mooted the old venerable question of the justifiableness of tyrannicide, and by the old threadbare arguments supported the affirmative. No sooner finished, than up rise two respondents. But as this is unequal odds, we shall confine ourselves to the latter of the two. And on what grounds does our respondent support the negative? To what moral criterion does he appeal? To the very same as the affirmant: to *general consequences*, a criterion, which, it has been proved, will in every case at all disputable, furnish as many and as plausible arguments for the one side as for the other; and in the case of tyrannicide more and more plausible ones for the defendant, with the feelings and general verdict of all free nations to boot: as far at least as these may be presumed from the most popular passages of their most popular poets and orators.

> "Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
> And call in solemn sounds to life

The youths,* whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal Hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding
Inspiring freedom lived of old to view!
What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest
At wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leapt in glory forth and dealt her prompted wound."

COLLINS's *Ode to Liberty*.

This however is the criterion which the respondent has chosen. We ask then, whether by this doctrine of general consequences he means any thing more, than that we are bound in all our actions previously to consider the probable effect of our *example*, and to guard as much as possible against the hazard of being misunderstood? Yes, he must have meant more than this: for it were mere absurdity to state that, as a *criterion* of moral right or wrong, which can be no more than an accessary aggravation, of an action bad in its own nature, or a ground of caution as to the mode and time, in which we should do or suspend what of itself may be good or innocent.† Concluding, therefore, that this is not the whole or the principal meaning, and that criterion means criterion, we presume to tell the respondent, that this test of "ge-

* Harmodius and Aristogeiton.

† "I will not slaughter a lamb in the presence of my little child, because I know that the child cannot comprehend the reasons for the act, but will comprehend that his father

neral consequences" is, first, merely *imaginary;* secondly, *mischievous;* thirdly, either *false* or *nugatory;* and lastly, that the one only tenable meaning of the doctrine, (*i. e.* the hazard of an action's being misapplied, as an example,) is perhaps less applicable to the case of tyrannicide, than to any other case, concerning the moral character of which a man in his senses can be supposed capable of entertaining a doubt.

* First then, it is *imaginary.* If we believe in an over-ruling and beneficent Providence, all actions alike work for good, and in the final sum of their *real* consequences effect it. Even now we have not the least ground for affirming, that the crimes of Nero have been less instrumental in bringing about our present advantages, than the virtues of the Antonines. It is evident, therefore, that the *real,* and the only real, consequences cannot be meant. No! the individual is to *imagine,* what the "general consequences" *would be,* all other things remaining the same, if all men were to act as he is about to act.—Secondly, it is *mischievous,* as a source of sophistry and self-delusion in the hour of temptation. For will not a mind, withheld by this criterion only from following a strong inclination, say to itself—"But I *know,* that all *will*

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has taken away life from an innocent creature that had never offended him."—*The Friend,* 378.

* The substance of this and the next two paragraphs, in nearly the same words, is introduced into *The Friend,* vol. ii. Essay xi. S. C.

not act so. The immediate good consequences, which I shall obtain, will be real, while the bad general consequences are imaginary and impossible." In vain might you object, what the consequences would be, if all men were to reason in the same way: for the very excuse of the mind, in the state supposed, is that neither its action nor its reasoning is likely to have any consequences at all, the attainment of its immediate object excepted.

Thirdly, the criterion is *false* or *nugatory*. Nugatory, for what are general consequences but an action with its effects considered as indefinitely multiplied? And what notion can I form of the product or multiple, unless I have previously a distinct notion of the multiplicand? As well might we say, that a hundred crowns explain the value of a crown, instead of the reverse. For a crown substitute X Y: and the unknown quantity will remain an unknown *quantity*, though you multiply it to infinity. If then the moral nature of the single action must have been first ascertained, in and for itself, what more do we want? Would we give light to the sun, or look at our fingers through a telescope?

But it is *false*, as well as nugatory; for the character of each particular action is determined by all its circumstances. Alter the circumstances, and a similar set of *motions* may be repeated, but they are no longer the same, or a similar *action*. Bid a surgeon not cut off a limb, because were all men to do the same, the general consequences would be dreadful. Would he not answer—"Whoever shall

do the same under the same circumstances, with the same motives, and from the same impulses, will do right; but if the circumstances, motives, and impulses are different, what have I to do with it?"

Lastly, we asserted that this pretended criterion is less applicable to the case of tyrannicide, or rather indeed more favourable to it, than perhaps to any other case ever held disputable. But this has been so effectually proved in an Essay on the subject of General Consequences, published in February, 1810,* of which we have already freely availed ourselves: and the proof of their unfitness to form a moral criterion by trying them in the question of Brutus, contains so exact and full a confutation of the late reasonings in Parliament, that we shall republish the three or four pages which comprise the main arguments of the Essayist, as the second part of the present article. This we shall do with less hesitation, because from the very limited circulation of the work, the extract will be probably original to ninety-nine in a hundred of our readers.—We shall then take our leave of the subject, by a few remarks on the sentiments expressed, and the state of feeling exhibited by the Honourable Speaker throughout the latter half of his harangue, towards his own country, contrasted with his respectful or palliative language concerning her inveterate enemy, the scourge and the shame of Christendom and of human nature.

* See the last note. S. C.

THE DUKE OF YORK.

(Fragment of an Article intended to appear on Friday, July 12, 1811.) (v)

THE moment of public agitation and joy at our successes in Portugal was cunningly chosen for announcing the re-appointment of the Duke of York as commander in chief, with the design obviously, of evading popular notice and animadversion. We have been in no haste, therefore, to offer observations on that bold indecent measure, knowing they would meet with but little attention amidst the shouts of victory. The duty is not in itself a gracious one. The Duke of York was tried, and punished. Reverting to the details of the inquiry would be invidious; we can only revert to the result; and upon its authority, upon the general sentence and indignation of the country, ask if the re-appointment be not a national insult without pretence or palliation? What has occurred to render the Duke of York's presence necessary at the head of the army, or to weaken the force of the charges that were proved against him?—Nothing.

We have indeed been told of the great services of the Duke, which call for oblivion even from those who think it essential to our constitution, that the effects of parliamentary investigation should not be trifled with, or eyaded by a politic dip behind a thin cloud, for the purposes of a momentary occultation—

"The high state of perfection to which the Duke has brought the army." This is not a fair mode of stating the argument. The fact is admitted, that the state of the army has been greatly improved; but before we can concede, that this merit belongs exclusively or chiefly to the circumstance of its having a royal personage for the commander in chief, we must ask a few questions. First, Can any instance be adduced, in which, during the last fifty years, there has been a powerful necessity for increasing and improving any one branch of our public economy, whether in manufactures, or in commerce, or in the means and instruments of national power, and yet the expedient improvements and augmentations have not taken place? Take, for instance, the state of our navy, and all our naval arrangements, at the close of the American war; and compare it with the present — let there be a fair table made out of the enormous increase of our naval power, the important and numerous reforms and improvements both at home and afloat; and let there be opposed to it a similar table of our military aggrandizement. If (as no man acquainted with the subject will deny) the latter falls short of the former, though calling more imperiously for amelioration, and affording a larger room for it, will it not of necessity follow, that what has been so admirably effected in the one department without a Lord High Admiral of the royal blood, standing above and aloof from all ministerial controul and parliamentary interest, would have been

as well done in the other, without a royal commander in chief? The power of purchasing promotion, was wisely abolished; for the exigencies of the time demanded it. But would not the same effect have been produced, if Lord Wellington had been the commander in chief; and the great additional influence had been added to the government *pro tempore*, (that is, to the crown *joined* to the majority in both Houses) instead of being vested in the royal family, independent of parliamentary changes and the public opinion?

Besides what are the facts? Can the public forget who and what the generals were, who are best known to have been placed at the head of our expeditions, exclusive of all ministerial favour and parliamentary interest, and in one instance at least, with the reluctant acquiescence of the ministers. But arguments that involve personal allusions, are invidious; and however forcible they may be, we never refer to them without pain. Let those, who have any tolerable acquaintance with the private history of the great military appointments for the last six or seven years, impartially collate the facts: and to their decision we leave the result.—Let us appeal then to facts known to all. It was proved before the House of Commons, that when the Duke retired from the army, ten thousand men could not be found to take Flushing and the enemy's fleet by a *coup de main:* though it is the opinion of the most experienced naval and military officers, that such a step

would have superseded the Walcheren expedition.—Since the Duke's retirement, has the army fallen off? The cause removed, the effect ceases. The reforms and improvements, which his advocates, not content with an admission that they were introduced by the Duke of York as commander in chief, contend to have depended on the commander in chief's being the Duke of York, attributing them wholly to the circumstance of his peculiar rank as their indispensable and specific cause—have these declined, or shown a tendency to decline, as according to this theory they must have done? On the contrary, has not our army since the Duke's retirement far surpassed its former character in number, prowess, and reputation? Shall we be so stupidly ungrateful, as not to attribute this, in great part, to the invigorating effect of Wellington's and Beresford's admirable talents, indefatigable efforts, and corresponding successes, aiding, and aided by, the close and confidential connection which so happily for us subsists between the administration at home, and the gallant commanders abroad? To the mutual inspiration, which each derives from the unclouded confidence and prompt support of the other? And does our history furnish no recent instance of the lamentable effects of a contrary feeling? Groundless, as it—

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

(Monday, July 15, 1811.*)*

MR. WAITHMAN and others have petitioned the Lord Chancellor to interfere, as Visitor, with the governments and laws of that most important school, Christ's Hospital. And Sir S. Romilly has been instructed to affirm, that the original design of the institution was expressly to give the benefits of instruction "*to the children of poor and needy beggars!!*". And yet this very school is in the earliest writings styled Orphanotrophium, or a nursery for the *fatherless*. Well! in the first place we request Mr. Waithman and his friend, the Alderman, to examine and collate the original foundation-writings, and earliest documents, of the colleges, at our two universities, and above all, of Westminster, Charter-house, and Merchant Taylors' schools—and fairly to make it known, whether they will not have discovered either the same or similar words as are *really* existent in the charters, &c. of Christ's Hospital. Secondly, we venture to assert that such an education, with such comforts as are given to near a thousand boys by the governors and trustees of Christ's Hospital, if actually confined to the lowest and most necessitous classes, would be a curse to the country and not a blessing. For its constant effect would be to call off hundreds yearly from the plough and the dray, to lift them up into a class which is

already overstocked, and where, in nineteen cases out of twenty, they would be worse than useless. A clerkship, of constant and laborious attendance, and of only 50*l.* a year salary, with no perquisites, was lately advertised, and the first morning brought ninety-three letters of application! Thirdly, we shall inform Messrs. Waithman and Co. what the true and specific purpose of Christ's Hospital is, and wherein its great and most affecting utility consists, and for which there neither exists, nor is there likely to be hereafter furnished, any adequate substitute. It is to preserve, in the same rank of life in which they were born, the children of reputable persons of the middle class, who either by the death or overwhelming calamities of their parents must otherwise have sunk down to a state, which to *them* would be penury and heart-breaking, because alike unfitted to their bodily and their mental habits. To preserve, and not to disturb or destroy, the gradations of society; to catch the falling, not to lift up the standing, from their natural and native rank; to comfort the broken-hearted widow and present to her in after-years her orphan child fitted and assisted to become the representative of his lost father, not to inflate those who would themselves have filled up the place of their parents in circumstances squared to their habits from the cradle; these, and occasionally to *prevent* distress by diminishing the embarrassment of a numerous family, are the true moral purposes, the specific use of Christ's Hospital. Hence, the gover-

nor is equally mistaken in his sense of duty who presents a child from the lowest class of society, as he, who presents the child of a man of fortune, or flourishing merchant. In consequence, there is a proper jealousy that two-thirds of the whole admission should be appropriated to the children of freemen of London; and thus by the first charter. And are the freemen of London *poor and needy beggars?* On the same principle rests the sole exception to this rule, viz. That the children, orphans or not, of clergymen of the church of England, are by special privilege admissible by the same presentations, as if they had been the sons of London freemen. And are the clergy of England poor and needy beggars?—Hence too it is, that with exceptions of wretches whose very heart-blood is turned to gall and bitterness by the restless malignancy of faction, the tradesmen and householders of London look with such an eye of peculiar affection on the Blue-coat Boy, as he passes along the streets on one of his *leave* days: that the boys seem to meet with friends and relations every where, and are in consequence distinguished by their civility, good manners, and modest pride, at equi-distance from the rudeness and insolence of the great public schools, and the abject manners of the common charity children. For every householder, who has not secured wealth for his family, though he may for the present enjoy the fairest prospects—yet contemplating the chances of premature death, of the possibility (and in these uncertain times

the more than that) of impoverishment or failure, consoles himself, that at the worst one or two of his children will have a claim to be bred up as well, as tenderly, and as liberally as he himself had been, and as he himself would breed them up, should Providence permit him to remain in the station he occupies.

We are confident that the Lord Chancellor will hesitate long before he attempts to remove a blessing, of which there is no parallel in Europe, in order to convert it into an *injury*, if the same plan of education and manners be retained; or, if this is to be lowered to the lowest, into a *superfluous addition* to institutions already scarcely to be numbered, and the advantage of which has been deemed disputable by the wisest and gravest of our writers on political economy. We conclude by declaring solemnly, and on our conscience, that we can hardly imagine a larger sum of goodness and of consolation struck off at once from the ledger of useful benevolence, than would be torn out or vilely scribbled over by the complete success of Robert Waithman's wishes. We do not justify the admission of Dr. Warren's son: it was against the true principles of the foundation;—but, perhaps, it would be difficult to detect a second case equally glaring among the whole 1000 boys that are educated under it. And was there never any private pique or quarrel between the patriot and the parson?

(*Saturday, July* 20, 1811.)

LORD STANHOPE'S Bill was last night read a third time, and passed; after which the House of Commons adjourned to Tuesday, when the Bill will receive the Royal Assent. Our readers will read, with the same pleasure with which we perused, the patriotic speech of Mr. Sheridan. He has always the merit, a rare merit it is in his party, of sacrificing all party feelings when the great interests of the State are concerned. There is more solid practical sense in one sentence of his, than in all the eternal essays of all the narcotic bullionists put together. To mention the bullion Report may be sufficient to give most of our readers the horrors! but the friends of it affirm, that the Suspension Bill, by forcing up the Bank paper into money, has left us no other money than Bank paper. The high price of bullion, and the disappearance of our coinage, are the effects of the restriction. Now, if this be true, the effect must have begun at some certain time after the establishment of the cause, and from that time must have regularly, however gradually, increased. Is this the fact? No! It is notorious, that for years together, in spite of this restriction, the exchange was in favour of this country. The bullion market has risen and fallen, turned for us and against us, much in the same way as within a similar number of years it used to do before the Bill passed. The theory then is demonstrated false.

It is incompatible with the facts, and we know that it must be false, however unable we may be either to disqualify its premises, or to detect the error in its deductions. Again: If the restriction be the main cause of the scarcity of coin, as long as that remains in action, so long must the scarcity continue. *Durante causa, durat effectum.* But there is not, we presume, a man of any commercial experience, we had almost said, not a man of common sense in Great Britain, who is not convinced, that, if the whole market of the Continent were re-opened to our manufactures and colonial produce, the exchange would revert to its former state, and the Suspension Bill become a cypher. If this be true, the restriction is not the cause, but the tyranny and tyrannous influence exerted over the whole continent, and the unnatural state of the commercial world in consequence. One instance more: the existence of paper-money, they say, is so far at least made compulsory, that we must take Bank-notes or nothing:—this measure, and the vast issues of Bank-notes, in consequence, are the true cause of the increased price of gold in Great Britain. The price, therefore, is high only in relation to Bank-notes—it is a relative, not a real increase, and of course there is no *real* scarcity of gold in the common market, and only a *fictitious* scarcity in Great Britain. Well then, if this be true, the price of gold will have remained at the proper standard in France, where there is no paper-money. But is this the

fact?—No!—This is not the fact: but the fact is, and a fact that deserves to be cheered with a loud and repeated *hear! hear!* that the price of gold is at this instant higher in Paris than in London! What becomes now of the sole ruinous causes of the scarcity? What becomes of that dire Anti-*midas*, the guinea-banishing, gold-annihilating *Restriction?* What of the enormous issues of paper-money, the wild extension of paper credit? In France there is neither paper money nor paper credit! no *Restriction there*, save only of all the means first of getting money, and then of keeping it when got, from the hundred-handed tax-master guided to his prey by the hundred-eyed Argus of a never-sleeping espionage! and yet in France gold is dearer than in poor *tricked, duped, deluded, misgovernèd* Great Britain, half smothered with debt, and now to be stifled with assignats forced down her throat, by the violence and "stratagems" of a deluding Ministry and Legislature! We are not surprised, that the theory of the Resumptionists has met its deathblow in this decisive fact; but that it should still be supported, that the official Journal of the Party should day after day, on the frontless assumption of its truth, asperse the wisdom of Parliament, and at once inflame and libel the country with denunciations of ruin, because the Legislature preferred the solid knowledge, the deep and wide experience of our Merchants, Bankers, Capitalists, and Statesmen to the raw theories of a few writers

and worshippers of the Edinburgh Review—at *this* we are surprised. *This* we do place among the wonders of blundering exhibited by those whose mental eye is at once dim, and fierce with the *vinum dæmoniacum* of party infatuation.

BULLION COMMERCE.

(Friday, August 2, 1811.)

THE reasons, on which we professed to have deferred our thoughts on this subject till after the first parliamentary discussion, have drawn from a morning paper strong censure rendered plausible only by mis-statement. For, in the first place, we were assigning our own reasons for our own preference of the time, we had chosen, to which the crowd of ingenious disputants, who pressed on the attention of the public, both in the newspapers and from the general press, furnished an additional motive. And secondly, we never meant it as a general principle—the whole practice of our paper is in direct contradiction to it—but expressly confined it to very complex and very difficult questions, which had divided the opinions of the ablest, the best informed, and most disinterested men, and which, it were absurd to suppose, would be put to final rest by a single deliberation in one branch of the Legislature. The debates themselves have confirmed us in the prudence of our choice. We think, that there has been a collision of extremes: and we now

are masters of the arguments and opinions of both sides; we can refer to them with greater certainty and authority; and, above all, we can make the subject itself more intelligible, by selecting from the arguments and conclusions of each whatever appears to us undeniably true. We have then only to reconcile their different positions, in which both are right, by pointing out what both have overlooked or mistaken; in order to arrive at that main point, in which, we are persuaded, the *practical* truth is to be found.

As to our subsequent remarks on the adulterated incense offered to ignorance and presumption by certain writers on this and other perplexed and difficult questions, we had ample occasion for making them. But the paper alluded to has done us great injustice, if it has taken to itself, as meant by us, any part or portion of those remarks. We do indeed differ widely from the M.C. in some of its grounds, and in many of its deductions; but we still know how to distinguish the decorum of a constitutional party-spirit from the effrontery of rank faction, and fair reasoning on mistaken principles from incendiary brochures with no principle at all.

We have already given our definition of MONEY in its most general sense, as, "*whatever* has a value among men according to what it *represents*, rather than to what it *is*." In this definition we had in view Mr. Huskisson's assertion, that gold and silver were as much money before as after their

legal mintage. This we regard as one of the false bases of his system; and trust, that we shall show clearly, that the distinction between money and commodity, the representative and the thing represented, is not verbal or arbitrary, but real and of practical importance. As soon as a commodity becomes money, it ceases to be a commodity; even as a bag of guineas sold by its weight at Paris or Pekin loses the nature, as well as name, of money.

The most intelligible way of conveying our sentiments on this point, with all its numerous divergent lines, and at the same time the least oppressive, because it will bring the imagination to the aid of the understanding, will be a brief history of the transit from barter to money, then of money in its first form to the complexity of the present circulating medium, and lastly, of the action and re-action of money and barter on each other, and inclusively or by consequence on all the social relations of civilised man. — As a sort of amusing prologue or introduction to such a compendium, and which will not be without its uses to readers, who have not been in the habit of contemplating states of society widely different from their own, and therefore too often over-rate the evils and inconveniences of their own; — ("*Nemo felix, nisi comparatus!*" is an adage still more applicable to nations than to individuals) — we give an extract from a late traveller through the American States, which affords a lively picture of a state of barter carried on without

money. With this we shall conclude for to-day, hoping to meet our readers in good humour when we come to grapple with the subject. We shall exert our best powers to compress our arguments into as small a space as is compatible with intelligibility. —He is a bad economist, who by a sententious memorandum-like brevity, wastes the reader's time and attention in order to save a little ink and paper. Not that, which can be quickly transcribed, but that which can be quickly understood, deserves the praise of brief writing.

"The store-keepers *(on the Alleghany River from above Pittsburgh to New Orleans)* are obliged to keep every article which it is possible that the farmer and manufacturer may want. Each of their shops exhibits a complete medley: a magazine, where are to be had both a needle and an anchor, a tin pot and a large copper-boiler, a child's whistle and a piano-forte, a ring dial and a clock, a skein of thread and trimmings of lace, a glass of whiskey or gill of vinegar, and a barrel of brandy or hogshead of Madeira wine. Here you will perceive that money is not always necessary, as a circulating medium. However, as farmers and manufacturers advance in business, and find their produce more than equal to the wants of their families, they contract with the storekeeper to receive the annual balance either in cash, or in land to an equal amount: for though no person cultivates a tenth part of the land he possesses, every one is animated with the rage of making further accessions. Thus, the great

landholders ultimately absorb all the hard money: and as they principally reside in the large towns in the Atlantic States, the money finds its way to them, and leaves many places here without a single dollar.

"This is productive of distressing incidents to small farmers, who supply the markets with provisions; for whatever they have to sell, whether trivial or important, they receive in return nothing but an order on a store for the value in goods; and as the wants of *such persons* are few, they seldom know what articles to take. The store-keepers turn this circumstance to advantage, and frequently force on the customer a thing for which he has no use, or which is worse, when the order is trifling, tell him to sit down at the door, and drink the amount, if he chooses. As this is often complied with, a market-day is mostly a scene of drunkenness and contention, fraud, cunning, and duplicity; the store-keeper denying the possession of a good article till he fails in imposing a bad one. I have known a person ask for a pair of shoes, and receive for answer that there were no shoes in the store, but some *capital gin* that could be recommended to him. I have heard another ask for a rifle-gun, and be answered, that there were no rifles, but he could be accommodated with the best *Dutch looking-glasses* and *German flutes* in the whole western country. Another was directed by his wife to bring her a warming-pan, smoothing-irons, and scrubbing-brushes; but these

were denied, and a *wooden cuckoo clock*, which the children would not take a week to demolish, was sent home in their stead. I could not help smiling at these absurdities and impositions, till an incident brought me into the same condition. I rode an excellent horse to the head of the waters; and finding him of no further use, as I was to take boat there, I proposed selling him to the best bidder. I was offered in exchange for him salt, flour, hogs, land, cast-iron salt-pans, Indian corn, whiskey—in short, every thing but what I wanted, viz. *money*. The highest offer made, was cast-iron salt-pans to the amount of a hundred and thirty dollars. I asked the proprietor of this heavy commodity, how much cash he would allow me instead of such an incumbrance: his answer, without the least shame or hesitation, was, *forty dollars* at most. I preferred the pans, though they are to be exchanged again for glass-bottles at Pittsburgh, to become tobacco or hemp in Kentucky, and dollars in New Orleans. These various commercial processes may occupy 12 months; nor am I then certain of the amount, unless I give 30 *per cent.* to secure it.

"The words *buy* and *sell* are nearly unknown here: in business, nothing is heard but the word, *trade*. Will you *trade* your watch, your gun, pistols, horses, &c. means, will you change your watch, gun, &c. for corn, pigs, meal, &c. But you must anticipate all this from the absence of money."—*Travels in America, in the year* 1806, *by Thomas Ashe, Esq.*

(Monday, August 5, 1811.)

WE mentioned on Saturday that the Irish government had published a proclamation, prohibiting the election or assemblage of delegates to the Catholic committee. Such an election or assemblage was in direct violation of the Convention Act of 1793, and it has been a matter of some surprise that government did not issue such proclamation before. If the Catholics meant merely to petition Parliament it was not necessary to form themselves into a Catholic Parliament with delegates from each county or city in the kingdom, as if to intimidate and menace the legislature. When we feel it necessary in this country to petition parliament against any measure, we meet in counties and in cities, but we do not desire counties and cities to send delegates to an assembly to be held in London, to overawe the Parliament. In many of the meetings, in many of the speeches delivered at these meetings, we have heard any other language than that of petition—Catholic emancipation indeed was talked of but as the stepping-stone to separation, as the engine to a repeal of the Union. We have before us a speech at one of these meetings by Mr. O'Connell, in which he says, "I am, I confess, first and chiefly anxious for emancipation, that the attention of the Irish people being taken off from this *family quarrel*, we may have leisure to look to our country." Here is a direct avowal that emancipation is not all that is wanted, nay, that it is only a small part: that

it is only a family quarrel, which is desired to be made up in order that other objects may be afterwards obtained. The speakers at these meetings wish it to be supposed that the Catholics are restricted in the exercise of their right to worship their Creator according to the dictates of their conscience. They know the contrary; that they are under no such restriction — they are excluded from some offices of state and from the legislature, not on account of their religious tenets, but because they involve in their religion a numerous and most powerful magistracy, whose *spiritual* authority intermixes itself with almost every point that most nearly affects the temporal interests and conduct of their subjects, which magistracy will not suffer itself to be placed under either the control or superintendence of the sovereign, while they swear allegiance to a foreign sovereign. And for this grievance, which grounds itself on a pure principle of self-defence, and the known evils of an *imperium in imperio*, a speedy resurrection of the spirit of 1793 is to be publicly invoked and triumphed in! The Catholics are excluded from Parliament because we do not choose that they should legislate for our Church, they positively rejecting any interference on our parts in their Church. And here it may be necessary to say, that they make a most unwarrantable use of the name of the Regent, when they suppose him to be inclined to accede to their claims. His Royal Highness is resolved, as he said in his reply to an address from

the city of London, to abide by the ancient constitution, and to tread in the steps of his father. We find that on the day after the proclamation was issued, the Catholic committee met and passed a resolution persisting in their intention of electing delegates from each county. We are surprised the Irish government did not act in pursuance of their proclamation.

BANK-NOTES AND GOLD.

(Tuesday, August 13, 1811.)

IN our paper some time ago we exemplified the mode of argument by which the falsehood of Messrs. Horner and Friends' theory may be demonstrated by the non-existence of facts which yet must have existed, had it been true, and by its utter incompatibility with the facts that notoriously do exist. We see no difficulty in pointing out the fundamental errors, the assumption of which has misled the authors and supporters of the bullion report, and none in detecting the various illegitimate deductions, which the debaters have drawn even from right premises. But this would require more attention than our readers would perhaps consent to bestow: and the same ultimate effect has been produced by the shorter method above-mentioned.

So much then for the subject itself. But when the act of an individual is the point in dispute, there

is yet another way, equally plain and satisfactory, of forming a safe opinion as to its wisdom or folly, morality or immorality; even when, as in the former case, we do not possess the leisure or the habits of close reasoning, necessary for the full comprehension of the general question, with which the act is connected. In this case, we must ask ourselves, first, what could have been the individual's *motives* for such an act; in other words, what *object* could he have proposed to himself? and secondly, what are the *means* which he has adopted in order to attain it? An honourable object supplies an honourable motive, and is attainable by honourable means; but that act must of necessity be either unjust or unwise, for which no good motive is assignable, and which is to be carried on by dishonest or futile means.

The act is well known. A great landholder commands his tenants to pay him their several rents either in the coin of the realm, or with such an amount of bank-notes as will suffice to purchase the same weight of gold, as the rents paid in coin would have contained. Now what object could he have had in view? The landholder replies, that his object is to do justice to himself and family. But as justice cannot be done by injustice, we must defer the consideration of this reply to our second query, that is, of the nature of the *means;* and if it should appear, that no injustice will have been suffered by the tenants, we shall admit its validity. But the advocates of the landholder had previously asserted another

object, which has been since both repeated by them, and acknowledged as one of his motives by the individual himself.—The majority of both Houses, they say, have denied that bank-notes are depreciated, and principally on the strength of this assumption, have resolved to continue for an indefinite period a restriction, from which the individual and his party anticipate the most ruinous effects to the country at large, and of course to their own estates and properties inclusively. Therefore he resolved to force question into actual *proof*. This then is his object—to confute and convince the parliament by an *experimentum crucis*, to demonstrate by a decisive fact, that bank-notes *are* depreciated; and that the legislature have built a ruinous measure on a false assumption.—And what nobler motive could we wish? What object more patriotic can be conceived?

But what if there should, in fact, be no dispute at all? What if the difference of opinion, here asserted, should appear never to have existed in the legislature? What if it be absolutely *impossible*, that it should exist any where? In short, what if this all-important question of fact should thin away into a mere *logomachy*, the final decision of which is either unattainable, or at best belongs not to lawmakers, but to makers of dictionaries?—Why, *then*, the pretended object vanishes from substance into sound—into a rude laugh, the reverberation and confused echo of an absurdity? Now this we

assert to be the actual case, and we will prove our assertion.

To avoid, as much as possible, all reference to present names and persons, we will state the case at issue under fictitious ones. The parties on the one side shall be three brothers (at least cousins German), whom we will name Crow King, Jo. King, and No. King, Esqrs. on the other side a *very* distant relation of theirs, called Thynne King, Esq. The three brothers (or first cousins) Crow, Joseph, and Noah affirm, that bank-notes are depreciated. That I deny, quoth Thynne King: I affirm that bank-notes are *not* depreciated. What! exclaim the three brothers, will you affirm, that you can purchase the weight of gold contained in four good guineas for four one-pound bank-notes, and four shillings? No; replies their opponent: I not only admit, but we all know, and have long known, that we cannot. Well then, rejoin the former, and this is what we mean by the word "*depreciation*." Nay, retorts Thynne, but that is not what *I* mean by the *word*. If I went into any shop in London to pay the tradesman a bill of seventeen shillings, and offered him a one-pound note; and if he said, "I must have two shillings more: the note I take for fifteen shillings"—This I should call a depreciation of bank-paper. But, instead of this, the tradesman takes my one-pound, gives me three shillings in change, thanks me, and requests the favour of my future custom. Can you deny this to be the fact? No; they reply,

—this we all know. Well then, since there is no difference in point of facts, wherein lies the dispute? Simply in this, whether the *word* applies more properly to this fact, or to that fact, both facts being equally admitted by both sides!!!

Now, no one doubts the right of Crow King, Jo. King, and No. King, Esqrs. as freeborn Englishmen, to mean what they like by any word in the language, provided they take upon themselves the ludicrous or unpleasant misunderstandings that may result from this exertion of their privilege. They may order a pair of gloves from the shoe-maker: and if they only inform him that what others choose to call gloves, they think it more expressive and *teutonic* to call hand shoes, and will not be angry with the poor fellow for an involuntary grin, doubtless all will be well. But yet there is reason, they say, in the boiling of an egg: and we cannot but say that in the present case the reason is altogether on the side of their distant relation, Mr. Thynne King. For one that buys gold, there are many myriads that buy bread, and daily too. Yet no one would call bank-notes depreciated, because we cannot purchase the same number of quartern loaves now for a one pound note, as we might have done ten years ago. In this and in all like cases, we say, things are grown dearer. Why then in one particular case instead of the simple phrase, *gold is dear*, should we fall foul on the bank with the big *conjuring* word depreciation! That there lurks no sophistry here, we proved

in a former article by the *settling* fact, that gold is now dearer at Paris than in London. But in France there is neither paper money nor paper credit. Therefore the scarcity (or dearness) of gold is real, and not relative to the amount of paper in circulation.

We have established then the truth of our assertion, that the pretended *object* is a mere silly dispute about a word, that is, no object at all for a wise or sober man. We now proceed to the *means;* and if we prove these to be unjustifiable, the other object likewise must fall, namely, "that of doing justice to himself and his family." We may then safely leave it to our readers to determine the moral character of an action, the means of which are bad, and for which no good motive can be imagined, no tenable object can be assigned. We proceed to the attempt.

A tenant is the intermediate person between the land-owner and the purchasers of the produce. The lord cannot or will not himself plough, sow, and reap a given farm, nor will he himself carry the hay, corn, and sheep to the market. The farmer offers to do all this, and says—I will take on myself to raise and to sell, and at stated times I will bring you back the money I have received, retaining for my labour as much as I can persuade you to let me retain, and you taking as much, as you can influence me to agree to. Now is it not broad and glaring to common sense, that the tenant must bring back what he receives? that if he carries the lord's corn to the buyer, he must bring back the buyer's money to

the lord! Is it not the confest nature of a promise, that it is morally binding on the *promiser* in the sense, in which he knew that the *promisee* understood it, and permitted him to continue so to understand it? If we except idiotcy or derangement, the land-owner must have known that the tenant expected to pay his rent by the sale of his produce; of course then, in the money for which alone he could sell it. But the words of the lease—aye, aye, the *letter* of the bond—a plea, no doubt, that would be allowed even in the court of conscience, provided only that it were the conscience of Shylock! But in point of moral obligation, words meaning things known to be unattainable, are either to all practical purposes senseless, or must be interpreted to mean the best possible substitute of the thing no longer attainable. What if No. King, Esq. had given to the guardian of a lady, whom he had seduced, 5000*l.* for the support and education of a love-child, himself requesting the names and the purpose not to be mentioned in the note of acknowledgment, for his own and the lady's credit, and because it were needless, the parties perfectly understanding each other, and yet, after this, reclaimed the money by law, on the plea that the *words* of the receipt stated neither object nor value received? Would this procure him a verdict in a court of honour?

But it is said, that by the action of paper money and notes the nominal price of the corn, &c. rises, and that it is fair that the landholder should have

his share. First, this is but an assertion, and an assertion which many wise men have controverted: and how strange to ground an action, grinding on the immediate sufferers, and threatening confusion to the country, on an assertion, on a speculative conviction! But be it true, do not all other things rise under the same influence in similar proportions? If the farmer gets men for his corn, must he not pay more for his plough, his oxen, his lean cattle, his shoes, his butcher's meat, &c. &c.? And if, after all these deductions, that must of necessity neutralise his supposed gains, as far as they proceed from the mere rise of nominal prices, the tenant should appear to have made a good bargain, at the close of a year or two the lease must be renewed, and the landholder takes care to right himself most amply. What then becomes of justice to his family? Is he then so poor, so sickly, and are they too all so short lived, that they cannot afford to wait out the remainder of such leases, as such landlords are likely to have granted? The *means* then are unjustifiable—grindingly oppressive to the tenant, who must notoriously be ruined, if he be not a man of independent fortune, and involving a gross and glaring breach of promise.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER.

(Friday, August 30, 1811.)

SIR,

OUR interest in the fate and fortunes of the Ottoman Porte has been re-awakened by the war, into which French intrigue has duped the Russian Court, and still more by the known designs of Buonaparte to make a partition of the Turkish Empire. O that he were but seriously engaged in the attempt! I doubt not, he would find it a worse chokepear than Spain itself has proved to him. The whole tremendous task would begin at the moment of its apparent completion; and the conquest of Constantinople and the lazy Seraglio would prove the re-animation, not the destruction, of the Mahometan power. Like Antæus it needs but to be thrown down and touch its mother earth, and it would start up again a giant in all its original vigour. The most successful of their warriors would become their Caliph, and his palace and metropolis would once more be the tent and the camp.

Yet by the majority of our countrymen the conquest of Turkey is supposed an easy business, and to have one obstacle alone, the jealousy of the European Powers among each other: an obstacle which the overwhelming power of Napoleon has already so far undermined, that one successful campaign against Russia would secure its entire re-

moval. But, Sir! we forget that it is the court of Constantinople that has become effeminated, not the mass of the population; and that the same lax and disorganized government which has prevented the growth of civilization, has precluded degeneracy. Such barbarians never degenerate. A Turkish army at this moment contains the same *materials* for invincible soldiers, the same *body* as that into which Osman and his heroic successors breathed a soul, and overthrew the Greek empire, and would have conquered Europe if the Great Sultan had still continued a soldier and Commander in Chief. The Imperial Tent, in the centre of the Camp, is the palladium of the Mahometan power. We seem likewise to have forgotten, that the Turks and their Asiatic neighbours are semi-barbarians, not savages; that the very laxity and uncertainty of the particular governments of Mahometan realms, while they weaken the distinctions between state and state, tribe and tribe, add strength to the common bonds of the same religion and ceremonies. Above all, they have a sacred book, which is at once their religion and their code of law: a mighty power, the stupendous effects of which we all witness in the continuance and numbers of the Jews, who, scattered over the whole earth, remain a separate people, and are probably more numerous now than in the reign of Solomon. But the religion of Mahomet is even more adapted to call forth all the energies and practical enthusiasm of the human heart, from

its marvellous interblending of all that is great in the hopes and fears, and of all that is mean, yet vehement, in the passions and appetites of human nature.

I have been led into these reflections by an address of an Iman, a Priest, either to a person on his death-bed, or perhaps over his grave; it being their custom to address the dead, as if the spirit was yet hovering, and awaited the last funeral rites. It was copied and translated into German, from an Arabian manuscript, by John Henry Wepler, of Marburg. The age of the address is uncertain; but in Niebühr's Description of Arabia is to be seen the beginning of this address, in Kafish characters, which he had copied off from a grave-stone at Galesea.

The MS. which Wepler possessed, was evidently written by a christian as appears from the Latin words prefixed:

"*Allocutio Imannis ad Mussulmannum moribundum, vel forte ad mortuum: nam quæ illorum est superstitio, non tantum pro mortuis orant, sed et inter orandum ipsos sæpe mortuos alloquantur.*"

As, to the best of my knowledge, this very curious and interesting relique has never appeared in English, I flatter myself that the following translation, made *verbatim*, will gratify many of your readers, and may, perhaps induce them to consider the Mahometans as rather sitting in the twilight of Christianity, than in the utter darkness of Pagan-

ism, the languid influence of which in the actions and affections of men has been proved by all history, and especially by the persecutions of the earlier Christians; each of which originated in motives of state and the political fears of the Emperors; not one in the attachment of the people at large to their old faith and religious establishments.

A Death-bed, or Funeral Address of an Iman to a Mussulman.

"Every one must taste of death, and ye will assuredly receive your reward at the day of resurrection. Whoever at that day shall be freed from the fire, and translated into Paradise, happy is he!

"The present life bestows on us, and promises to us, only fugitive and transitory advantages."

"O servant of God! whose parents were true worshippers of God, call to mind the covenant-bond, which thou in thy earthly sojourn didst take on thyself, and with which thou now goest to thy abiding-place in the world of spirits."

"In thy life thou didst bear witness, that there is only one God, without helpmates, He the only one, the eternal! He hath no wife, He hath no son."

"Likewise didst thou bear witness, that Mahomet was his servant and his messenger, whom he sent with the true religion, and gifted with the power to instruct, in order that he might make it known among all sects and religions of earth.

"And when the godless despised the same, then borest thou witness, that death is certain, that the

grave is certain, that the questioning of Moukar and Nakir is certain, that the balance and the bridge over Hell are certain, that Paradise and Hell are certain, that the communion with the Most High God in Paradise is certain, that the hour of the resurrection will come certainly; and that God will then awaken all that are in their graves. And now, here thou thyself art, surrounded by thy past actions, in a perilous place, betwixt legions of the dead.

" When the two excellent, austere, and mighty Angels come to thee, which are appointed to make inquest concerning thee, even the Angels, Moukar and Nakir; they shall not put thee in fear, or strike thy soul with terror.

" Even they too, are creatures of the Most High God. When they, at that destined moment, ask thee, who is thy Lord, and who is thy Prophet? What religion didst thou profess, and whitherward didst thou turn thy countenance in praying? What books hadst thou for thy instruction? and who are thy brethren? Then answer thou: God is my Lord, and Mahomet is my Prophet.

" The Islam is my religion, and the Kaaba the place whitherward I turn my face in praying.

" From the Koran have I drawn my instruction, and the followers of Islam are my brethren.

" In this faith hast thou lived, and in this faith departedst thou.

" Therefore wilt thou also be awakened from the

sleep of death, if it pleases the Most High, and thou hast been indeed a true believer.

"God hath given thee a certain assurance, and he will certainly fulfil the same for all true believers in this life, and in the life to come.

"O contented soul! return to thy Lord, in gladness and with a cheerful and confiding spirit. Betake thee among my adorers, and go thou into my Paradise!"

I should affront the taste and feeling of your readers, were I to point out the various sublime passages in this address; but in a few days I will trouble you with a few suggestions respecting Buonaparte's admiration of the Mussulman faith, and its possible results with regard to the religion and religious establishments of France and its fellow vassals. S. T. C.

CATHOLIC LEADERS.

(*Tuesday, September* 3, 1811.)

THERE is a most singular and alarming inconsistency, which cannot escape notice, between the professions of the Irish Petitioners, nay, the very grounds on which they rest their claims and their merits, and the language held both at their own public meetings, and by their adherents and supporters in England. They loudly declare themselves loyalists and enemies to separation, their

purposes to be those only of peaceable petition, and their whole aim and intention to consist in ascertaining for the United Legislature by positive proof, the sentiments and earnest wishes of the Irish Nation, and then to await the result with the patience of good subjects and true Christians, who are neither insensible of, nor ungrateful for the numerous blessings they already enjoy, and the superiority of their civil condition over that of their fellow Catholics in any other part of Christendom, even where the governments are themselves Catholic, and no other sect tolerated unless by connivance. To doubt the sincerity of these professions, we are told, is to *libel* the Irish Catholics, and to avail ourselves of the experience, which history affords, stamps us as slanderous pedants, bigots from ignorance of existing circumstances, and continuing ignorant from bigotry.

On the other hand, we have already given extracts from the published proceedings of their public dinners, their fond exultation in the recollection of 1782, and toasts for the speedy revival of the spirit of the armed volunteers. Their grievances were at that time many and *real*, such as actually affected the growth of individual prosperity, and extended a dwarfing influence alike over the country-house, the manufactory, and the peasant's hovel. Their claims were just and reasonable, and the views, which prevented England from anticipating concession by spontaneous bestowal, were as erroneous as they

were narrow and selfish. Above all, among the many lamentable measures of that weak ministry that commenced the Colonial war in the hot, and concluded it in the cold fit of the same ague; this was the worst and most pernicious, that deaf to all the warning voices of the times, they obstinately delayed concession, till the hour of national embarrassment and panic, when it was extorted from them by an armed force: and thus established a precedent of yielding to Rebellion, what they had refused to Justice. We have said, Rebellion, for we use the word in its legal interpretation; and however little we may be inclined to condemn the volunteers *morally*, yet till our statutes give us another and different definition of the word, we must persevere in calling an armed force assembled in defiance of the King's Proclamation, for the purpose of intimidating his Councils, a *Rebellion:* whatever epithet may be prefixed to qualify or even to extol it. — The toast therefore was neither more nor less than a public grace said over their wine, in which the "Friends of Emancipation prayed for the revival of the spirit of rebellion." And under what change of circumstances when every request or demand, which the Catholics themselves had made, had been granted! When nothing remained for dispute but a few of the highest and most confidential civil and military appointments, always placed at the free disposal of the Sovereign, who, to prevent disappointment by precluding expectation, had

joined in declaring a certain class of subjects ineligible, whom for the security of the general religious and civil freedom, their own included, he had predetermined not to elect. This may have been a needless measure, or it may have ceased to be necessary. But what is the proof of this? That the friends of the excluded invoke the spirit of rebellion to make him and his Parliament alter their mind. — At the same public meeting it was declared and repeated, that the Catholic Emancipation was but a means to an end, the end being a repeal of the Union. Now we have ever thought that the fairest and best answerable ground on which the Catholic claim rests, is the known fact that the Union was agreed to by the Irish proprietors and electors, in the conviction that in an Imperial Parliament concessions might be safely made which would have been hazardous while Ireland remained a separate nation with a separate Parliament, attached to the British crown. But by the indiscreet avowal abovementioned, the claimants have themselves supplied their opponents with a reply to this most forcible plea; and it will be urged, that a *mala fraus* in one of the contracting parties weakens the contract itself, as it cannot be supposed in equity that the other would have contracted to his own ruin. For this is the meaning of the avowal. — Let us first secure the means of a Catholic Parliament, with Catholic officers of state, then dissolve the union with Great Britain, and then — *Cætera quis nescit?*

And must we needs be slanderous bigots, if witnessing these things we call to mind the remark made shortly after the Restoration by an illustrious Irish Prelate, the first public advocate of an almost unlimited Toleration of all Religions *as* Religions, (Jer. Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying) that speaking from his own personal observation, he dared affirm, that Religion was the pretext, but the true object, to eject the Protestant interest, and to become, *Populus unius Labii?*

And what is the language of their advocates on this side the water?—We have a specimen at this moment before us in the *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday. The article commences as usual, with a bitter abuse of the Ministers, and all who support them in their unwillingness to receive into their master's house, as stewards and porters, those who mutter threats that in case of continued refusal they will break open the doors and install themselves: and as usual it proceeds with the most gloomy anticipations of the war in Portugal, and the same ridicule of those who are mad enough to hope that we can keep our army there, as was lavished on those, who did dare hope thus some two years ago, and who have not been disappointed, and therefore "can look without dismay" on the future fates of Lord Wellington and his Allies, and yet not admit themselves incapable of looking "beyond the accidents even of a single month." (For it is observable, that the *Morning Chronicle* seems never to

conceive the possibility of any accidents occurring to Buonaparte, as thinking him, perhaps, especially entitled to the favour and protection of Providence). And the final object of the article is to urge these gloomy prophecies as motives for an immediate concession of all and every thing, that the Parliament of Petitioners may be pleased to require: and on what grounds? That we shall otherwise be obliged to starve our armies in all other parts at home and abroad, in order to pour them into Ireland. For as the writer sagaciously observes, "to suppress rebellion, we must send troops, and to get those troops in sufficient numbers, we must starve every other service."

These are the apparent inconsistencies which we declared ourselves unable to reconcile. The matter of *policy* may remain unaltered, but we confess that we cannot see it as a matter of *right*, that we cannot recognize the justice or the modesty of the demand, that the Legislature should declare solemnly their ancestors libellers, the acts of their predecessors persecutions, and that it is bigotry to entertain even an apprehension concerning the future loyalty, trustworthiness, and zeal for the interests of the *United* Empire of a body of men, whose advocates and most popular leaders aver the ineligibility of the most uncivilized and prejudiced portion of its subjects to some 40 or 50 offices of state, an injury likely to rouse them into rebellion.

We cannot conclude without declaring not only

that for the Catholic Religion, as it may be, and as by very many it is, understood and acted upon, we have the highest respect, but likewise that were we Catholics to-morrow, we should entertain the same opinions.

HIBERN-ANGLUS'S DISCOVERY!

(Wednesday, September 4, 1811.)

THE *Morning Chronicle*, through one of its correspondents, has surprised us with the discovery, "that England, however considerable, is but a part, *and not the most flourishing and united part* of the British Empire." Now if the Population Census, the comparative amount of taxes levied, the tables of exports and imports, the relative number of new buildings and public works carried on by private capital, are all insufficient to convince the *Morning Chronicle* of the contrary, we can only say, that it was very ungenerous in the Irish Members not to have negatived that article in the late Budget, by which the less flourishing and less united part took on itself five millions of Irish taxes, in addition to the enormous contribution levied on itself: and equally so in Scotland to permit the English to make canals and roads for its northern counties at the public expence, a favour which was never bestowed on any English county, or indeed ever requested by them. We are likewise gratified

with another discovery, that England has yet much to learn from Scotland, which is rather extraordinary, as half the ushers in the countless English boarding-schools have been Scotchmen for near a century past, a full half of the newspaper writers, and two thirds of the reviewers. Now Newspapers and Reviews, joined to the small incipient quantity brought away from school, form nine tenths of the erudition of nine tenths of the readers throughout England: novels excluded, as not complimentable with the name of *reading*, even in its feeblest energies. Therefore we thought that either the Literatuli of North Britain must have loitered over their duty, or that the circumstance is extraordinary, and explicable only by the supposition of a superiority in natural genius and docility as well as in florescence and union on the part of the Caledonians: in plain words, we regarded it as a decisive proof of John Bull's hopeless blockheadism. A few sentences further did, however, relieve our doubts. The salutary arrangement, which John has to learn from his sister, Peg, is merely to turn off Martin from being his Chaplain, and to take in Jack, *i. e.* to substitute the Presbytery of the North for the Church of England, that Church which has produced more men of eminence, than all the other Protestant Churches of Christendom. The correspondent signs himself HIBERN-ANGLUS: and verily he doth both reason and write in very good *Irish-English!*

(Thursday, September 12, 1811.)

TO many minds the appearance of the Comet has produced awe and dread, and we have received several letters in which fear is strongly depicted. In general, indeed, nothing affects the imagination more, than uncommon appearances in the heavens; the fall of a meteor strikes deeper awe than the spectacle of all the stars: and Comets, from time immemorial, have been beheld with terror and amazement, as executioners of divine wrath. The Poets have taken happy advantage of this superstition, and none have more nobly employed it than Milton:

——" On th' other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood,
Unterrify'd, and like a Comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Strikes pestilence and war." *Paradise Lost.*

There is however nothing in the appearance of this mysterious stranger "in the arctic sky," that should strike dread. He draws after him a train of beautiful light, resembling in colour and exceeding in lustre the traces of the Milky Way: and we confess, he has impressed our minds with very different feelings from those of fear.

We have gazed with delightful wonder on his sweet and tranquil aspect; and instead of Satan, we would compare him to Raphael, "sociably mild,"

of whom the same Poet by the mouth of Adam thus speaks, in language too exquisite for us to profane it by a parody to suit a temporary purpose:—

" Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from heaven
To us perhaps he brings."

From the presence of such a messenger we need fear no evil; he brings the pleasantest weather we have experienced this year, and he comes to witness " the joy of harvest" in our fields.

CATHOLIC PETITION.

To the Editor of the Courier.

(Friday, September 18, 1811.*)*

" Pulsent ante fores, sed non utique confringant; adeant ad limen Ecclesiæ, sed utique non transiliant; resumant precum suarum tubam, sed qua non bellicum clangant! Multum illis proficiet petitio modesta, postulatio verecunda, humilitas necessaria, patientia non otiosa."—*Responsum Cleri Romani apud St. Cyprian, Epist.* 31.

WHOEVER is at all familiar with the records and materials of English History, from the reign of Henry VII. to the present hour, will remember little with regard to Ireland, but sad complaints and gloomy anticipations. By one writer of Elizabeth's reign it is styled the Achilles' heel of our Empire, by another the scourge reserved by

Providence for the hour of its vengeance and our punishment. Meantime, all agree in the one fact, that, like a fort detached, yet included in the same plan of fortification, Ireland must either remain part of the common defence, or become the most perilous and commanding counter-work for our annoyance. Not with us, she must be against us, the sister island or the natural enemy: no third or middle case is possible. It is fatal to this branch of the British Empire, that it cannot be severed from the tree but to furnish the handle for the axe employed to fell it. Where does the fault lie? What, though the answer should be, that it lies with both parties; that the evils complained of are one stream, fed equally from two sources, the errors and neglects of the English Government, and the habits and incurable antipathies of the Irish People? yet still when it is confessed that the one country has for a century and a half continued to be of all the nations of Christendom, the happiest, most prosperous, and rapidly progressive, in the fitness and steady execution of its laws, in the diffusion of knowledge and rational morality, in the vital action and re-action of its manufactures, its agriculture, and its commerce on each other, in the subservience of all three to its naval supremacy, and of its naval supremacy and national grandeur to their interests in return, in the number, respectability, and influence of its middle class, and in the interdependence of all classes, and of all modes of property on each other;

in short, in all the elements of a civilized free state, in all things that at once perfect the organization, and secure the growth and vigour of the body politic; and when, on the other we are reluctantly compelled to place the main population of the Sister Island close by, of the co-partner in the same Empire, and nominally, at least, having the same laws and constitution, in the last and lowest rank of the civilized world — (and this we must do, if we take into the comparison, not only the defects and calamities of Ireland, but likewise all the obstacles * in the way of their removal)—in this case, common justice, no less than generosity, demands that the chief and heaviest blame should be taken to itself by the happier and more enlightened country, who having most the power, had most incurred the obligation, to prevent or to remedy the ground and occasion of so glaring and so lamentable a contrast. Having received a noble estate from our brave and active ancestors, we must not murmur at the heavy

* Thus the peasantry of Poland and of Sicily may be as rude and averse from industry, as ill-instructed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and as ill-satisfied as the lower Irish; but in the former countries nothing more is needed for their amelioration, than common sense and a steady good-will on the part of the governing powers. The writer, while abroad, was once present where most bitter complaints were made of the —— Government. "Government!" (exclaimed a testy old Captain of a Mediterranean trading vessel) "call it *Blunderment*, or *Plunderment*, or what you like — only not a *Government*."

mortgages and eating usuries, with which some occasional errors, the exceptions to their wisdom and virtue, have burthened it. These are debts of duty which we inherit; and we must do our best to liquidate them, or we shall be involved in endless feuds and law-suits, by which our energies must be checked, and by which the estate itself may be endangered.

For a similar reason, sundry flaws of disqualifications, which in other circumstances might fairly annul a right and non-suit the claimant, must be cautiously pleaded in the present instance, and only as to the mode and time of granting the claim, not to the claim itself. If we have done wrong, it is iniquitous to urge the effects of that wrong as exempting us from the duty of compensating for it. Suppose the plea to be the blind ignorance and turbulent antipathy of the claimant. These may be conceived either as parts of the claimant's nature, or at least produced by causes with which we have no concern; or they may be necessary consequences of our neglect and oppression. We may have kept him in the dark till his eye hates the light: the memory of past scourgings may make the wound in the heart ache and bleed at the sight of us, when scarce a scar is visible in the body. In this case, we cannot indeed all at once trust hate with power, or blindness with guidance; but we can, and we are bound to exert all our invention in the discovery, all our power in the application, of the best means to reconcile the eye, to conciliate the heart, for the

purpose and with the earnest intent of gradually conceding the whole claim, as soon as, and in proportion as, we shall have succeeded in disentangling our own ravel, in recalling the claimant himself to a capability of receiving and using his own claim. Measures not without hazard must yet be hazarded, where the demand is pressing, and the final right manifest and notorious. The history of man has almost warranted the policy of a bold and flattering confidence. The profounder a statesman's knowledge, and the wider his experience, the more is he enabled to reconcile generosity with prudence; he renders the nettle stingless by the confiding familiarity with which he grasps it. Still, however, the means chosen must be congruous with the end proposed. Justice cannot exist disjoined from wisdom; and to worship either in contradistinction from the other is the superstition either of the bewildered head or of the callous heart, of the sightless fanatic, or the short-sighted worldling. If some desperate quack had driven a passionate man *bona fide* mad by keeping him in a straight waistcoat, is the benevolent physician therefore bound to let him loose all at once, and to restore to him his sword and dagger before he has in any measure restored him to his own reason?

Grievously, therefore, should we be slandered, if we were charged with hostility, or even with indifference, to the past wrongs and present calamities of Ireland, to her welfare or even to her wishes.

Let us then solicit, though alas! in the present agitations of party spirit from few only we dare expect, a calm and patient, if not unprejudicial perusal of the following remarks. I shall comprise them under three heads: first, of the Catholic Question, considered as a matter of pure Light: 2nd., of the same, as a question of policy or practicable concession, and lastly, of the true causes of the state of Ireland, commencing with the errors during its first settlement.

ON THE DECREE OF THE CORTES,

Of 19th June, 1811.

(See the Courier of Wednesday last.)

(Saturday, September 14, 1811.)

WE are too well aware of the perplexing difficulties with which the leading patriots of the Peninsular are environed, to inculpate harshly or without reluctance even the present Regency of Spain. With far greater pain do we feel ourselves called on to arraign the measures, or to question the motives, of the Spanish Cortes, from the newness of the members to the science of legislation and the arts of government, and the strangeness of the circumstances, which require all the helps of the maturest and most manifold experience, united to an intuition and foresight which no experience can of itself supply. We have systematically, and from

the very commencement of their arduous struggle, both reprobated and exposed the ungenerous scorn, and not less impolitic than irrational abuse, with which the speakers and journalists, attached to the Grenville party or the Burdett faction, have at all times slandered the successive governments of Spain, and not seldom the Spaniards in general. The giant size of the dangers which assailed the insurgent nation on all sides, we saw no less plainly than they, and measured far more distinctly, because we did not look at them through the confusion and exaggerating mist of panic and party-passions, and because we *reflected* on them, which these writers neither did nor could do, from the habitual prostration of their spirits before that shapeless blaze with which unexampled success had invested unexampled iniquity. We were among the first too in preparing the public mind for the obstacles likely to arise from the prejudices and defects of the Spaniards, obstacles which ever appeared to us more truly formidable than the numbers, skill and veteran courage of their invaders, and which at all times damped the confidence with which we should otherwise have predicted the ultimate success of the invaded nation. We never presumed to affirm unconditionally the final triumph of the righteous cause; but we did, and still do venture to anticipate, that if it fail, it will not be solely or principally by the armies of Napoleon, but through folly, languor, or treachery on the part of Spain itself, through the unnatural aid afforded to

her oppressors, by the indolence, mismanagement, bigotry, and cowardly selfishness of great landed proprietors, whose own estates (an awful truth, not confined to the Peninsula, yet strangely overlooked in the common presumptions of patriotism), whose own vast estates, we say, are bribes to them against their own country. The war with France presented to our minds evils far less fatal than the civil war between the good and the bad among the Spaniards themselves, than the civil war between the heroic and defective qualities of the Spanish character itself;—between patience and fortitude, and contempt of death, strong nationality and useful antipathies on the one hand, and languor, want of foresight, and indiscreet application to their allies of feelings which should have been either suspended or reserved for their enemies, of jealous pride, religious zeal, and that ill-timed, over-weening sense of their own self-sufficingness, in which their national haughtiness acts the unconscious pandar for their national sloth. But while we were alive and broad-awake to these depressing truths, we could not, however, look at these defects in a separate thought from the virtues with which they are in fact, alas! too indissolubly interblended, or from the honourable feelings which are the common source of both—

> "Ivy-streaming fount,
> Whence good and evil flow, honey and gall!"

Above all, for that can never be too often said, which never can be too often recollected, we could

not forget and we have never ceased to remind the public, that with all their faults and prejudices, and the miserable blunders or treachery of their leaders, the Spaniards have endured more, done more, and effected more against the common enemy of civilized humanity, than all the courts, veteran commanders, and disciplined armies of the whole continent—more in four years than all the rest of continental Europe for almost twenty. And we have been accustomed to seal up the whole with the one home-truth, that if we are fighting the battles of Spain abroad, the Spaniards are fighting the battles of Great Britain in their own country, at the price of its devastation, and with their own ruined cottages, fields, and vineyards before their eyes.

Our readers will, many of them, perhaps think it unnecessary for us to have thus anxiously prefaced the following animadversions on the general measures of the Cortes, and especially on its decree of June 19th ; (v) but we well knew the triumph with which any apparent deviation on our part from our former hopes and predictions for the Spanish cause, would be blazoned forth by the party, which has signalized itself by its despair and abuse of the Spanish combatants, in the ordinary vehicle of its detraction ; and that it would probably be attributed to influences which we disown, and to a change of opinion elsewhere, which, were it as true as we believe it false, we have no means of knowing. We held it not unwise therefore to preclude the charge,

as far as it is in our power: that is, to take away its plausibility, and disarm it for the candid and dispassionate. In many points have our *wishes* been disappointed, in one only our *expectations*. We confess, that, misled by historical analogies, chiefly of America, and not duly appreciating, or rather at that time dwelling on the effects of English descent, English laws, customs, literature, religion, and connection, on the character of the first American revolutionists, we had expected too much from the convocation of the Cortes in Spain: and though we still believe, that this measure has been of advantage, and still hope that it will become more so, yet on the whole, we confess that we have been disappointed. As to the importance of a representative body during a revolutionary war, our opinions * remain unchanged; but had we at an earlier period, been as well acquainted with the measures and results of the Cortes summoned in the war of the succession, we should have been less sanguine in our expectation of finding in the present Cortes all those essentials, which must combine to render a body of men assembled, a genuine *Representative* body.

We may proceed to the measure, which occasioned these prefatory remarks. The decree in question respects a point of the deepest interest to Great

* See the Letters on the Grounds of Hope and Fear, derived from History, for the War of a People against Armies. Letter the 5th, in the *Courier*, some months since.

Britain and to Spain herself, both directly and indirectly. It is obvious, that had there been nothing objectionable in the different articles of the decree, yet the decree itself would remain, in its domestic bearings, an encroachment of the legislature on the executive power; and one sad specimen among too many others, both of ignorance as to the principles of a just government, and of that all-meddling disposition incident to bodies of men suddenly invested with a power, for which neither their education had fitted, nor their former habits prepared them; while in its foreign relations, it was surely imprudent, needlessly and prematurely to obtrude on the public attention the only point, in which the interests of Spain, whenever she shall have been re-established in her integrity, and those of her zealous ally, can be thought to stand in opposition to each other: the *future* interests of Spain, not the *present*, and in truth according to our convictions her supposed rather than her real interests. What measure more fatal to the hopes of the Peninsula could Napoleon have dictated to his emissaries and secret agents than, ere the battle was half fought, to stir up jealousies and heart-burnings among the allied combatants themselves concerning the fruits of their victory?

Such would have been the character of the decree, from its very title and object; and the contents are every way answerable. The various accessary and aggravating reasons deducible from the temper, con-

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stitution, and past treatment of the colonies, and the present circumstances of the mother country, we shall reserve for an after discussion: at present we confine ourselves to such objections, as lie on, or rather jut out from, the surface of the articles themselves. We scarcely need notice the hostile feeling and absurd pride, betrayed in the selection of the absolute and offensive word, *submission*, in the second article, or the same haughtiness combined with injustice in the tone and spirit of the fourth. Proposals so worded might Buonaparte make to an insurrectionary town, which he had beleaguered, in the insolence of ostentatious clemency; but such a body of representatives should at no time make to their constituents or fellow-subjects—how much less then the present imperfect, though perhaps blamelessly imperfect, Cortes in the present circumstances of Spain? But if these articles are to be lamented, as having a direct tendency, and almost seeming to imply a design, to alienate their South American countrymen, far more must we regret the sixth and eighth, as equally unjust and irritating both to the colonies and to Great Britain. When we recall the enthusiastic generosity with which the latter, without making a single condition, without extorting a single promise in her own behalf, poured and has continued to pour into Spain, her clothing, arms, treasures, and the very pride and pith of her military force, with a confiding liberality which placed its last step to the uttermost limit of prudence, and

which halted not but in obedience to the paramount duty of self-preservation; when we reperuse the strong and glowing language, in which the noblest Spanish patriots, and the very Cortes itself, conveyed their gratitude, and expressed their admiration; when we reflect, that the conduct of the British government was the organ and interpreter of an almost universal sentiment in the British nation, and that the Tyrant himself has officially attributed the prolongation of the contest, and the delay of his success, to the circumstance that Great Britain had, for the first time, come forward as a principal in a military war; as we could never have expected, so can we not even now derive from the noble character of uncorrupted Spanish patriots, a niggardly doling out of returns, not in the measures of gratitude, or even of a wise and liberal policy, but in the spirit of a hard bargain, so much for necessity, and so much in expectation of a greater gain in repayment! You may trade for fifteen months to the revolutionary colonies, first, because we expect from you a restoration of their exclusive possession to ourselves, and which we ourselves cannot achieve: and secondly, because it is out of our power to prevent you, or to receive any advantages from them but *through* you! —but whether we shall grant the privilege, where it as yet remains in our power to prevent you, that must be matter for future consideration. In other words, our decision will depend on the result of a struggle between our hopes and fears, whether by

this very prevention we shall or shall not be likely to throw the yet unrevolted into a community of means and aims with the revolutionary colonies. However we in England may appreciate the wisdom of the scruple, yet the Cortes, as Spaniards, ought assuredly neither to forget nor under-rate the notorious fact, that we might have acquired the exclusive trade of the Spanish Settlements, if we would have bribed them from the mother country, at that time our open enemy, by an offer of independence. That our commanders were prohibited from making them this offer, let this prohibition be politic or impolitic, could only have proceeded from the sacred principle of doing as we would that others should do to us.

But if the sixth article be, as we have shown, at once impolicy and meanness of spirit, the eighth is characterized by the most glaring evtravagance, and a folly of short-sighted selfishness almost suicidal. From Great Britain hitherto we have received our chief and amplest supports. Stripped of our colonies, from Great Britain alone can we receive any assistance. And yet, while we add year after year to her burthens, we demand of her that she shall stop up the very channels by which she may in part recruit her resources, and while we want treasures which we by our own strength are unable to provide, we will prevent our Ally from procuring them for us. The blood of her noblest children is lavished in our behalf, and yet as far as in us lies, we will deprive their mother of the very means, by which

she is to furnish them with arms, of the gold and silver, for which alone the Spanish farmers will supply them with food. And then the modest request, that if we fail to reconcile the colonists, as a common friend, we should hasten to cut their throats, as volunteer enemies and *substitute* combatants against our own interests — this really is folly, that might lead even a reluctant mind to a suspicion of more than folly. Must we not ask, what is the state of those colonies? And how came they to this state? And what measures have you taken to amend it?— But of this on a following day.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

(Monday, September 16, 1811.*)*

WE have been much amused with the variety of Philo-Catholic prize-fighters, which the *Morning Chronicle* has brought forward on its stage, as champions for the Irish Petition. It gave us the hint of a small legion of honour to be composed of the awkward squads of all the different County Militias. Cambrians, Caledonians, Hibernians, and Anglo-Saxons, and one *lengthy* gentleman (excuse an Americanism on so motley a subject), who with an enormity of stride, which reduces the Rhodian Colossus to a mere idol of Lilliput, places one foot on this, and the other on the opposite shore of the Irish channel, and entitles himself

Hibern-Anglus. The last, however, is "A Scotchman," who was displayed in the *Morning Chronicle* of Saturday. The English-Irish giant having surprised us with the information, which we have already noticed in a former paper, that England had much to *learn* from Scotland, the Caledonian, with the characteristic emulation of his race, supersurprises us by the addition, that Scotland has much to *claim* likewise from England. O unhappy John Bull! thou poor ignoramus! thou ignorant pauper! a dunce and a debtor! empty of brain! and empty in purse: for we will not allow thee to be *ungrateful*, though all the *Morning Chronicle* combatants were to blend into one grand personage, and attempt to horror-strike us with the signature of Cambro-Hibern-Anglo-Scotus!—It is difficult to be serious in commenting on the excretions of a writer, who can gravely charge the British Parliament with ingratitude, in not having deemed it politic to repeal the Test Act for English Dissenters, almost a third of our population, because the Scotch had not applied for another Test Act in disfavour of a handful of Episcopalians, who had they been Mahometans, or Devil-worshippers, would have been too few to warrant legislative restriction. However persons may regret the Test Acts as applied to Protestants of any description; yet this should not render them less sensible of the falseness of the analogy, on which the Scotchman grounds his argument. But this and his politic forgetfulness, that if the Prelacy,

sanctioned and *set on* by the Stuarts, by kings of their own skin and bone, persecuted the Scottish Presbyterians, these in their turn took ample vengeance on the Episcopalian Clergy, we shall pass by; for we do not wish to anticipate the fuller discussion of this important point, the establishment of a National Church in North Britain) considered as analagous to the case of Ireland, which will appear in the Letters on the Catholic Petition. Nor is it worth our while to flatter with the compliment of confutation the absurdity of treating the concerns of an empire, as a dispute about obligations between two testy individuals, with, Did I not do this for you? Well, but then did not I in return, &c. &c. But as this writer is so impressed with the weight of obligation which the union of England and Scotland has imposed on the former country, but still more as he has ventured to assert, as an historical fact, that "we (*i. e.* the Scotch Presbyterians) carried our confidence so far as to commit even *the establishment of our Church*, and to which perhaps no nation was ever more strongly attached, to a Parliament, the majority of whose members profess a religion inimical to its tenets and form of government," we will not content ourselves with *asserting* that the fact is directly contrary, but we will prove it by an extract from a contemporary historian.

Of all the historians of that period we have purposely chosen Burnet, not only for his known veracity, and now universally admitted impartiality,

but likewise because the first, midst, last, and only slander, which party men, then almost delirious with malignant heats, ever raised against that active and disinterested patriot, that excellent and primitive Bishop, but with which they never ceased assailing him, was, (to use their own words) his glaring partiality to his countrymen and country, Scotland and the Scotch, and his secret adherence to Presbyterianism. It is notorious that the Bishop read much, and examined closely, for himself, before he presumed to write for others; and if the Caledonian of the M. C. had even, at a humble distance, followed his illustrious countryman's examples, his statement would not have been in such direct contradiction to the following extracts from the history of the former: — (*Hist. of his own Times*, vol. II. p. 458).

" The advantages that were offered to Scotland in the whole frame of the Union, were so great and so visible, that nothing but the consideration of the safety that was to be procured by it to England, could have brought the English to agree to a project, that, in every branch was much more favourable to the Scotch nation. They were to bear less than the fortieth part of the public taxes. When four shillings in the pound was levied in England, which amounted to two millions, Scotland was only to be taxed at forty-eight thousand pounds, which was eight months' assessment. It is held a maxim, that in the framing of a government, a proportion ought to be observed between the share in the

Legislature, and the burthen to be borne. Yet in return of the fortieth part of the burden, they offered the Scotch the eleventh part of the legislature." Besides this, England "raised and sent into Scotland three hundred and ninety-eight thousand pounds, to be applied to the re-coinage of their money, to the payment of the public debts of Scotland, and the repaying to their African Company all their losses with interest. And the overplus was to be applied to the encouragement of the Scotch manufactures. Trade was made free all over the island, and to the plantations, private rights preserved, and the laws of Scotland continued. To extinguish for ever all religious alarm, an act was passed in the Parliaments of both countries for securing the Presbyterian Government, by which it was declared *to be the only Church Government of Scotland, unalterable in all succeeding times, and the maintaining it was declared to be a fundamental and essential article and condition of the Union.*" Thus this Act was made a part of the Act of Union, and the faith of England and Scotland solemnly pledged that it should be for ever super-parliamentary: and to argue that the majority in Parliament might cut all this guardian * knot of security, is merely to say, that the stronger may oppress the weaker, and so it is doubtless, true, that an English army might surprise Glasgow, and put man, woman,

* I know not whether this is a misprint for Gordian or an intended play on the word. S. C.

and child to the sword. It is physically, though not morally, possible. Burnet concludes by observing, that this precautionary measure "gave an entire satisfaction to those who were disposed to receive any; but nothing could satisfy men who made use of public acts only to inflame others."

(Tuesday, September 17, 1811.)

ANOTHER Cadiz mail arrived this morning, and we have later news from that city than from Lisbon. It is said that Soult has returned to Seville, &c. &c.

WE lament that our government should have felt itself under the necessity of complaining of the calumnious reports and publications circulated at Cadiz against the honour and good faith of this country. We had thought our efforts had been so vigorous, our motives so well understood, and our disinterestedness so manifest from the commencement of the contest, that none but the enemy could assert, what not a Spaniard would believe, that we were influenced by one sordid, selfish, or ungenerous principle. That such rumours and writings have been instigated by the enemy there can be no doubt; but even they, we should think, could no longer impose upon any one after the solemn pledge thus given and recorded by our government, that we have no views of aggrandisement or territorial acquisition, either in Europe or America, at the ex-

pense of the Spanish nation; that our whole and sole view is to assist Spain in recovering her liberty and independence; and that the success of these efforts will be our best and most glorious reward. What, but the most noble principles, could have influenced us in doing what we have done, when, if we had only consulted our own interests, we might have gratified them to the utmost extent!—What, if we had demeaned ourselves not merely as tame spectators, but as active agents *against* Spain! What, if we had said, You have united yourself with the common enemy of man; you have acted as the engines of that accursed fiend, take the reward of your servility and folly, and follow and feel the fate of those nations whom you have helped him to subdue! What, if we had carried our power to the shores of the new world—invited the American Provinces to declare themselves independent, and promised them our countenance and protection! Here were tempting baits for our interests and our commerce, if we had looked only to them. But we have soared above them: Spain wanted our assistance, and we immediately forgave and forgot that she had aided the common enemy against us—we flew to her as brothers, before almost she had returned into the scabbard the sword she had drawn against us.

The reply of the Spanish Regency to Mr. Wellesley's note is expressive of confidence in our good faith, and of gratitude for our assistance. But we

remark the omission in that reply of all promise to restrain by severe punishments practices which, in the present circumstances of Spain, amount to high treason of the blackest die. Accordingly, we had intended to have pursued the subject in this day's paper, had not our feelings, as men and Englishmen, been outraged by the leading article in to-day's *Morning Chronicle*, in which, after some remarks on the magnitude of the offence that could have forced an official remonstrance from our Minister, remarks with which we in part coincide, and after repeating, for the fiftieth time, the stale party trick of enumerating and exaggerating the defects, difficulties, and misfortunes of the Spaniards, with a complete suppression of all that they have effected and are now effecting, the writer concludes with the following words:

"Under such circumstances, without the slightest prospect of a more auspicious day, it was folly to expect that our efforts can be of any avail; it is worse than folly to persevere in a hopeless cause where the blood and treasure of the country are the sacrifices. It is even to be lamented that Lord Wellington was induced to quit his lines at Torres Vedras, for, although in the subsequent movements the laurels of Britain have undoubtedly received some additional wreaths, yet the main pillar of all true military glory has been wanting, namely, utility. Immense losses have been sustained, British blood has been profusely shed, and British treasure pro-

digally spent, but no real advantage has been gained, the cause of our Allies has not been aided, for it was already hopeless, nor has any British object been one step advanced. Barren military glory has been all that has been obtained, and for that, if it were worth fighting for, we cannot afford to expend our resources."

In the preceding paragraph the writer had prepared us for these slanderous mis-statements, by describing the services of the Guerillas, and that uninterrupted desultory warfare, which the wisest statesman and the most experienced generals recommended to Spain from the very commencement of the struggle, as best and almost exclusively adapted to her circumstances, as " having wasted the energies of the Spanish Nation without plan, without object, and without consistency of effort." We need but answer this to confute the whole. At an early period of the contest, intelligent travellers had warned us of the jealousies and degeneracy of the highest classes of the Spanish nobility, though not without the honourable exceptions of the heroic Romana, Albuquerque, Del Infantado, &c. while they dwelt with kindred fervour on the enthusiastic patriotism of the younger sons of the nobility, and of the nation at large. Our latest traveller assures us, that the Spanish nation are still roused to madness against France, and that few are to be found who would not willingly plunge his sword into the breast of a Frenchman, though at the risk of his

own life. Hence all wise men directed the eye of their hope chiefly toward the Guerillas: and supported by all former analogous cases have contended, that though from the deficiency of the Spanish Regency, joined to the suddenness of the invasion, the French should succeed in getting military possession of the whole country, they will yet be so far from having achieved a beneficial conquest, that even then will go on the war that is most destructive to France, and the most secure for Spain; consisting of conflicts, in which "individual exertion is every thing, and combination unnecessary." From the defiles and mountains they will harass and massacre the French in detail, and after years of bloodshed and confusion, fatal to the resources of France, and involving the ruin of the Tyrant, but the pangs of a new-birth, and the process of re-generation to Spain, they will succeed in driving the French from the soil, as they formerly did the Moors. Of all men, the Spaniards are the most frugal; garlic, a melon, or a bunch of grapes, suffices them, and water is the only drink they need. These are yielded in the recesses of their mountains almost spontaneously; and sheep-skins supply their clothing. "At present," observes the traveller from whom we have drawn this account, "the defeat of Areisaga, has cast a gloom over the *privileged orders of society*. These may be swept away; but the Spanish people, the cultivators of the soil, will remain, and will ultimately triumph." But these,

the *Morning Chronicle* will reply, are the effusions of extravagant hope from enthusiasts in the Spanish cause. What then say the French statesmen? It is a certain fact, that, with the single exception of the Archbishop of Malines, every member of the State Council remonstrated with their Emperor against the continuance of the war. On this account Fouche was disgraced, and Berthier's admonitions drew from the atrocious monster an answer worthy of himself, and a ground of cheerful hope to the friends of humanity, "*Si je ne regne pas sur les Espagnols, au moins je regnerai sur l'Espagne;*"—"if I do not reign over the Spaniards, at all events I will reign over Spain." In short, the French are convinced that Buonaparte will not succeed, and he is convinced, that if he does not, the game is up with him. Spite of armies, his greatest stronghold is and ever has been the superstition of infallibility, the "*Prestige de Buonaparte et de sa fortune.*" Every year brings greater demands on the population of France, every year increases the hatred of the Conscription, every year lessens the motives of military ambition and rapacity for the French soldiery, and the superstition in favour of the tyrant. And is it possible that a Briton could wish a war more advantageous for Europe, more corrosive of French resources, than such a war in such a country, which nature itself has protected from being overwhelmed by numbers, a country of which Henry IV. so truly said—*Quand on y*

va fort, on meurt de faim: quand on y va foible, on est battu. We shall add only, that the war which has already destroyed more Frenchmen than the conquest or enthralment of all the Continent, a war which has impaired the character and popularity of Buonaparte more than all his former wars had raised it, a war which compels him to keep terms with Russia and Austria, and employs his main force against Spaniards and Britons in Spain, instead of directing the whole against Ireland—this is the war, which is deficient in the only purpose of war, UTILITY! This is the war, from which, in contempt of national honour, and every honourable private feeling, despairing of ourselves, and despairing of our Maker, the *Morning Chronicle* and its patrons would at once withdraw!

We cannot but feel regret, not unmixed with surprise, that a motion relative to a direct trade from this country to the Spanish colonies, has been rejected by the Cortes. However, the duties on English goods which have been hitherto unreasonable and excessive on the transport to the colonies, are to be considerably reduced, and some articles which had been prohibited, are in future to be allowed. The proportion of the duties is reserved for consideration on a future day.

Whilst the Patriots in Catalonia remain undepressed by their late disasters, the patriots in Aragon have acquired fresh force, and overrun the whole Province. The French troops destined for

the siege of Peniscola were obliged to take the road of Saragossa, in consequence of these commotions in Aragon. The most destructive warfare is stated to be carrying on in Catalonia. The peasants have all taken up arms, and have appointed six Generals to command them. It is said that no quarter is given on either side, and that unless the enemy receive great reinforcements, they would profit little by the destruction of Tarragona. The army of Valencia, about 12,000 men, was advancing towards Tortosa.

PRICE OF GRAIN.

(*Thursday, September* 19, 1811.)

WE have observed with regret, some mischievous attempts to renew the alarm against Monopolists of Grain. Hitherto the voices have been few and feeble; but as it appears, that owing to mildew, the wheat crops in many of the arable districts have been less productive than last year, though, in some measure, compensated for by the uncommon excellence of the oat and barley crops, we anticipate that faction will avail itself of ignorance and prejudice, to spread gloom and excite vindictive passions among the labouring class, and throughout the lower orders of society. A few years after the Restoration, Sir Josiah Child, in his admirable little volume on Trade, so fully and so clearly exposed the mischief and absurdity of this prejudice, and of the

statutes that proceed upon it, as to leave nothing new for Sir J. Stuart and Adam Smith. It is a depressing proof how slowly and imperfectly the most important truths diffuse themselves through the community, that so many years after the latest of these writers, and when the truths established by them had yet been more recently scattered abroad, and rendered popular by a multitude of cheap pamphlets, newspaper essays, &c. under the administration of the late Duke of Portland, it should still remain expedient for the guardians of public opinion to demonstrate the grossness of the error, or to denounce those who would re-kindle the furious passions which so inevitably accompany it. They would, without remorse, convert an increase of price into absolute dearth, in the hopes of goading ignorance into riot, and snatch the last morsel from the poor man's lips in order to make him curse the Government in his heart. We have seen and still see, to what vile purposes the scarcity of silver currency has been applied, and the British Public assailed on its weak side, "the disposition to get out of a present inconvenience with any risk of future ruin." These are the words of Mr. Burke: and that this is no new feature in our national character, no peculiarity in the present faction, but copied from the double-dyed traitors who were fighting the cause of France, Popery, and universal Monarchy in the reign of Queen Anne, we learn from the following most apposite and instructive passage in Burnet's history of his own times.

" Our Armies as well as our Allies were everywhere punctually paid. The credit of the Nation was never raised so high in any age, nor so sacredly maintained. The Treasury was as exact and as regular in all payments as any private banker could be. It is true a great deal of money went out of the kingdom in specie. That which maintained the war in Spain was to be sent thither in that manner, the way by bills of exchange not being yet opened. Our trade with Spain and the West Indies, which formerly brought us great returns of money, was now stopt; by this means there grew to be a sensible want of money over the whole nation. This was in a great measure supplied *by the currency of Exchequer Bills and Bank Notes:* and this lay *so obvious to the disaffected party,* that they were *often attempting to blast, at least to disparage this paper credit.* But it was still kept up. It bred a just indignation in all who had a true love to their country, to see some using all possible methods to shake the administration which, notwithstanding the difficulties at home and abroad, *was much the best that had been in the memory of man;* and was certainly not only easy to the subjects in general, but *gentle even towards those who were endeavouring to undermine it.*"

If the dry and difficult question of Bullion and Paper Currency can be hammered out into a weapon of offence, with far greater ease and to far worse purposes will a false alarm concerning the immediate subsistence of the people be seized and em-

ployed by our present malcontents, the true successors of the old French faction, who wear the old mantle with a double portion of that spirit of malignant prophecy which by ominous prediction hopes to realize what it predicts. We shall therefore with pleasure republish the remarks selected by our correspondent from a series of Essays inserted in the *Morning Post* in the year 1800; because they comprize in a very small compass the whole pith of the question concerning the imaginary monopoly of corn and the supposed monopolists, and by their perspicuity, apt illustrations, and lucid arrangement, amply atone for the want of novelty on a subject, where novelty is, in truth, impossible.*

ON THE CATHOLIC PETITION.

LETTER II.†

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER.

(*Saturday, September* 21, 1811.)

SIR,

IT has been remarked by the celebrated Haller, that we are deaf while we are yawning. The same act of drowsiness that stretches open our *mouths, closes our ears.* It is much the same in

* Here followed a discussion, which is contained in one of the Letters on Monopolists and Farmers, of October 3, 1800, see p. 414 of the present collection.

† The first paragraph of this Letter appears in *The Friend*, vol. i. p. 26, 8. Essay iv.

acts of the understanding. A lazy half-attention amounts to a mental yawn. Where then a subject, that demands thought, has been thoughtfully treated, and with an exact and patient derivation from its principles, we must be willing to exert a portion of the same effort, and to *think* with the author, or the author will have thought in vain for us. It makes little difference for the time being, whether there be an *hiatus oscitans* in the reader's attention, or an *hiatus lacrymabilis* in the author's manuscript. When this occurs during the perusal of a work of known authority and established fame, we honestly lay the fault on our own deficiency, or on the unfitness of our present mood; but when it is a contemporary production, over which we have been nodding, it is far more pleasant to pronounce it *insufferably dull and obscure.* Indeed, as charity begins at home, it would be unreasonable to expect that a reader should charge himself with lack of intellect, when the effect may be equally well accounted for by declaring the author unintelligible; or accuse his own inattention, when by half a dozen phrases of abuse, as "*heavy stuff, metaphysical jargon,*" &c. he can at once excuse his laziness, and gratify his pride, scorn, and envy. To similar impulses we must attribute the praises of a true modern reader, when he meets with a work in the true modern taste, videlicet, either in skipping, unconnected, short-winded, asthmatic sentences, as easy to be understood as impossible to be remem-

bered, in which the merest common-place acquires a momentary poignancy, a petty titillating sting, from affected point and wilful antithesis; or else in strutting and rounded periods, in which the emptiest truisms are blown up into illustrious bubbles by help of film and inflation. "Aye!" (quoth the delighted reader) "this is sense, this is genius! this I understand and admire! *I have thought the very same a hundred times myself!*" In other words, this man has reminded me of my own cleverness, and therefore I admire him. O! for one piece of egotism that presents itself under its own honest bare face of "I myself I," there are fifty that steal out in the mask of *tuisms* and *ille-isms!*

It has often struck me, as a peculiarity of this enlightened age, that in all classes we meet with critics and disputants; from the Parliament to the Common Council, from the Crown and Anchor to the Chequers in St. Giles's, nothing but discussion! A fellow in rags, who had held my horse for the few moments that I had occasion to dismount, expressed his thanks for a shilling, in these words:—"Bless your honour! I have not had a pint of beer, or seen the *Register*, for a week past." "The *Register?*" quoth I—"Aye," replies he, with a grin, "Cobbett's the man, Sir! He has *Ideas*—A man's nothing without *Ideas*." And yet amid all this universality of Reasonings and *Ideas*, never was there observable such a dearth of close thinking, nay, such an antipathy to it. The very connectives

of sentences, those last remnants of that logic, which from the time of Socrates or the elder Zeno had distinguished the literature of Europe from the cementless aggregates of the oriental sages, have almost disappeared in modern French books, and are shunned by the professors of fine style, the admirers of Gallican point and terseness, in England. Every sentence is as independent of the context in its forms, as *irrelative,* and as much a whole of itself, as the different verses in the proverbs of Solomon. And as to the herd of discussers and idea-mongers, they will toil and bustle about from Dan to Beersheba, canvassing, committee-hunting, spouting, or *bludgeoning* at public meetings, delegating and delegated, nay, too often will whirl in ever-lessening circles round and round the tempting torch-light of rebellion, rather than endure the fatigue of ascertaining, first, what their principles really are; next, on what truths common to all men they are grounded; and lastly, by what law of thought the former are legitimately deducible from the latter. The habits and customs of individuals or particular ages cannot, however, alter the nature of things. Providence has assigned but one road to sound and stedfast principles, namely, a sincere unprejudiced observation of facts and primary truths, and a patient exertion of the understanding in deducing the consequences. The vehement advocate for the Irish Petition Parliament, who signs himself Hibern-Anglus, has justly observed, " We shall

never be able to form accurate opinions on this subject, unless we are careful to establish fixed and certain principles, by which we may securely guide our judgments." This then I take for my motto, in investigating the claims of the Irish Catholics, as matter of absolute right. For though these claims may be finally settled by motives of policy, yet right is itself a part of policy; and secondly, spite of ourselves the notion of right will blend with, and influence, our considerations concerning the policy of the measure. It is of the last importance, therefore, that the question of right should be decided one way or other—that if it be with the claimants, it may add its weight to the prudential considerations in their favour; but if it should be decided against them, that then the policy of the concession demanded may stand, both in our feelings and in our judgments, simply on its own grounds.

I presume only to add, that I think it scarcely possible that any honest man should both read and understand what I have written on this subject, and yet think the author a religious bigot, or possessed by a single unkind feeling to Catholics, as Catholics, much less (if that were possible) to Irishmen as Irishmen. My errors, whatever they may be, are exclusively defects of judgment or misinformation. But as to those who either will not or cannot follow the train of reasoning, for them it was not written. *Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero.*

LETTER III.

On the Catholic Claims, as matter of absolute Right; with a Critique on the Systems of Toleration and Religious Rights, of Hobbes, Lock, and Warburton.

(Thursday, September 26, 1811.)

CHURCH and State—civil and religious rights —to hold these essential powers of civilized society in a due relation to each other, so as to prevent them from becoming its burthens instead of its supports; this is perhaps the most difficult problem in the whole science of politics, which the efforts of centuries have not succeeded in solving theoretically, though in one or two countries the differences may have been happily compromised in practice. From the first ages of Christianity to the present period, the two relations of a rational being, to his present and to his future state, have been abstracted and framed into moral personages, Church and State: and to each has been assigned its own domain and its especial rights. But the circle of each, and the boundaries, which separate the one from the other, have never been accurately defined. How far the Church has in former ages trenched on the privileges of the civil magistrate, we need not be reminded: and without recurring to the annals of persecution, our own law books, in the various statutes concerning opinions and points of

private conscience; the verdicts in our courts of justice in cases of domestic wrongs, which punishing as *crimes*, what the law, *as* law, regards only as civil damages, have proportioned the punishment to the ever-varying measure of men's supposed *sensibilities*; and still more the repeated attempts, in latter years, of well-meaning Senators, supported by a powerful religious party in the kingdom at large to enforce imperfect duties by penal laws; suffice to convince a thinking man, that the State has not been wanting in its encroachments on the province of the Church. The same unblest causes which linked infidelity and profligate morals with Jacobinism, connected with the *panic of property* a factitious zeal and alarm for *religion*; and conscience, who while she spoke in her own person, had been listened to with a drowsy ear, became all-eloquent, when, like a shrewd ventriloquist, she threw her voice into the purse, and made it appear to proceed from the money-pocket. Hence it has been the plain tendency of the last twenty years to comprehend all and every thing within positive law. Those many and excellent truths, which too, far too many of us have slumbered over at church or the meeting-house (for no better reason than that we hear them every Sunday, and may at any time refresh our memories concerning them by opening God's Revenge against murder, the crying sin of Adultery, and other pious homilies) have acquired a zest and freshness by mere translocation from the

pulpit to the bench, and are attended to even by the learned brethren at the bar with an interest and sensibility which are truly edifying! In short, the nation of our forefathers, among whom to affirm, that a man squared his conscience by the law, was but a civiler way of declaring him a prudent villain, has lost its fashion and currency; and but for the efforts of the late Mr. Wyndham and his few coadjutors, our Saints might have hoped, even in their own lifetime, to have seen *false friends* and *ungrateful beneficiaries* tried at the Old Bailey, and suits carried on by old maids in behalf of worried tabbies, and dogs with tin kettles at their tails.

With us at least, this problem still remains unsolved. It is not yet definitely settled, what are the things of Cæsar, and what of God: we still want a complete table of all those points, with which the magistrate has no right to interfere, as well as of those which the teacher of religion may be rightfully prevented from meddling with. Yet assuredly there are few, if any, confused claims, in which a precise and satisfactory division is more desirable or promises greater advantages. For while Church and State are in open discord, a too long and ample experience has convinced us, that public strength and private quiet are sure to be the victims of their hostility: and if they form an indissoluble junction, as was almost the case for some ages before the Reformation, the union is purchased at the price of man's noblest prerogatives, liberty of conscience,

and free communication of thought. Again, should the disjunction take place without any previous adjustment of their several claims, we may learn from the history of Britain, France, the Netherlands, and Germany, both during the Reformation and for more than a century after, what disorders and civil commotions are the natural result; what cruel oppressions on the part of the State in support of the ecclesiastic constitution with which it had identified itself, and what uproars, outrages, treasons and rebellions on the part of the subjects, in support of the new code of faith and discipline, and the attempt to establish a Church Government congruous with it.—But why need I refer to past History? Ireland is at this moment before our eyes, the immediate object, if not of our alarm, yet of our just solicitude, and deepest interest. Who can know the vital importance of the Sister Island to the interests, and even the security of the United Empire; who can have contemplated the many and serious detriments that have already arisen from the heats with which she is now agitated, and not admit proportionately the advantage of solving the general question, into which the whole dispute finally resolves itself? and not desire the light of fixed and fundamental principles for the formation of their own opinions, and the guidance of their own conduct, whether as Senators, or Electors, or as men likely by their station or talent to influence the minds of their neighbours, or of the public? Such an investigation cannot in-

deed be rendered as amusing or stimulant as the after question of POLICY, in which losses are to be compared with gains; hopes weighed against fears, and fears against opposite fears; or as an historical detail of the causes that have produced the evils, which we all regret. But then it should be considered that these can never be thoroughly understood, or, if they were, would yet leave the minds of men unsatisfied, unless the question of RIGHT have been previously set at rest.

Our first philosophical writer on this subject is Hobbes, who, living in an age of tumult, amid the fumes and fermentation of that process, which ended in bringing the elements of our Constitution to their present happy equipoise, and being himself of a timorous nature and recluse, speculative habits, considered absolute tranquillity and implicit obedience as the *summum bonum* of a State: and these he believed nowhere to be found but in the personal unity and indivisibility of the supreme power: *i. e.* in absolute monarchy. To that monarch he subjected not only the actions of every citizen in the state, but even all opinions of faith and judgments concerning right and wrong, as far as is possible: that is, as far as respected the avowal* or commu-

* A tenet in which the philosopher of Malmesbury was followed by Dean Swift, who gravely and seriously affirms, that every man indeed has a full right to think and believe according to the convictions of his own mind, and to be of

nication of the same. In order to establish this slavish doctrine, he assumed not only a state of nature, but that it was a state of universal hostility, a war of all against all, and that in the nature of things a man has a right to whatever he can overpower. At length, however, weary of this universal wretchedness, men came to an agreement with each other, by which each man alienated his own power, and all concentered the power of all in some one man, who thus possessing the power of the whole, had the right to all things. When the small portion, which he could appropriate to his own uses, was subtracted, they relied on his own self-interest for a tolerably equal distribution of the desirable things of the world among his subjects. Hence Might being Right, and fear the sole moral obligation, the declared will of the monarch becomes law, and whatever is law, is justice.

A system thus groundless or imaginary in its suppositions, and thus contradictory to the feelings and self-experience of every honest man in its principles, could not be brought forward by so subtle a thinker as Hobbes, without attempts to disguise or soften its most prominent and hateful features. For this purpose he has recourse to the omnipotence of the Deity, and makes just such use of it, as an

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what religion he likes; but that it is no breach of the rights of conscience to punish him for *saying* what he thinks, or for openly preaching the religion he believes right.

Atheist might have been expected to do. God, says he, being infinitely more *powerful* than any earthly monarch, must impress an incomparably greater *fear:* and his will must therefore constitute an obligation paramount to all others. In this fear not only is the monarch obliged to govern his subjects, but the subjects themselves are under an obligation to disobey him whenever his will is incompatible with their obedience to the Deity. But then the two things must be clearly incompatible, and in matters of religion they are so only in respect of the inward religion in the individual's own heart, the only religion according to him which a wise man has anything to do with. The outward forms of religion, the choice of sacred books, public creeds, church discipline, and ecclesiastical revenues and rights, he subjects wholly and utterly to the supreme Magistrate, nay, and ventures to denounce every innovation in the forms or tenets of the Church unauthorized by the monarch, not only as high treason, meriting death here, but as blasphemy to be punished hereafter.

The reader will agree with me, that the kettle is not the better for the tinkering. At the present day the bare statement of the system suffices for its confutation. The merest initiate in reasoning will reply, that, by the necessity of human nature, to suppress all outward, audible, and visible manifestations of our inward convictions and feelings, is, certainly, though gradually, to destroy these feelings and con-

victions themselves; that the same law, therefore, which obliges me to retain, must likewise oblige me to express and communicate my faith. And how can that be my duty towards myself, which is not at the same time my duty towards my children? It will be detected too, that the system contains its own confutation: for by what obligation can a people, united by common grievances, be withheld from reclaiming from the monarch the power which had been delegated, but which never was or could be actually transferred, any more than it is possible for ten men six foot high to make one among them sixty foot? By virtue of the contract? Then there must exist a moral obligation to observe a contract, prior to, and independent of, the fear of the monarch. By the fear of the Almighty? But this fear was present, as an equal source of obligation, to all men and to each individual in the state of nature, and the social state must have only recognised, not introduced or constituted, the rights and duties of its component members.*

(Friday, September 27, 1811.)

WE wait with great anxiety for the next despatches from Lord Wellington, which the last letters gave us reason to suppose will contain the account of some important operations. By us,

* "*To be continued*" appears at the end of this letter, but no continuation can be found. S. C.

and others, who are not acquainted with the military science, the value of Lord Wellington's recent movements may not have been adequately appreciated. — But it is now clear that one object of his Lordship's advance has been accomplished. He has saved the army of Gallicia from being beaten down by the French, and the province of Gallicia from being overrun by them. This success, for so we must call it, is important. Gallicia breathes a noble spirit of patriotism: it has raised a numerous army; and its hardy peasantry offer materials for the formation of an effective and formidable regular force, should exertions be deemed necessary for that purpose. We know not any province in Spain in which so large a force could be raised, or if raised, be so usefully employed; or at least rendered so subservient to the defence of Portugal. Whilst that province possesses a disposable force, the rear of the French army penetrating into Portugal will be seriously menaced, and its supplies intercepted.

The Gallician army which had retreated before the French is now again advanced; and the French have thought it most prudent, on account of Lord Wellington's movements, to fall further back. Meanwhile Marmont has broken up from his position, evidently alarmed by the march of the allied army, which not only blockades Ciudad Rodrigo, but assumes an offensive and challenging attitude against Salamanca. This interposition of our force between Marmont and the grand depôt of Salamanca has

obliged him to break up. Whether offensive operations will proceed from him or Lord Wellington is not known — but we are more inclined to believe that they will originate in Lord Wellington. — The private letters all say, that his Lordship conceives the present a fit moment for striking a blow; viz. before the French army of the North has begun its march to join the army of Portugal, and before Soult returns to the Guadiana.

GIBRALTAR papers of the 7th, have brought the Spanish account of the battle of Baza. It is not affected to be denied that the Spaniards were beaten: but it appears that only part of the Spanish army was engaged. As soon as the troops had been reassembled in Murcia, they were expected to attempt re-occupying the province of Grenada. It does not seem as if the French had prosecuted their march into Murcia beyond Lorca. On the 13th, they approached that town, but were compelled to retire.

The account of Soult's return to Seville on the 28th is incorrect. On the 30th he was at Malaga, from whence it is said he proceeded towards the camp of St. Roque to attack General Ballasteros, who had landed at Algesiras with 3,500 men to join General Begines, who had about 2,500 men.

Lieut. Colonel Monro is reported to have gained some advantages over the French in Catalonia, and to have re-occupied the important position of Montserrat.

Having brought back Soult from the confines of Murcia to the southern part of Grenada we shall ask the question, which indeed we have often asked before, of what real benefit to the French have been these successes in Grenada? that is, how much nearer have they advanced them in the accomplishment of their final object, the subjugation of Spain? Not one step — not one step, we repeat, because *the spirit of the people is still unbroken.* This is the pledge of success, and whilst it is kept up to its present pitch it would be a crime against human nature itself to despair. In every part of Spain, the body of the people is not merely sincere but ardent in the cause. Of this the general proof is in that irrefragable and proud fact, that after all the efforts of the most gigantic military power in the world, Spain is yet unconquered. The particular proofs are, that every fortress taken by the French, if not treacherously delivered up by its governor, has been heroically defended; that where regular armies have been overwhelmed, they have separated into Guerillas, and still keep up the warfare; where the French force has been withdrawn, those Guerillas have again become armies. Even in those provinces which the French have had in military occupation, considerable bodies of peasants have remained in arms, and though beaten and dispersed again and again, are now in as great numbers as ever. Catalonia itself, at the present moment, furnishes a noble instance of the existence and efficien-

cy of the spirit we speak of. Tarragona has fallen, and Figueras has fallen; but neither are the Catalans broken-hearted nor appalled. They have fled to arms, the irregular warfare is again resorted to, and the consequence is, a consequence too which is general in Spain, and of vast importance to our calculation — that though the fortresses are taken, the French armies *are not liberated* to take an active part elsewhere. Though no regular army is left to oppose them, they are still confined to the reputed *conquered* provinces, their garrisons are obliged to be kept up to an enormous amount, and every convoy and courier requires an escort of several hundreds, and in some instances, thousands of men.

The fact therefore is, that this spirit of popular resistance, stands in a great measure in the place of regular armies; for it occupies the attention of the French divisions as much, and locates them in the different provinces as effectually as though large bodies of troops were marching and countermarching in the provinces. The punishments inflicted upon the French forces is by a little at once, but it is continual, and therefore dreadfully wasting; and this mode of warfare operates to prevent such a concentration of force as might drive the British from Portugal, while Lord Wellington, on the other hand, confines the larger bodies of the French on the frontiers of Portugal, and takes off the pressure from the smaller Spanish bands in the interior.

The cause of justice, therefore, in the Peninsula, wears still an encouraging aspect, and however we may lament different evils as prolonging the contest, and paralysing well-planned operations, until we hear of a general panic affecting the people of Spain, until *they* desert her standard, we shall still deem her invincible, and British co-operation wise and hopeful.

THE Scotsman (*Anglicè*, Scotchman) in the *Morning Chronicle* of to-day, is downright angry with a late article in the Courier respecting certain assertions of himself and his friend, the English-Irish Gentleman. *Prurit* in pugnam against us. Expressions of abuse, and rage in the poor tattered mask of affected contempt, are such infallible symptoms of a lack of argument, that we were not disappointed in finding the Scotsman's Letter *unanswerable:* for there is nothing in it to answer. We shall therefore only remind him, that the Courier fairly and accurately quoted the sentences which it deemed objectionable, and confuted them by extracts from an historian of unimpeached authority: and leaves it to himself to explain, by what logic England ceases to be "the *most important part* of the British Empire," only because it is not so important as all the other parts put together. And as to the greater *proportional* improvement of Scotland and Ireland, supposing the fact, what does it prove but what every one knew before, that they

needed improvement far more, were therefore more susceptible of it, and perhaps repaid the capital sunk in the process with a larger interest. Even so do Trinidad and Demerara. But then whence came the capital? Let it not be forgotten too, that our motive for noticing these articles was declared to be the hope of exposing the vile attempt to reason concerning the three divisions of our European Empire, as three separate countries — the wish to encourage indeed the spirit of local attachment, of the Scotch to Scotland, of the Irish to Ireland, and of Welshmen to Wales, but to hear of no other Patriots but *British* Patriots.*

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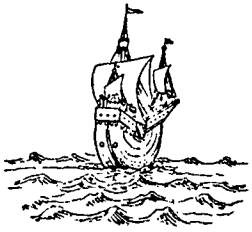
* The *Letters to Judge Fletcher*, published in 1814, have, by mistake, been placed before the articles of 1811. They ought to have followed here.



VINDICATION OF MR. SOUTHEY AGAINST MR. WM. SMITH.

(Monday, March 17, 1817.)

THE progress of tyranny, the encroachments upon freedom during the present king's reign have in nothing been more remarkable than in the publicity permitted to the proceedings in Parliament. For some years after his Majesty ascended the Throne, the publication of the debates was strictly prohibited. Since the American revolution it has been not only allowed, but indulgences have been gradually conceded to the reporters; and since the French Revolution, the journalists have freely commented, not always in respectful terms, on the sentiments of the speakers. All this has arisen during an age of tyranny and oppression according to the mob orators of the day.—But a new æra has now arrived. A revolution has just been attempted in England, and Parliament is selected as the fit place for proving the inconsistency of the public journalists! A noble task! well worthy the exalted mind of the individual who undertook it! Since a Quarterly Reviewer has been thus courageously unmasked, we shall soon find the inconsistency of Weekly Reviewers also demonstrated; and in time the daily press may come under the rod. Who knows but the apostasy even of the *Courier* may

be proved in the House of Commons to the heart's content of the deluded multitude out of doors, the dupes of incendiary demagogues? A dignified task! Hitherto, journalists have endeavoured to place Members of Parliament in the wrong, according to their way of thinking; but now Members of Parliament are to turn the tables, and prove the journalists in error! Sunk will be the Parliament, elevated the journalists! Such is the implied confession of the ascendancy of the press made by that enlightened statesman and loyal patriot, Mr. W. Smith. We thank him for the homage to our calling.

Mr. S. does not refuse permission to change our opinions, or follow the dictates of conscience,—agonizing concession; but he complains of the asperity with which men of advanced life speak of those who *now* commit the sins they themselves committed in youth. He particularly complains of asperity to those who delude the young and ignorant into the commission of sin. Thus Mr. Southey should use sweet words to Jacobins, because he, a youth of nineteen, was deluded by such writings as those of Thomas Paine into Jacobinism; thus also —say of Mr. Wilberforce, whose private life is irreproachable,—if he, (Mr. W.) when at school, had been guilty of debauchery, he should not presume to place himself at the head of a Society for the Suppression of Vice; or at least, should speak with respect of the dice-box and the brothel. He should remember the favour in which he held topers and

black-legs, pimps and prostitutes, and not speak so harshly of his old acquaintance. It is not changing opinion, but the virulence, the fury of a renegade of which Mr. Smith complains. But Mr. Smith should know, that it is natural and necessary for a renegade, as he calls him, to be more violent than another man. He is ashamed of his errors; he regards those who delude others into such errors as the worst of men; and feeling the pangs of remorse, he seeks to make reparation for his sins by preventing others from falling into similar courses. He has been stung, knows the mischief of the poison, and cautions society. Mr. Wilberforce can prove to Mr. Smith from all history, that sinners make the best saints. The use of qualified language respecting those who are deluding others into sin, as they deluded us, would prove the conversion to be insincere, or only half affected.

If Mr. Southey's politics were guided only by self-interest, as Mr. Smith says, or insinuates, he would speak of his opponents as men to whose arms he might return, because it might hereafter be his interest to return to them. The zeal is unquestionable proof of his sincerity and deep feelings. He has seen both sides of the question in all their different shades and colours, and he can speak from experience, from the evidence of facts. Mr. Southey's opinions were changed long before he received any favours from government. Mr. Smith insinuates that he has become a disgraced renegade for

the sake of gain. What gain! A hundred or two pounds *per annum*. If Mr. Southey loved money as much as we think a man with a family should do, if he did not in this respect at least prefer his muse to his children, he might, with his great talents as a journalist in London, make thousands, where he now makes hundreds. But Mr. Southey has the audacity to regard the Laureatship as an honour. This is an offence of the highest and most provoking kind. Those who hate the government in Church and State naturally enough wish to make all public offices disgraceful, and, in particular, they attempt to render those ridiculous, which are merely of an elegant nature and ornamental to the crown. Mr. Southey has the courage to hold one of these, evidently for the sake of the honour, not for the gain; and this it is which exasperates his opponents. They impute the baser motive to him, while it is the conscious feeling that he acts from the nobler motive which galls them; for galled they are to the quick, at seeing men of great talents, extensive information, experience in the world, by the world esteemed, proud of the trappings of royalty. Such occurrences are of fatal example to their view.' They spread a grace around the Throne; they inspire a reverence for it; they contribute to preserve that sacred awe, which was the other day, in the Park, trodden down by the hoofs of the swinish multitude.

But why does not government prosecute the publisher of Wat Tyler? It cannot be that the Attorney

General is a renegade to Mr. S's taste, and therefore tender of his old partisans. The book to us is an admirable burlesque on the pompous extravagances of the demagogues of the day. It affords us just such amusement in respect to politics as Tom Thumb does in respect to tragedy. We have laughed heartily at its absurdities; but still it may be used to the very worst purposes among the ignorant distressed of the lower class; and in taking so much notice of it, we feel the same compunction which Mr. S. no doubt felt while quoting it in the House of Commons, compunction for thus advertising and exciting public curiosity about a silly, yet poisonous book. Mr. S. does not perceive that the book was published to circulate political poison, as well as to reproach Mr. Southey with apostacy, or he would not have given an impulse to the poison, by repeating the reproach from a place listened to by the whole nation. Happily to that poison his article in the last Quarterly Review must be an infallible antidote, with impartial minds. It is the best exposition of the present state of the country, which has yet appeared, and we earnestly entreat the public to read it.

(Tuesday, March 18, 1817.*)*

OF all who had spoken bitter things in his reproach, Job was most shocked by the meanness and inhumanity of an old acquaintance, in calling up

against him the errors of his youth: and, no doubt, with the usual accompaniments, exaggeration, and that most venomous of all the forms of calumny, the lie by omission. Compared with the cobra or hooded snake the adder is an innocent beast. Forcibly was this passage recalled to our minds by the late coarse invective against the Laureat on the score of a school-boy dialogue in verse, published some two or three and twenty years after it had been forgotten by its author, — published in malice prepense, without his knowledge and against his will. It might be a service to certain persons who let themselves be used as conducting-pipes of slander pumped up from the cellars and poison-vaults of roguery, if we hinted at the etymological appropriateness of the term *diabolical* as applied to this transaction. But we remember that there need no Greek fires to make the ardent British spirits, such at least as we have seen too often of late years flow from the worm, and only regret that it is not in all instances *still*-born. It is some proof however of our previous respect for Mr. W. S. that we were actually surprised at his condescending to sing base to the Hunts, Hazlitts and Cobbetts in this asinine *Io Triumphe* of Detraction. The exultation is pardonable in *them*. For what can be more natural than for such creatures to fling out and wax wanton proud on the supposed discovery, that a man of Southey's genius and rank in literature had once thought like themselves? It was in truth no

small honour to *them*, that even the boy Southey, even at his private writing-desk, should have but sported (and that in a *Dramatis Personæ* of Rioters and Mob Preachers) with provocatives, labelled perhaps, but never administered, to the same low appetites, for which in right prosing earnest, and in the full vigour of their incapacity, *they* have been so long the purveyors. We might fancy that, as a long-eared virtuoso is said to have found in a bed of thistles the flute of Apollo, left behind by him when he ascended to his own natural place to sit thenceforward with all the Muses around him instead of the ragged cattle of Admetus; so one of his descendants of the present day, snuffing at a forgotten Pan-pipe of Southey's "made of *green* corn," had rendered it vocal. What wonder if, delighted at hearing the blast of his own nostrils modulated so sweetly, he "nosed the element" in triumph, sawing the air in one long continued bravura without accompaniment, till not an Ass in the neighbourhood but left mumbling its prickly fare to bray in chorus.

Asinos asinina decent.—Had this anti-music been confined to the original band, and not been played off at sight in a most unfit orchestra, we should have merely apprehended a passing shower, and looked for our umbrella. But the charge has borrowed an unnatural importance from the august place in which it was brought forward; and though we have learnt from experience, that those

who kick wantonly are sure to wince the most angrily, none so prone to revenge as those who are foremost to injure, yet an open rebuttal of an open assault will not, we trust, be deemed a breach of privilege. Most assuredly it will not, if the case in question originated wholly in mistake or misinformation, nor by any man that daily reverences the old Horatian verdict —

> Who basely wounds an *absent* friend's fair fame,
> *Or sculks from his defence* when others blame,
> Is ———

but we leave the completing line to be translated in private by those whom it may concern.

The pains which (we are bound to suppose) Mr. S. took to inquire into the facts, before he felt himself authorised to criminate Southey as the author of the *Wat Tyler*, might and ought to have informed him respecting all the circumstances of the most iniquitous publication of that work. If so, is it not most strange that no part of the honest man's indignation was attracted to this quarter? Would he have thought it right in his own person, supposing (a most improbable case we admit) that he himself, in his early youth, had been a zealot in favour of French principles, an admirer of the Parisian Theophilanthropists, and a determined enemy of the Established Church? Most assuredly there were many good men, in the maturity of their faculties, who joined heartily with their illustrious leader, Mr. Fox, in pronouncing the French Revolution "a

stupendous monument of human wisdom and human happiness." Would Mr. S. have thought it right, if from malice or for lucre some modern Curl, having by accident procured possession of them, had published every private letter he might have written under the first influence of this specious novelty? And yet one MS. is as sacred as another. We are greatly deceived if he would not have cried shame on the man who should have abused his superannuated, obsolete errors for the purpose of blackening *him* as an apostate, instead of devoting to infamy so foul a breach of all social confidence. But again, though the spirit of poetry may be among the foreign spirits with which Mr. W. S. has had no concern, yet he cannot be ignorant that the *Wat Tyler* is a *Poem*, and a *dramatic* Poem, and that it is both unfair and absurd to attribute to the Poet, as a man, all the sentiments he puts in the mouth of his characters. We scorn to carry this argument farther than the truth will admit. We do not pretend that John Ball was neither more nor less to Southey than Jack Cade to Shakespeare. But we do affirm that, though his boyish learning (far more to the honour of his heart than to the impeachment of his understanding) was in favour of the rebels, as more under intolerable oppressions, yet that the greater part of the speeches were even then designed to be read by imagined oppressors not by the oppressed, that they were written as the natural sentiments of such men in such circumstances, at

the utmost as exaggerated truths characteristic of heated minds; and not as his own convictions, much less as his wish or will. Within a year after the composition of the *Wat Tyler*, Southey wrote two acts out of three in a drama entitled *The Fall of Robespierre*, where sentiments of the contrary character are expressed with the most fervid eloquence. Had we been ignorant of the author's name, and known only that the *Wat Tyler* was written at the first dawn of the French Revolution, while as yet it was reserved for Mr. Burke's foresight to behold the gloomy confutation of Mr. Fox's eulogies, — when boys at school were permitted, without the least suspicion of any ill consequences to declaim in the characters of Brutus, or of the Plebeians seceding from Rome, &c. &c. — ignorant of all else, had we known only the date of its composition, and so read the poem for the first time, we fully believe that the following would have been our conclusion. The writer, we should say, was a very young man of warm feelings and active fancy, full of glorious visions concerning the possibilities of human nature, because his lofty, imaginative, and innocent spirit "had mistaken its own virtues and powers for the average character of mankind." We should have seen, that the vivid yet indistinct images, in which he had painted to himself the evils of war and the hardships of the poor, proved that neither the forms nor feelings were the result of real observation. The product of the Poet's own fancy, they were

impregnated with that pleasurable fervour which is experienced in all energetic exertion of intellectual power. But, as to any serious wish akin to reality; as to any real persons or events designed or expected; we should think it just as wise and charitable to believe that Quevedo or Dante would have been glad to realise the horrid phantoms and torments of imaginary oppressors, whom *they* beheld in the Infernal Regions,—*i. e.* on the slides of their own magic lanterns.

Thus much for the stripling bard, the author of the *Wat Tyler*. At the first opportunity we shall take up the defence (yet that is a paltry phrase fitter for the charge than the reply to it!) of Southey, the Poet of the Thalaba, the Madoc, the Kehama, the Roderick, of Southey the philologist, the historian, the politician! Yet these are but the costly setting. The gem itself is Southey, the Man. —But even of the former, even of the *stripling's* work, we will subjoin a few additional words. Southey's darling poet from childhood was Spenser, from whom, next to the spotless purity of his own moral habits, he derived that reverence for

> ——————————— constant Chastity,
> Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
> Regard of Honoúr, and mild Modesty!

And we are persuaded that the indignation, which, in his early perusal of our history, the outrage on Tyler's daughter had kindled in him, recommended the story for the first powerful exercise of his dra-

matic powers. It was this too, we doubt not, that coloured and shaped his feelings through the whole Drama,

> Through the allegiance and just fealty
> Which he did owe unto all Womankind.—

Let such feelings, with such morals, and under *the same circumstances*, make a republican at nineteen, and let nature have added genius, and education given learning, we will answer for the production of the most hated, because most formidable, opponent of Jacobinism and Jacobins, Quacks, and Quacking, in the *Man of Forty*.

REJECTED ARTICLES

WRITTEN FOR THE WESTMINSTER OR PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

(Thursday, March 27, and Wednesday, April 20, 1817.)

THE publication, which the proprietors thus announce to the public, is meant to include the latest accounts of maiden and anile speeches, with a faithful history of cheerings, coughings, hemmings, hums and has, and question! question! cries strongly recommended to the attention of the speaking public. To appear weekly during the sitting of the House.

N. B. As the critics employed have been carefully selected from those youths in the Deaf and

Dumb Institution, who have not capacity for any other handicraft, the proprietors dare pledge themselves to the public, that there will be no partiality in favour of wit, wisdom, patriotism, or eloquence. In proof of their vigilance, an article insidiously sent to them by some admirer of our Poet Laureat, has been rejected. We give the following extract from it. (w)

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* * * * and this for three reasons, in which we shall comprise all we have to say on (the) subject.

Our first reason is, that it appears to us neither logical, moral, nor politic, but, on the contrary, mean and mobbish, to collect what a warrior's steed may have dropt on first leaving the stable, to pelt it at its nodding plumes in the triumphal procession, or to fledge the arrows of slander, shot against the laurel-bearer, with the feathers which his Pegasus had moulted while a foal. In Edward VI's reign there was an order to bring together all the famous anti-odontalgic teeth of St. Apollonia, and those collected in consequence nearly filled a ton. Oh! the mouths of the slanderous brood in this one city would furnish twice as many cardialgic teeth, that have given ten-fold more heart-aches than the others, with all the aid of faith and fancy, ever cured tooth-aches. But that which would wound the mature and healthful, in order to inject poison from the

disorders of his unripe and stripling judgment, is a fang, which, we should have thought, the jaw of the Old Serpent alone could have supplied. If rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, we may safely add that to conjure up the ghosts of dead, forgiven, and forgotten errors is the worst species of necromancy.

Our second reason is, that the charge, as far as it allows even a plausible excuse for the adducer, implies a complete ignorance of the whole form, growth, and character of a Poet's mind in early youth, and during the first *growing pains* of poetic genius, and its essential difference from the minds of those prudent youths, in whom money is an innate idea, and the dull shrewdness by which it is amassed an instinct of nature. One of these darlings of Fortune, the true indigens of this planet, and who therefore very properly keep the good things of it to themselves, we have now in the mind's eye, and in part from our own knowledge, and in part from those who are some ten or fifteen years older than we, can retrace him from—but no matter from what—had it been from a shop-boy to a senator, the greater would have been his merit, as far as that alone is concerned. And great indeed it was, *suo saltem genere*, and such as belonged wholly to himself and nature. For he was grave and solid from his infancy, like that most *useful* of domestic animals, which, even as a piggie, never runs but with some foreseen and prudent motive, whether it be to the mast, the grains, or the

washtub; and at no time a slave to the present moment, never grunts over the acorns before him, without a scheming squint, and a segment at least of its wise little eye cast toward those on one side, which his neighbour is enjoying, or may be about to enjoy. And this merit was the more remarkable, in that he was naturally vain and self-conceited, and while he was playing at marbles, would quarrel with the taws and alays* in his mouth, because he had understood it was the way Demosthenes learnt to splutter. Even then he could smell the wind coming, and no storm so loud but his sympathising voice was an audible† accompaniment. Yet, so far from distracting his attention and constant affections from substantial realities, this sympathy with the general troubles and disturbances of the world stimulated his self-interest by the re-action of his self-importance. And so, to end as our children's books used to do, he became a very rich man, and kept

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* The name which boys give to the white marbles, still more costly than the taws. This word is probably an abbreviation of alabasters, as taws of tawnies or tawndries.

† Borrowed possibly from old Skelton's lines in one of his numerous unpublished poems,

> When blowing gales were loud and shrill,
> And Fox did yelp upon the hill,
> The Boar below would not be still,
> But squeaked a second, hear who will,
> Sharp as if Jock his nose did drill,
> Or Joan did baste him on the grill.

his coach, &c, — *Sint sua cuique præmia!* — "There is no ill scent here that I can perceive," said Vespasian, smelling to a handful of silver coin, in reply to a remonstrance from his son against the homeliness of the financial measure, by which it was collected. But such fortunate persons are not fitted to be judges of states of being, utterly alien from their own; nor can they conceive how entirely a young Poet, in all his poetic moments, lives in an ideal world—how remote, both from his own intentions and from the nature and purposes of party itself, is any *direct* influence on the actions of men. On the sub-stratum of their general feelings he is to act by general truths, general emotions: — the grandeur of liberty, compassion for the oppressed, indignation against the oppressors, are as natural to him, when these are his subjects, as fidelity, loyalty, the majesty of laws and devotion, even to the death, for friend, or king, or country, are in his next poem, perhaps. Not the thoughts or the feelings as generalities (and the Poet's characters, the historic, not less than the factitious, in *name*, as well as in reality, are mere personifications of general laws) but the misapplication of them to particular times and persons, for immediate purposes — not the *writing*, but the deliberate *publication*, constitutes the criminality. A very wise man may, without any impeachment of his wisdom, write very silly things, for relaxation, or to amuse women and children at his fireside; (such, for instance, as Swift's Conundrums,

trisyllable lines, &c.) — though none but a very injudicious man would make any application of them, *nisi ad —— culinam.* Or to bring a case strictly to the point in question. Just at the first ferment that afterwards broke out into The Peasant's War, the heroic Luther, to whose mind, up to that period, no experience was present, no fears, no images of fear, but the wrongs and miseries of the oppressed poor, and the wanton tyranny of the mighty, not only wrote, but published a circular letter to the Princes of Germany, which he lived bitterly to regret, and, compared with which, *Wat Tyler* is a mere *linctus*, a bland emulsion. And for this very reason, that the letter was composed by a Poet, (for such Luther eminently was,) a Poet fresh from the cloister and library, and consequently made up of the common-place generalities of natural feelings and notions peculiarized only by the characteristics of the Poet's own genius, is it equally applicable, and equally inapplicable, to all times and countries—and would be just as incendiary in Spafields in 1817, as on the Rhine in the 15th century. Now, suppose the Publishers had printed and sold a translation of this work instead of the *Wat Tyler*, I put the question to Mr. S.'s conscience, whether even he would have considered *Luther* as the criminal to be denounced? I ask, whether, in this instance, he would have referred to the maturer writings of Luther, in which, profiting by experience, he had so nobly compensated for his former indiscretion

by the most eloquent antidotes, as aggravations of the former, — as his motive for holding him up to reprobation, — nay, as convicting him as an Apostate and Renegado. But Southey never did publish *his* work, — but the present Southey is morally as innocent with regard to it as Mr. S. himself was, before he contrived to give a new impulse to the sale of a work he believed to be so especially dangerous. Mr. S. is privileged: but is it not strange, that he should have selected a passage, which appeared to him more particularly calculated to have an effect on the lower orders at the present time, when, by so doing, he must have known, that he should be the means of dispersing it in the course of a week, not only where the *Wat Tyler* would never have come, but in every alehouse and village of the United Kingdom. And yet Mr. Southey (oh! these friends of Freedom!) is recommended as a fit object of persecution.

When a Christian has been tempted or tortured into a renunciation of his baptismal faith by Turks or Moors, the Christians anathematize him as an Apostate and Renegado; but the Mahometans praise and protect him as a convert. When Julian, with the Imperial Power, assumed the Pontificate of Paganism, the Fathers of the Catholic Church named him Julian the Apostate; but the Heathen Priests and Philosophers hailed him the divine *Anaclete* (the Recalled,) the re-ascending Apollo, and the Defender of the Faith. Or, to bring the

matter home to our own times, when some Hottentots were converted from Hottentotism through the pious labours of the Missionary Society, and, having publicly abjured the uric and stercoral faith of their grandmothers, were christened in the Rev. R. Hill's Conventicle, several M. P.s. being present at the ceremony, (whether Mr. W. S. were among them, or who were the godfathers, we do not recollect), how great was the joy of all *true* Christians (the Dissentient to wit, and the Evangelical) at the event! how warm the eulogies on the converts! A late member of the Opposition (forgive us, illustrious spirit! for thus recalling thy memory! all the Muses have, since then, shed tears of regret on *thy* tomb) is reported to have shed tears of tender pleasure at the first bleatings of these newly yeaned lambs in the spiritual fold. It was left for the Kraulmen, from whose errors they absterged themselves, to insult and abuse them as Apostates and Renegades. From these known and undeniable facts we infer that he, who infamizes another man as an Apostate and Renegado, does, *ipso facto*, confess that he himself retains the opinions and principles, which the other had *reneged and stood off from*, in modern phraseology, disowned and *turned against*. Had no fragments of the heretic Faustus been preserved but those in which he calls St. Augustine, Apostate and Deserter, yet there would have been sufficient to make it *certain* that Faustus himself had remained a Manichæan. The

very hatred attached to the word Apostate is the clearest proof, that the most puissant and formidable enemies are those who have themselves held the same doctrines, who are familiar therefore with all the sophisms which ensnared them, and who will add the vivid colouring of nature and individual experience to the lights by which they had finally liberated themselves from the net, and who, above all, are able and eager to detail the fatal consequences of the error, with an authorised voice of warning, and the strong, persuasive eloquence of personal sympathy. But the same reasons which caused the unreformed and obdurate heretic to condense all the bitterness of his spleen in the phrases, Apostate and Renegado, as naturally and inevitably led the orthodox believer not only to welcome the quondam enemy and new ally with affectionate gratulation, but, (as in the case of St. Augustine,) to extol him as the Archaspistes Ecclesiæ, Malleus Hæreticorum, et alter Paulus.* We declare conscientiously, we see but one possible loop-hole for escaping the conclusion, namely that the person who employed the words was so grossly ignorant, even of his own language, as to have railed *in specie*, when he meant only to have hooted *in genere*.

* Ex vepribus racemus, ex zizaniis frumentum, ex novissimo primus, ex blasphema os Christi et Lyra Spiritus! Quanto et quam prodigo amore filium suum reversum pater recepit, quantis donis et honoribus revestit, tanto gaudio nos fratri nostro obviam gratulanter ibimus. This is the language of Nature in all ages.

Let us come to the point. First, Southey's deliberate principles are to be learnt from one poem. From his 19th to his 24th or 25th year, during all which time he is supposed to have retained these principles unaltered, he not only wrote but published three or four volumes of poetry, in all which he appeared among the most determined "Friends of Freedom," which, being interpreted, meant opponents of war, and advocates for the French Revolution and a Reform in Parliament. Now, either the principles avowed in these volumes are, or are not, the same as those in the *Wat Tyler*. If they are the same, why this clamour about *Wat Tyler* in particular? If they are not, but each successively more temperate, as the author grows older, and the events of the French Revolution proved more and more subversive of the visionary hopes he had entertained, (N. B. *On the authority of Mr. Fox* and of all who voted under him as their Parliamentary Leader, in favour of "the stupendous monument of human virtue and human happiness")—then what can be imagined more unjust, more cruelly unjust, than for a work composed in his twentieth year to arraign a man, to whom every following year had added wisdom in proportion as it had added experience? Would not common candour grant—but we will not ask for what does not exist, to be granted—would not the *necessary* conclusion be, that the heart was always right, and that of such errors, as a better experience and riper judg-

ment so rapidly removed, inexperience had been the sole cause? But let candour, justice, and truth hold their tongues as having nothing to do with this business. Let *Wat Tyler* be the only standard and gauge of Southey's politics from his nineteenth to his twenty-fifth year. Let it be forgotten, that an extract from Hume was prefixed to it, in which all the levelling plans and sentiments put in the mouths of the rebels are called *delirious*, and the reason assigned why the risings of the populace, without any higher support, are so little to be dreaded, except for their immediate mischief, is — that the mischiefs consequent on the mere *attempt* to realize such madman's dreams are so great that they are immediately felt, and the remedy found worse than the disease by the deluded malcontents themselves! Let it be kept out of sight that, if the author is to have all the evil of the rebels' sentiments, he ought to have all the advantage of those parts where the cruelty of the underling rebels and the impossibility of checking them, however contrary to the principles and wishes of the chiefs, with the inconstancy of the mob, are plainly introduced as warnings to all *practical* enthusiasts! In short, let the work be not only (what *as a publication* it is and would have been at any time during the last thirty years) a seditious and inflammatory *brochure*, a schoolboy's arrow, fledged with common-place, but shot at a patient in such a state of body, that even a pin-

stab might lead to a rankling sore — but let it be a mere compound of Insurrection, Jacobinism and Anarchy! And this shall be the *Wat Tyler* of *young* Southey. On the opposite side are the numerous works of the *man*, Southey, without any immoral line, but the most triumphant confutations of Jacobinism in all its disguises: (ay! *there* is the rub!)—proofs of the strongest and most glowing attachment to the Laws, Constitution, and established Religion of Great Britain, founded on as clear insight into their comparative excellence, as travel, reflection, and profound historical knowledge can give: — and the most masterly defences, not so much of a particular Ministry, as of those principles on which, amid the bark, yelp, and howl of faction, the Executive of Great Britain had preserved their own country, and finally rescued the whole civilized world from the most enormous complication of physical, moral, and political calamities that ever visited Christendom, from a Satanic irruption (the main Leader of which possesses even now the sympathies of certain persons, who are *no Apostates*), that threatened not so much to re-barbarize, as to *infernalize* human nature, by poisoning the very sources of morality and peace. The sum total then is this: that Robert Southey, whom not only his own country, but Spain, France, and Germany have been so mistaken as to distinguish with the most enviable testimonies of their respect and admiration, is recommended to the vigilance of the

Attorney-General as a Renegado *from* Sedition, Jacobinism, and Anarchy, and an Apostate, who has deserted over *to* Loyalty, Patriotism, Truth, Morals, and worse than all, and more than factious flesh and blood can endure, to the Faith in Christ, as taught by the Protestant and Established Church of England! Well, Mr. — and Mr. —, and some half dozen other Misters and Sirs! Southey will never retaliate! He knows the duties of charity, and the meaning of words too well, ever to call *you* Apostates and Renegades! A fool beyond forty is an incurable fool. We bid farewell to the subject by recommending to the discussion of the vituperative the following Quere, being the last in Pantagruel's Philosophical Cream of Encyclopædic Questions. (Rabelais' Work, p. 538, vol. IV.)

Utrum, the *black scorpion* might not produce a solution of the continuity of his own substance, in order by the effusion of his *sanies* to darken and blacken the *milky way*, to the great joy and triumph of the Non-Renegant, Unapostatical Jacobins?

POEMS, HUMOROUS AND SERIOUS,

Reprinted, (except four) for the first time, from the Morning Post and the Courier.*

(WITTY, OR HUMOROUS.)

RECANTATION.

ILLUSTRATED IN THE STORY OF THE MAD OX.

(1794.)

I.

AN Ox, long fed with musty hay,
And work'd with yoke and chain,
Was turn'd out on an April day,
When fields are in their best array,
And growing grasses sparkle gay
At once with Sun and rain.

---

* The excepted four are *The Devil's Thoughts, The British Stripling's War-Song, "I asked my Fair,"* and a little epigram called *The Alternative.* The first three I wish to present as they originally appeared. The last, which has not yet been included in the collections of my father's poetry, goes so well with its present companions, that I have not thought fit to

II.

The grass was fine, the Sun was bright:
With truth I may aver it;
The Ox was glad, as well he might,
Thought a green meadow no bad sight,
And frisked, to shew his huge delight,
Much like a beast of spirit.

III.

Stop, Neighbours! stop! why these alarms?
The Ox is only glad—
But still they pour from cots and farms—
Halloo! the parish is up in arms,
(A hoaxing-hunt has always charms)
Halloo! the Ox is mad.

IV.

The frighted beast scamper'd about;
Plunge! through the hedge he drove—
The mob pursue with hideous rout,
A bull-dog fastens on his snout;
He gores the dog, his tongue hangs out;
He's mad! he's mad, by Jove!

V.

"*Stop, Neighbours, stop!*" aloud did call
A sage of sober hue.
But all, at once, on him they fall,
And women squeak and children squall,

---

withdraw it from their society.—A few epigrams, *probably* from my Father's pen, are marked with a note of interrogation.

" What! would you have him toss us all?
" And damme! who are you?"

VI.

Oh! hapless sage, his ears they stun,
And curse him o'er and o'er—
" You bloody-minded dog!" cries one,
" To slit your windpipe were good fun,—
* * * *
* * * *

VII.

" You'd have him gore the parish-priest,
" And run against the altar—
" You fiend!" The sage his warnings ceas'd,
And north and south, and west and east,
Halloo! they follow the poor beast,
Mat, Dick, Tom, Bob and Walter.

VIII.

Old Lewis, ('twas his evil day)
Stood trembling in his shoes;
The Ox was his—what could he say?
His legs were stiffened with dismay,
The Ox ran o'er him mid the fray,
And gave him his death's bruise.

IX.

The frighted beast ran on—but here,
(No tale, though in print, more true is)
My Muse stops short in mid career—
Nay, gentle reader! do not sneer!

I cannot choose but drop a tear,
A tear for good old Lewis!.

X

The frighted beast ran through the town;
All follow'd, boy and dad,
Bull-dog, Parson, Shopman, Clown:
The Publicans rush'd from the Crown,
"Halloo! hamstring him! cut him down!"
THEY DROVE THE POOR OX MAD.

XI.

Should you a Rat to madness tease,
Why e'en a Rat may plague you:
There's no Philosopher but sees
That Rage and Fear are one disease—
Though that may burn and this may freeze,
They're both alike the Ague.

XII.

And so this Ox, in frantic mood,
Faced round like any Bull—
The mob turned tail, and he pursued,
Till they with heat and fright were stewed,
And not a chick of all this brood
But had his belly full.

XIII.

Old Nick's astride the beast, 'tis clear—
Old Nicholas, to a tittle!
But all agree, he'd disappear,
Would but the Parson venture near,

And through his teeth,* right o'er the steer,
Squirt out some fasting-spittle.

XIV.

Achilles was a warrior fleet,
The Trojans he could worry—
Our Parson too was swift of feet,
But shew'd it chiefly in retreat:
The victor Ox scour'd down the street,
The mob fled hurry-scurry.

XV.

Through gardens, lanes, and fields new plough'd,
Through his hedge, and through her hedge,
He plung'd and toss'd and bellow'd loud,
Till in his madness he grew proud,
To see this helter-skelter crowd,
That had more wrath than courage.

XVI.

Alas! to mend the breaches wide
He made for these poor ninnies,
They all must work, whate'er betide,
Both days and months, and pay beside,
(Sad news for Avarice and for Pride)
A sight of golden guineas!

---

* According to the superstition of the West-Countries, if you meet the Devil, you may either cut him in half with a straw, or force him to disappear by spitting over his horns.

XVII.

But here once more to view did pop
The man that kept his senses;
And now he cried—"Stop, neighbours! stop;
"The Ox is mad! I would not swop,
"No! not a school-boy's farthing-top,
"For all the parish-fences."

XVIII.

"The Ox is mad! Ho! Dick, Bob, Mat!"
"What means this coward fuss?"
"Ho! stretch this rope across the plat—
"'Twill trip him up—or if not that,
"Why, damme! we must lay him flat—
"See, here's my blunderbuss.

XIX.

"*A lying dog! just now he said*
"*The Ox was only glad—*
"*Let's break his presbyterian head!*"
"Hush!" quoth the sage, "you've been misled;
"No quarrels now—lets all make head—
"YOU DROVE THE POOR OX MAD."

XX.

As thus I sat, in careless chat,
With the morning's wet newspaper,
In eager haste, without his hat,
As blind and blundering as a bat,
In came that fierce Aristocrat,
Our pursy Woollen-draper.

And so my Muse perforce drew bit;
And in he rush'd and panted—
"Well, have you heard?" No, not a whit.
"What, *ha'nt* you heard?" Come, out with it!—
"That TIERNEY votes for Mister Pitt,
"And SHERIDAN'S *recanted!*"

PARLIAMENTARY OSCILLATORS.

(1794.)

ALMOST awake? Why, what is this, and whence,
O ye right loyal men, all undefiled?
Sure, 'tis not possible that Common Sense
Has hitch'd her pullies to each heavy eye-lid?

Yet wherefore else that start, which discomposes
The drowsy waters lingering in your eye?
And are you *really* able to descry
That precipice three yards beyond your noses?

Yet flatter you I cannot, that your wit
Is much improved by this long loyal dosing;
And I admire, no more than Mr. PITT,
Your jumps and starts of patriotic prosing—

Now cluttering to the Treasury Cluck, like chicken,
Now with small beaks the ravenous *Bill* opposing;
With serpent-tongue now stinging, and now licking,
Now semi-sibilant, now smoothly glozing—

Now having faith implicit that he can't err,
  Hoping his hopes, alarm'd with his alarms;
And now believing him a sly enchanter,
  Yet still afraid to break his brittle charms,

Lest some mad Devil suddenly unhamp'ring,
  Slap-dash! the imp should fly off with the steeple,
On revolutionary broom-stick scampering.—
  O ye soft-headed and soft-hearted people,

  If you can stay so long from slumber free,
My Muse shall make an effort to salute 'e:
  For lo! a very dainty simile
Flash'd sudden through my brain, and 'twill just
    suit 'e!

You know that water-fowl that cries, Quack!
    quack!?
  Full often have I seen a waggish crew
Fasten the Bird of Wisdom on it's back,
  The ivy-haunting bird, that cries, Tu-whoo!

Both plunged together in the deep mill-stream,
  (Mill-stream, or farm-yard pond, or mountain-
    lake,)
Shrill, as a *Church and Constitution* scream,
  TU-WHOO! quoth BROAD-FACE, and down dives
    the Drake!

The green-necked Drake once more pops up to
    view,
  Stares round, cries Quack! and makes an angry
    pother;

Then shriller screams the bird with eye-lids blue,
The broad-faced bird! and deeper dives the other.
Ye *quacking* Statesmen! 'tis even so with you—
One peasecod is not liker to another.

Even so on Loyalty's Decoy-pond, each
Pops up his head, as fired with British blood,
Hears once again the Ministerial screech,
And once more seeks the bottom's blackest mud!

(Thursday, August 29, 1799.)

HIPPONA lets no silly flush
Disturb her cheek; nought makes her blush.
Whate'er men over boldly say,
She nods and titters, frank and gay:
Oh! Shame, awake one honest flush,
For this —— that nothing makes her blush.

?

TO A PROUD PARENT.

THY babes ne'er greet thee with the father's name
My Lud! they lisp. Now whence can this arise?
Perhaps their mother feels an honest shame,
And will not teach her infants to tell lies.

?

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

(As the Poem first appeared.)

(Friday, September 6, 1799.)

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day,
A walking the Devil is gone,
To look at his little snug farm of the earth,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he swished his long tail,
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On the dunghill beside his stable;
Oh——oh; quoth he, for it put him in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

An apothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocation,
And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelation.*

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he, we are both of one college.
For I sate myself like a cormorant once
Upon the Tree of knowledge.†

---

* And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death. Rev. vi. 8.

† This anecdote is related by that most interesting of the

He saw a turnkey in a trice
  Hand-cuff a troublesome blade—
Nimbly, quoth he, the fingers move,
  If a man is but us'd to his trade.

He saw the same turnkey unfettering a man
  With but little expedition;
And he laugh'd, for he thought of the long debates
  On the Slave Trade Abolition.

As he went thro' ——— fields he look'd
  At a solitary cell—
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
  For improving the prisons of Hell.

He pass'd a cottage with a double coach-house,
  A cottage of gentility,
And he grinn'd at the sight, for his favourite vice
  Is pride, that apes humility.

He saw a pig right rapidly
  Adown the river float;
The pig swam well, but every stroke
  Was cutting his own throat.

Old Nicholas grinn'd, and swish'd his tail
  For joy and admiration——
And he thought of his daughter, Victory,
  And her darling babe, Taxation.

Devil's biographers, Mr. John Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, and we have here the Devil's own testimony to the truth and accuracy of it.

He met an old acquaintance
Just by the Methodist Meeting;
She held a consecrated flag,
And the Devil nods a greeting.

She tipp'd him the wink, then frown'd and cried
Avaunt! my name's ——
And turned to Mr. W———
And leer'd like a love-sick pigeon.

General ———'s burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to Hell his way did take,
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake,
It was General Conflagration.

EPIGRAM.

(Wednesday, September 11, 1799.*)*

AS gay Lord Edward, in a lively freak,
Kiss'd ancient Margaret, (for the dame was kind,)
He found that tho' the *rose* had left her *cheek*,
The *thorn* upon her *chin* remain'd behind. ?

EPIGRAM.

(Monday, September 23, 1799.*)*

JEM writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em;
Quite as fast as we can read,
But not so fast as we forget 'em. ?

ON SIR RUBICUND NASO,

A COURT ALDERMAN AND WHISPERER OF SECRETS.

(Saturday, December 7, 1799.)

SPEAK out, Sir! you're safe, for so ruddy your nose
That, talk where you will, 'tis all *under the Rose.*

?

EPIGRAM.

(Thursday, December 12, 1799.)

WHAT rise again with all one's *bones?*
Quoth Giles, I hope you fib!
I trusted, when I went to Heav'n,
To go without my *rib.*

SONG.

To be sung by the Lovers of all the notable Liquors comprised under the name of Ale.

(Friday, September 18, 1801.)

A.

YE drinkers of Nappy and Stingo so free,
Are the Gods on Olympus so happy as we?

B.

They cannot be so happy!
For why? they drink no Nappy.

A.

But what if Nectar, in their lingo,
Be but another name for Stingo?

B.

Why then we and the Gods are equally blest,
And Olympus an Ale-house as good as the best.

(Tuesday, September 22, 1801.)

OF him that in this gorgeous tomb doth lie
This sad brief tale is all that truth can give;
He liv'd like one who never thought to die,
He died like one who dared not hope to live.

ANOTHER VERSION.

UNDER this stone does Walter Harcourt lie,
Who valued nought that God or man could give;
He lived as if he never thought to die;
He died as if he dared not hope to live.*

DRINKING VERSUS THINKING;

OR, A SONG AGAINST THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

(Friday, September 25, 1801.)

MY Merrymen all, that drink with glee,
This fanciful Philosophy,
Pray, tell me, what good is it?

---

* The name, *Walter Harcourt*, has been supplied by the Editor. S. C.

If *antient Nick* should come and take
The same across the Stygian Lake,
I guess we ne'er should miss it.

Away each pale, self-brooding spark,
That goes truth-hunting in the dark,
Away from our carousing!
To Pallas we resign such fowls—
Grave birds of Wisdom! ye're but owls,
And all your trade but *mousing*.

My Merrymen all, here's punch and wine,
And spicy bishop, drink divine!
Let's live while we are able.
While Mirth and Sense sit hand in glove,
This Don Philosophy we'll shove
Dead drunk beneath the table.

TO A CRITIC,

Who extracted a passage from a poem without adding a word respecting the context, and then derided it as unintelligible.

(Wednesday, December 16, 1801.)

MOST candid Critic!—what if I,
By way of joke, pull out your eye,
And holding up the fragment, cry
Ha! ha! that men such fools should be!

Behold this shapeless dab! and he,
Who own'd it, fancied it could see!—
The joke were mighty analytic;
But should you like it, candid Critic? *

TO A CERTAIN MODERN NARCISSUS.

(On the same day.)

DO call, dear Jess, whene'er my way you come,
My looking-glass will always be at home.

?

PONDERE NON NUMERO.

FRIENDS should be weigh'd not told: who boasts to have won
A multitude of Friends, he ne'er had one.

?

EPIGRAMS.

Lot 1.

(Day of appearance unknown.)

WHAT is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

* This epigram, *To a Critic*, that *To a modern Narcissus*, and *Pondere non Numero*, all appeared without signature; the

CHARLES, grave or merry, at no lie would stick,
And taught, at length, his mem'ry the same trick.
Believing thus, what he so oft repeats,
He's brought the thing to such a pass, poor youth!
That now himself, and no one else, he cheats,
Save when unluckily he tells the truth.

AN evil spirit's on thee, Friend, of late—
Ev'n from the hour thou cam'st to thy estate.
Thy mirth all gone, thy kindness, thy discretion,
Th' estate has prov'd to thee a most complete *possession.*
Shame, shame, old Friend, would'st thou be truly blest,
Be thy wealth's lord, not slave! *possessor*, not *possess'd.*

HERE lies the Devil—ask no other name.
Well! but you mean Lord —— ? Hush! we mean the same.

---

first is certainly my Father's, as it is introduced (in prose, I believe) into some part of his writings; the second I assign to him only by guess, it may be by some other hand; *Pondere non Numero* I conjecture to be his with something more of assurance than the last-mentioned.

TO ONE WHO PUBLISHED IN PRINT WHAT HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED TO HIM BY MY FIRE-SIDE.

TWO things hast thou made known to half the nation,
My secrets, and my want of penetration:
For O! far more than all, which thou hast penn'd,
It shames me, to have call'd a wretch like thee my friend!

"*Obscuri sub Luce Maligna.*" VIRG.

SCARCE any scandal, but has a handle,
In truth most falsehoods have their rise;
Truth first unlocks Pandora's box,
And out there fly a host of lies.

Malignant light, by cloudy night,
To precipices it decoys one!
One nectar drop from Jove's own shop
Will flavour a whole cup of poison.

*** THE COMPLAINT AND REPROOF, now included among the Poems, originally appeared in this place.

OLD Harpy jeers at castles in the air,
And thanks his stars, whenever Edmund speaks,
That such a dupe, as that, is not his heir—

But know, old Harpy, that these fancy freaks
Tho' vain and light, as floating gossamer,
Always amuse, and sometimes mend the heart:
A young man's idlest hopes are still his pleasures,
And fetch a higher price in Wisdom's mart
Than all the unenjoying Miser's treasures.

TO A VAIN YOUNG LADY.

DIDST thou think less of thy dear self,
Far more would others think of thee!
Sweet Anne! the knowledge of thy wealth
Reduces thee to poverty.
Boon Nature gave wit, beauty, health,
On thee, as on her darling, pitching;
Could'st thou forget thou'rt thus enrich'd,
That moment would'st thou become rich in!
And wert thou not so self-bewitch'd,
Sweet Anne! thou wert, indeed, bewitching.

FROM me, Aurelia, you desir'd *
Your proper praise to know:
Well! you're the Fair, by all admir'd—
Some twenty years ago.

* These last three Epigrams appeared on Saturday, October 2; but were intended to form part of Lot II.

FOR A HOUSE-DOG'S COLLAR.

WHEN thieves come, I bark: when gallants
I am still—
So perform both my Master's and Mistress's will.

IN vain I praise thee, Zoilus!
In vain thou rail'st at me!
Me no one credits, Zoilus!
And no one credits thee!

EPITAPH ON A MERCENARY MISER.

(Saturday, October 9, 1802.)

A POOR, benighted Pedlar knock'd
One night at Sell-All's door,
The same, who sav'd old Sell-All's life—
'Twas but the year before!
And Sell-All rose and let him in,
Not utterly unwilling;
But first he bargain'd with the man,
And took his only shilling!
That night he dreamt, he'd given away his pelf,
Walk'd in his sleep and sleeping hung himself!
And now his soul and body rest below,
And here, they say, his punishment and fate is,
To lie awake, and ev'ry hour to know
How many people read his tomb-stone GRATIS.

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

Lot II.

(Monday, October 11.)

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AN AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

Author.

COME! your opinion of my manuscript!

Friend.

Dear Joe! I could almost as soon be whipt.

Author.

But I *will* have it!

Friend.

If it must be had — *(hesitating)*
You write so ill I scarce could read the hand—

Author.

A mere evasion!

Friend.

And you spell so bad,
That what I read I could not understand.

ΜΩΡΟΣΟΦΙΑ, OR WISDOM IN FOLLY.

TOM SLOTHFUL talks, as slothful Tom beseems,
What he shall shortly gain, and what be doing;
Then drops asleep, and so prolongs his dreams,
And thus *enjoys* at once what half the world are *wooing*.

EACH Bond-street buck conceits, unhappy elf!
He shows his cloaths! alas! he shows *himself!*
O that they knew, these overdrest self-lovers,
What hides the body, oft the mind uncovers.

FROM AN OLD GERMAN POET.

THAT France hath put us oft to rout
With *powder*, which ourselves found out;
And laughs at us for fools in *print*,
Of which, our genius was the mint;
All this, I easily admit,
For we have genius, France has wit.
But 'tis too bad, that blind and mad
To Frenchmen's wives each trav'ling German goes,
And proves the father of his country's foes!

ON THE CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE, THAT IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE THE SUN IS FEMININE, AND THE MOON MASCULINE.

OUR English poets, bad and good, agree
To make the Sun a male, the moon a she.
He drives HIS dazzling diligence on high,
In verse, as constantly as in the sky;
And cheap as blackberries, our sonnets show
The Moon, heav'n's huntress, with HER silver bow;
By which they'd teach us, if I guess aright,
Man rules the day, and woman rules the night.

In Germany, they just reverse the thing;
The sun becomes a queen, the moon a king.
Now, that the sun should represent the women
The moon the men, to me seem'd mighty humming,
And when I first read German made me stare;
Surely, it is not, that the wives are there
As *common*, as the sun, to lord and loon,
And all their husbands *horned* as the moon?

SPOTS IN THE SUN.

MY father confessor is strict and holy,
Mi Fili, still he cries, *peccare noli.*
And yet, how oft I find the pious man
At Annette's door, the lovely courtesan!
Her soul's deformity the good man wins,
And not her charms! He comes to hear her sins!
Good father, I would fain not do thee wrong;
But ah! I fear, that they, who oft and long
Stand gazing at the sun, to count each spot,
Must sometimes find the sun itself too hot.

WHEN Surface talks of other people's worth,
He has the weakest memory on earth;
And when his own good deeds he deigns to mention,
His *mem'ry* still is no whit better grown;
But *then* he makes up for it, all will own,
By a prodigious talent of *invention*.

TO MY CANDLE.

THE FAREWELL EPIGRAM.

GOOD Candle, thou that with thy brother fire,
Art my best friend, and comforter at night,
Just snuff'd, thou look'st as if thou didst desire,
That I on thee an epigram should write.
Dear candle, burnt down to a finger-joint,
Thy own flame is an epigram of sight,
'Tis *short*, and *pointed*, and *all over* light,
Yet gives *most* light, and burns the keenest at the point.

Valete et plaudite,

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

(From The Friend, First edit. No. xii. November 9, 1809.*)*

AN excellent adage commands that we should
Relate of the dead that alone which is good;
But of the great lord, who here lies in lead,
We know nothing good but that he is dead.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE SECRESY OF A CERTAIN LADY.

(From the Courier. January 3, 1814.*)*

"SHE'S secret as the grave, allow."
"I do: I cannot doubt it.
"But 'tis a grave with tombstone on,
"That tells you all about it."

NONSENSE SAPPHICS.*

Written for J. G. as a school exercise, for Merchant Taylor's.

(About 1822, or 1823.)

HERE is Jem's first copy of nonsense verses,
All in the antique style of Mistress Sappho,
Latin just like Horace the tuneful Roman,
Sapph's imitator:
But we Bards, we classical Lyric Poets,
Know a thing or two in a scurvy planet:
Don't we now? Eh? Brother Horatius Flaccus,
Tip us your paw, lad:—
Here's to Mæcenas and the other worthies;
Rich men of England, would ye be immortal,
Patronize genius, giving lash and praise to
G—— Jacobus;
G—— Jacobus, he of Merchant Taylor's,
Minor ætate, ingenio at stupendus,
Sapphic, Heroic, Elegiac, what a
Versificator!

THE ALTERNATIVE.

(1826.)

THIS way or that, ye powers above me!
I of my grief were rid—
Did Enna either really love me,
Or cease to think she did.

* *Dulce est desipere in loco.* S. C.

(Date unknown.)

"SWANS sing before they die: 'twere no bad
thing,
"Did certain persons die before they sing." *
"A jest," cries Jack, "without a sting!
"*Post obitum* no man can sing."
And true, if Jack don't mend his manners,
And leave his atheistic banners,
Post obitum will Jack run foul
Of such sparks as can only *howl.*

SERIOUS AND SENTIMENTAL.

THE BRITISH STRIPLING'S WAR-SONG.

(Saturday, August 24, 1799.)

YES, noble old warrior! this heart has beat
high,
Since you told of the deeds which your countrymen
wrought;
Ah! give me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,
And I too will fight as my forefathers fought!

O despise not my youth! for my spirit is steel'd,
And I know there is strength in the grasp of my
hand;

* Poet. Works, vol. ii. p. 148.

Yea, as firm as thyself would I march to the field,
And as proudly could die for my dear native land.

In the sports of my childhood I mimic'd the fight,—
The sound of the trumpet suspended my breath;
And my fancy still wander'd by day and by night
Amid battle, and tumult, and conquest, and death.

My own shout of onset when th' armies advance,
How oft it awakes me from visions of glory,
When I meant to have leap'd on the hero of France,
And have dashed him to earth pale and breathless
and gory!

As late through the city with banners all streaming
To the music of trumpets the warriors flew by,—
With helmet and scymitar naked and gleaming
On their proud, trampling thunder-hoof'd steeds
did they fly,—

I sped to yon heath that is lonely and bare—
For each nerve was unquiet, each pulse in alarm,—
I hurl'd my mock lance through the objectless air,
And in open-eyed dream prov'd the strength of my
arm.

Yes, noble old warrior! this heart has beat high,
Since you told of the deeds that our countrymen
wrought;
O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,
And I, too, will fight as my forefathers fought!

SONG FROM LESSING.

(As it first appeared. Tuesday, August 27, 1799.*)*

I ASKED my Fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece,
Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, or Doris,
Dorimene or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle Fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
"Take thou whatever suits the line.
"Call me Clelia, call me Chloris,
"Laura, Lesbia or Doris—
"Only, only, call me thine."

THE WILL O' THE WISP.

A SAPPHIC.

Vix ea nostra voco.

(Tuesday, December 1, 1801.)

LUNATIC Watch-fires! Ghosts of Light and Motion!
Fearless I see you weave your wanton dances
Near me, far off me; you, that tempt the traveller
Onward and onward.

Wooing, retreating, till the swamp beneath him
Groans and 'tis dark!—This woman's wile, I know it!
Learnt it from *thee*, from *thy* perfidious glances,
Black-ey'd Rebecca!

TRANQUILLITY.

AN ODE.

Vix ea nostra voco.

(Friday, December 4, 1801.)

WHAT Statesmen scheme, and soldiers work,
Whether the Pontiff or the Turk,
Will e'er renew th' expiring lease
Of Empire; whether War or Peace
Will best play off the Consul's game;
What fancy-figures, and what name
Half-thinking, sensual France, a natural Slave,
On those ne'er-broken chains, her self-forg'd chains, will grave;

Disturb not me! Some tears I shed
When bow'd the Swiss his noble head;
Since then with quiet heart have view'd
Both distant fights and parties crude,
Whose heap'd up terms, which Fear compels,
(Live Discord's green combustibles
And future fuel of the funeral pyre) * [fire.
Now hide, and soon alas! will feed the low-burnt
Tranquillity! thou better name, &c. &c.

The following is an almost literal translation of a very old and very favourite song among the Westphalian Boors. The tune at the end is the same with one of Mr. Dibdin's excellent songs, and the air to which it is sung by the Boors, is remarkably sweet and lively.

WHEN thou to my true-love com'st,
Greet her from me kindly;
When she asks thee how I fare?
Say, folks in Heaven fare finely.

When she asks, "What! is he sick?"
Say, dead!—and when for sorrow
She begins to sob and cry,
Say, I come to-morrow.

A HINT TO PREMIERS AND FIRST CONSULS.

From an old Tragedy, viz. Agatha to King Archelaus.

(Monday, September 27, 1802.)

THREE truths should make thee often think and pause;
The first is, that thou govern'st other men;
The second, that thy pow'r is from the laws:
And this the third, that thou must die!—and then?—

THE DAY DREAM.

From an Emigrant to his absent Wife.

(Tuesday, October 19, 1802.)

IF thou wert here, these tears were tears of light!
But from as sweet a vision did I start
As ever made these eyes grow idly bright!
And though I weep, yet still around my heart
A sweet and playful tenderness doth linger,
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

My mouth half-open, like a witless man,
I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom:
And o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,
All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—
I know not what—but had the same been stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother dream,
That she was softly bending down to kiss
Her babe, that something more than babe did seem,
A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet its own dear baby self far rather!

Across my chest there lay a weight, so warm!
As if some bird had taken shelter there:
And lo! I seem'd to see a woman's form—
Thine, Sara? thine? O joy, if thine it were!
I gaz'd with stifled breath, and fear'd to stir it,
No deeper trance e'er wrapt a yearning spirit!

And now, when I seem'd sure thy face to see,
Thy own dear self in our own quiet home;
There came an elfish laugh, and waken'd me;
'Twas Frederic, who behind my chair had clomb,
And with his bright eyes at my face was peeping—
I bless'd him, tried to laugh, and fell a weeping!

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

(Friday, August 30, 1811.)

O THINK, fair Maid! these sands that pass
In slender threads adown this glass,
Were once the body of some swain,
Who lov'd too well and lov'd in vain.
And let one soft sigh heave thy breast,
That not in life alone unblest
E'en lovers' ashes find no rest. ?

MUTUAL PASSION.

(Altered and modernized from an old Poet.)

(Saturday, September 21, 1811.)

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who:
For if the nymphs should know my swain
I fear they'd love him too.
Yet while my joy's unknown,
Its rosy buds are but half-blown:
What no one with me shares, seems scarce my own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me:
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
'Twould vex me worse than scorn!
And yet it cannot be forlorn,
Unless my heart would, like my thoughts, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair
And fresh, and fragrant too;
As after rain the summer air,
And looks as lilies do,
That are this morning blown!
Yet, yet I doubt, he is not known,
Yet, yet I fear to have him fully shown.

But he hath eyes so large, and bright,
  Which none can see and doubt
That Love might thence his torches light,
  Though Hate had put them out!
But then to raise my fears
His voice—what maid so ever hears
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more! yet I love him,
  And he loves me; yet so,
That never one low wish did dim
  Our love's pure light, I know ——
In each so free from blame,
That both of us would gain new fame,
If love's strong fears would let me tell his name!

THE ALIENATED MISTRESS.

A MADRIGAL.

(*From an unfinished Melo-drama.*)

Lady.

IF Love be dead (and you aver it!)
Tell me, Bard, where Love lies buried.

Poet.

Love lies buried where 'twas born.
Ah faithless Nymph! think it no scorn
If in my fancy I presume
To name thy bosom poor Love's tomb;

And on that tomb to read the line—
" Here lies a Love that once was mine,
" But took a chill, as I divine,
" And died at length of a decline."

TO A LADY.

'TIS not the lily brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,
Enough of lilies and of roses!
A thousand fold more dear to me
The look that gentle Love discloses,—
That look which Love alone can see.

A THOUGHT,

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF SADDLEBACK, NEAR THRELHELD IN CUMBERLAND.

ON stern Blenharthur's perilous height
The winds are tyrannous and strong:
And flashing forth unsteady light
From stern Blenharthur's skiey height
As loud the torrents throng!

Beneath the Moon in gentle weather
They bind the earth and sky together;
But ah! the sky and all its forms how quiet!—
The things that seek the earth how full of noise and riot!

L'ENVOY TO "LIKE A LONE ARAB." *

IN vain we supplicate the powers above;
There is no resurrection for the Love
That, nurst in tenderest care, yet fades away
In the chilled heart by gradual self-decay.

TO MISS A. T.

VERSE, pictures, music, thoughts both grave and gay,
Remembrances of dear-loved friends away,
On spotless page of virgin white displayed,
Such should thine album be, for such art thou, sweet maid! †

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* Poet. Works, vol. ii. p. 132.

† Nonsense Sapphics, "Swans sing, &c." at p. 988, and the last five pieces were never before printed.

Lamb wrote to my Father, "Your Epigram on the Sun and Moon in Germany is admirable. Take 'em all together they are as good as Harrington's."

NOTES.

(A) p. 30.

"IT is worthy of remark" says he, (Coleridge) in a MS. note, "that we may possess a thing in such fulness as to prevent its possession from being an object of distinct consciousness. Only as it lessens or dims, we reflect on it, and learn to value it. This is one main cause why young men of high and ardent minds find nothing repulsive in the doctrines of necessity, which, in after years, they (as I have) recoil from. Thus, too, the faces of friends dearly beloved become distinct in memory or dream only after long absence." Quoted from Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, p. 73.

(B) p. 39. In the quotation from Statius *omnibus* is substituted for *cunctis*, and *mille et mille* for *quinquaginta*.

(C) p. 98. Mr. Gillman has preserved this note of my father's "written at Highgate, in a copy of the *Conciones ad Populum*."

"Except the two or three pages involving the doctrine of philosophical necessity and Unitarianism, I see little or nothing in these *outbursts* of my *youthful* zeal to *retract*, and with the exception of some flame-coloured epithets applied to persons, as to Mr. Pitt and others, or rather to personifications (for such they really were to *me*) as little to regret. *Qualis ab initio* ~~fuerat~~ S. T. C."

On *The Plot Discovered* there is a *MS.* note by the late G. Cumberland, to this effect:

"This tract is scarce, and interesting as containing the early opinions of Mr. Coleridge on Mr. Pitt's Treason

Bill, and as a proof that much freedom of the press even then existed . . . . . perhaps the printer was Mr. Cottle . . . . . There is much honest thinking and much fine writing in this tract. It was wise not to prosecute it."

The Introductory Address of the *Conciones ad Populum* was first published, I believe, in the spring of 1795, some months before the author's marriage, Oct. 4, 1795, under the title of A Moral and Political Lecture delivered at Bristol by S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge, with this motto from Akenside.

——————"To calm and guide
The swelling democratic tide;
To watch the state's *uncertain* frame;
To baffle Faction's *partial* aim:
But chiefly with determin'd zeal
To quell the servile Band that kneel
To Freedom's jealous foes;
And lash that Monster, who is daily found
Expert and bold our country's peace to wound,
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows."

The lecture, as it appears in the *Conciones ad Populum*, contains passages not to be found in the original, and is without some which the original contains: toward the end, before the illustration of Tescalipoca, the Mexican deity, he had written, "Benevolence alone beseems the philosopher. Let us not grasp even despotism with too abrupt a hand, lest, like the envenomed insect of Peru,* it infect with its poison the hand that removes it harshly. Let us beware that we continue not the evils of tyranny, when the monster shall be driven from the earth. Its temple is founded on the ruins of mankind. Like the

* The Coya, an insect of so thin a skin, that on being incautiously touched, it bursts, and of so subtle a poison that it is immediately absorbed into the body and proves fatal.

fane of Tescalipoca &c. &c." Our object is to destroy pernicious systems, not their misguided adherents. Philosophy imputes not the great evil to the corrupted, but to the system, which presents the temptation to corruption. The evil must cease when the cause is removed, and the courtier, who is enabled by state machinations to embroil or enslave a nation when levelled to the standard of men, will be impotent of evil, as he is now unconscious of good. Humane from principle, not fear, the disciple of liberty shrinks not from his duty. He will not court persecution by the ill timed obtrusion of truth, still less will he seek to avoid it by concealment or dereliction.

J. H. Tooke, on the morning of his trial, wrote to a fellow sufferer in these words: "Nothing will so much serve the cause of freedom as our *acquittal*, except our *execution*." He meant, I presume, to imply that whatever contributes to increase discussion must accelerate the progress of liberty. Let activity and perseverance and moderation supply the want of numbers. Convinced of the justice of our principles, let neither scorn nor oppression prevent us from disseminating them. By the gradual deposition of time, error has been piled upon error and prejudice upon prejudice, till few men are tall enough to look over them, and they whose intellects surpass the common stature, and who describe the green vales and pleasant prospects beyond them, will be thought to have created images in vacancy and be honoured with the name of madmen; but

> It is the motive strong, the conscience pure,
> That bids us firmly act or meek endure;
> 'Tis this will shield us when the storm beats hard;
> Content tho' poor had we no other guard.

There are several other sentences, as "benevolence is the silken thread that runs through the pearl chain of all their virtues," spoken of the true patriots, which were

omitted in the later editions by the author's improving taste and judgment.

The following account of my Father's lectures at Bristol 1794-5 is given in Mr. Cottle's Early Recollections of S. T. Coleridge:

"Mr. Coleridge's first two lectures were delivered at the Plume of Feathers in Wine Street.

"His next two lectures were delivered the latter end of February, 1795, and afterwards were thrown into a small pamphlet, printed under the title of *Conciones ad Populum.*" (It should have been mentioned in a separate earlier note, that the conclusion of the first of these Addresses was written by Mr. Southey.) "After this he consolidated two other of his lectures, and published them under the title of 'The Plot Discovered.' Two detached lectures were given at the Corn Market, and one at a room in Castle Green.

"The next lecture given by Mr. C. was in reprobation of the Slave Trade. The following was the prospectus.

"To-morrow evening, June 16th, 1795, S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge, will deliver (by particular desire) a lecture on the Slave Trade, and the duties that result from its continuance.

"To begin at eight o'clock in the evening, at the Assembly Coffee House, on the Quay. Admission, one shilling.

"His next lecture was (it is believed) on the hair powder tax, in which his audience were kept in good feeling by the happy union of wit, humour and argument. Mr. C's. lectures were numerously attended and enthusiastically applauded." Vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

The following is the prospectus of Mr. C's. series of Political Lectures.

S. T. Coleridge proposes to give, in Six Lectures, a comparative view of the English Rebellion, under Charles the First, and the French Revolution.

The Subjects of the proposed Lectures are,

First. The distinguishing marks of the French and English character, with their probable causes. The national circumstances precursive to—1st. the English Rebellion.—2nd. the French Revolution.

Second. The Liberty of the Press. Literature; its Revolutionary powers. Comparison of the English with the French Political writers, at the time of the several Revolutions. Milton, Sydney, Harrington.—Brissot, Sieyes, Mirabeau, Thomas Payne.

Third. The Fanaticisms of the first English and French Revolutionists. English Sectaries. French Parties. Feuillans, Girondists, Faction of Hebert, Jacobins, Moderants Royalists.

Fourth. 1st. Characters of Charles the First, and Louis the Sixteenth. 2nd. of Louis the Fourteenth and the present Empress of Russia. 3rd. Life and Character of Essex, and Fayette.

Fifth. Oliver Cromwell, and Robespierre.—Cardinal Mazarin, and William Pitt.—Dundas and Barrere.

Sixth. On Revolution in general. Its moral causes, and probable effects on the revolutionary people, and surrounding nations.

These were followed by six Lectures given by my father on Revealed Religion, its Corruptions, and its Political Views.

(D) p. 99. Of *The Watchman* the author speaks thus in his Literary Life—chap. x.

"Toward the close of the first year from the time that, in an inauspicious hour, I left the friendly cloisters, and the happy grove of quiet, ever honoured Jesus College, Cambridge, I was persuaded by sundry philanthropists and anti-polemists to set on foot a periodical work, entitled The Watchman, that, according to the general motto of the work, *all might know the truth, and that the truth*

might make us free! In order to exempt it from the stamp-tax, and likewise to contribute as little as possible to the supposed guilt of a war against freedom, it was to be published on every eighth day, thirty-two pages, large octavo, closely printed, and price only fourpence. Accordingly with a flaming prospectus,—'Knowledge is Power,' 'To cry the state of the political atmosphere,'—and so forth, I set off on a tour to the North, from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers, preaching by the way in most of the great towns, as an hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me, &c. &c." p. 181.

"From this rememberable tour I returned with nearly a thousand names on the subscription list of The Watchman; yet more than half convinced that prudence dictated the abandonment of the scheme.—I commenced the work, which was announced in London by long bills in letters larger than had ever been seen before, and which, I have been informed, for I did not see them myself, eclipsed the glories even of the lottery puffs. But alas! the publication of the very first number was delayed beyond the day announced for its appearance. In the second number an essay against fast days, with a most censurable application of a text from Isaiah for its motto, lost me near five hundred of my subscribers at one blow. In the two following numbers I made enemies of all my Jacobin and democratic patrons; for, disgusted by their infidelity, and their adoption of French morals with French *psilosophy;* and perhaps thinking, that charity ought to begin nearest home; instead of abusing the government and the aristocrats chiefly or entirely, as had been expected of me, I levelled my attacks at 'modern patriotism,' and even ventured to declare my belief, that whatever the motives

of ministers might have been for the sedition, or, as it was then the fashion to call them, the *gagging* bills, yet the bills themselves would produce an effect to be desired by all the true friends of freedom, as far as they should contribute to deter men from openly declaiming on subjects, the principles of which they had never bottomed, and from 'pleading *to* the poor and ignorant, instead of pleading *for* them.' At the same time I avowed my conviction, that national education and a concurring spread of the Gospel were the indispensable condition of any true political melioration. Thus by the time the seventh number was published, I had the mortification—(but why should I say this, when in truth I cared too little for any thing that concerned my worldly interests to be at all mortified about it?)—of seeing the preceding numbers exposed in sundry old iron shops for a penny a piece. At the ninth number I dropt the work. But from the London publisher I could not obtain a shilling;—from other places I procured but little, and after such delays as rendered that little worth nothing." P. 187, 8. 2nd edit.

(E) p. 154. This article was contributed by that "excellent and remarkable man, Mr. Poole of Nether Stowey," with whom my father had become acquainted in the summer of 1795. I need hardly apologize for not detaching it from those compositions of Mr. Coleridge with which it first saw the light, feeling sure that all who are interested in my Father's personal and literary career —and for such this volume is specially intended,— will receive it gladly, as a slight sample of the early mind of the great friend of his life, and a token or remembrance of that almost lifelong friendship. It was the opinion of many, who knew Mr. Poole, that he might have commanded success in literature, if it had suited him to pursue it persistently, and I never heard a dissentient voice

from my Father's declaration concerning "the originality and raciness of his intellect." See Note to the *Church and State*, p. 98, edit. of 1839; and *Biog. Lit.* 2nd edit. vol. 1. p. 190.

(F) p. 158. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of presenting, among the products of my Father's mind of the same æra, two sonnets of my never-seen uncle, Robert Lovell, who was united to my mother's second sister, Mary, (a year before the marriage of my parents,) in 1794, and died of a brain fever in 1796. My mother often described him to me as a young man of most attractive manners, a manly and agreeable person, (by some thought handsome,) and much refinement of mind, which indeed his verses attest. The *Biographia Literaria* mentions the poems published by him in 1795, jointly with another brother-in-law of my mother's, Robert Southey, who lived to fill so large a place in literature, under the names of Moschus and Bion, of which the former was his designation.

(G) p. 179. Of the contributions to *The Morning Post*, those which form the first series, the character of Pitt excepted, (and the report of Pitt's speech,) are printed from slips of newspaper, which had been preserved, with my father's signature in his own hand-writing attached to them. I found these pieces of old newspapers amongst my husband's papers collected with a view to editing the works of Mr. Coleridge; but how they came into his hands, I know not. It would have been very unlike my father to have kept *all* the pieces that he wrote, completely and accurately, and not very probable that they could have been carefully preserved by others had he done so. I could not decide upon any article which seemed to bear marks of his mind, that it was none of his merely from its not being in this collection: both for

the reasons just mentioned, and also because it does not include a good many which I know, from his own printed signature, or other sources of information, to have been from his pen; as the Letters to Fox, which have his Letters in print at the conclusion.

Beside these which were thus claimed by himself in writing or in print, there are a good many other articles which I have ventured to assign to him, not as *certainly* but as *most probably* his, or at all events made out of materials mainly furnished by him in one form or another, merely on internal evidence, from the mode of thought, the sentiments, quotations from recondite authors or favourite ones from the classics, peculiar expressions which occur elsewhere in his writings, and characteristic modes of illustration.

(H) p. 218. This doubtless refers to an article in *The Morning Post* of Nov. 6, 1799, in which it was contended at some length, that it would be disgraceful for England to make peace by the agency of the then present ministers, on account of the hard and arbitrary dispositions which they had exhibited toward the neighbour country. "France will exact from one, who has rendered himself so obnoxious, harder terms than she would from others. — According to Mr. Pitt's own reasoning: the more you are bent on my ruin, the more must I disable you." "Will not the French Directory insist upon harder terms from Mr. Pitt, who is their pledged enemy, than from Mr. Fox, who has uniformly disavowed a right to model, or interfere about the form of the French Government?" "It then remains with the people of England to decide whether they will have Mr. Pitt and a war, varied, perhaps, by a hollow and short-lived truce, or Mr. Fox and a peace as secure as any that ever was concluded, and on conditions as honourable and advantageous as circum-

stances may entitle us to expect. — He would only contend for fair and honourable terms of peace, and not, like Mr. Pitt, have the restoration of the French monarchy as his real object. A war conducted on such motives would far sooner terminate than one for the restoration of the throne, and it would not fail of uniting every subject in its support."

It may be as well to remind the reader that "the definitive treaty of peace was signed at Amiens, on the 27th of March, 1802, its conditions varying in no material circumstance from the preliminaries agreed to at London nine months before." See Alison's *History of Europe*, &c. &c. vol. 8. p. 70.

(1) p. 275. *The Morning Post* of January 25, 1800, contains the following notice respecting the "Intercepted Correspondence:"

"The Letters lately intercepted on their way from Egypt to France are now published avowedly by the government, and we have before us a perfect copy. The object of the preface and notes, and of the whole publication, is to inspire a horror of Bonaparte, and to make it appear that he is insincere in his present overtures of peace. A new budget of correspondence, taken in Tippoo's drawers, is also announced. Of the present pamphlet, containing the letters from Egypt, we some days ago gave a very faithful account. The correspondence is curious and entertaining. The following letter is an abstract of the whole." The letter is then given.

In the number of January 17th, is an article, which speaks thus: "Public curiosity is excited to the highest possible degree by the expected publication of the correspondence of the officers of the army of Egypt, which has been once more intercepted by the intrepidity of our brave soldiers. We have collected the reports, which

are circulated in the best informed circles, as coming from persons who have seen the letters; and we have reason to believe that the following contains the most prominent parts. This correspondence had been committed to the care of a young officer, the nephew of the Director Barras, of the same name, and not Barrere, as has been erroneously stated in some of the public journals. It reaches no farther than the 18th Vindémiare (Oct. 10). Buonaparte had left Egypt the 7th Fructidor (August 23). The correspondence comprises of course an interval of near fifty days. Buonaparte, before his departure, was to have given Kleber a meeting at Rosetta: but instead of appearing in person he sent a brevet, nominating Kleber to the command of the army of the East, together with instructions what he was to do. Kleber sent a copy of these instructions to the Executive Directory, which copy is at present in the possession of our ministers, and we understand that, at the same time that they convey a high idea of Buonaparte's capacity both as a statesman and as a writer, they furnish likewise the most incontestable proofs of such fraud and duplicity, as must for ever render his character odious as a man."

The following epigram on General Buonaparte was inserted in the Morning Post, of Wednesday, October 28, 1801, with the remark that it had made much noise in Paris where, it was scarcely necessary to say, it had not been published.

Politique plus fin que Général habile,
Bien plus ambitieux que Louis dit le Grand,
Pour être Roi d'Egypte, il croit à l'Alcoran,
Pour être Roi de la France, il croit à l' Evangile.

(J) p. 293. " My report of Pitt's Speech," says Mr. C. in a letter to Mr. Poole of March 1800, " made a

great noise here. What a degraded animal man is to see any thing to admire in that wretched rant!"

The speech, as reported in the *Morning Post*, contained the arguments of Pitt, translated into book-language and the dialect of S. T. Coleridge in particular. Mr. Gillman records that Canning, calling upon business at the editor's, inquired, as others had done, who was the reporter, and on hearing my father's name, replied, "It does more credit to his head than to his memory."*

It is worth while to give the speech, as it appeared in *The Times*, that the reader may have an opportunity of judging how far Mr. Canning spoke the truth in attributing so much of the oration to Mr. Coleridge. It is remarkable that the striking expression, applied to Buonaparte—"the child and the champion of Jacobinism,"—which was continually repeated afterwards, does not occur in the speech as reported in *The Times*, though it reappears in the later edition of it in the Collection of Pitt's speeches. This *last* report differs from my Father's *upon the whole* even more than the following.

Mr. Pitt rose in reply, and addressed the committee to the following effect:—"Sir, I am called upon to take notice of some particular observations which have fallen from the Hon. Gentleman who spoke last, and who defies me to state the object of the war in a clear and explicit manner: he defies me to state it in one sentence, but I will do even more than the Hon. Gentleman requires: for I will state the object in one word, and that word is 'Security.' I will add next, that it is security against

* "To the *author's* head" Mr. G. reports: but I cannot think he *meant* to call my father the *author* of the speech; and the exact form of his sentence may not have been retained in memory.

a danger greater than any possible peril with which we could be threatened; — security against a danger which never before existed in the world; — security against a danger which applies to all the nations of the earth; against a danger which all the nations of Europe have found necessary to resist, but which none have resisted so successfully as this, because none have met the pressure and exigency of it with the same vigour, the same firmness, the same consistency, and the same perseverance. We have had the glory of resisting it with efficacy both abroad and at home. Abroad, the valour of our armies, and the unparalleled gallantry of our fleets have triumphed over the magnitude of the danger; at home, the measures of precaution, vigour and wisdom, adopted by government, have succeeded in suppressing the spirit, extinguishing the fury, and diminishing the wicked energy of Jacobinism. (A general cry of hear! hear!) The machinations, the perfidious schemes and destructive plans of Jacobinism have been defeated and exposed to general horror and detestation, and its spirit is become less attractive and less seductive than it was. But how long has the Hon. Gentleman discovered that French Jacobinism does not exist? If he examines the dreadful system of Robespierre, if he reverts to the perfidy and devastations of the Triumvirate; if he considers the horrible policy of France under the Five Directors; if he investigates the operation of Jacobinism in all its successive changes, shapes, and modifications, from the commencement of its appearance down to the present moment, does he candidly think that he will find sufficient grounds, in his most minute and laborious researches, to enable him to assert that French Jacobinism is no longer in existence? How long is it since the Hon. Gentleman has discovered that truth, that French Jacobinism does not lead to liberty? He, an Englishman feeling and en-

joying the blessings of English liberty, has at length made that discovery, which he was unable to do under the tyranny of Robespierre, and all the subsequent alternations of despotism and anarchy, all the shifting scenes and mockery of freedom. He has now discovered it, when all the powers and all the views of the different rulers, factions, and parties are united in one person, whose fortunes have been reared in Jacobinism, whose principles have been formed in it, and who has had a greater share than any other in its attacks on the peace and happiness of the civilized world. But is Jacobinism at an end because it is enthroned in one man? Because it is the more dangerous, as all its designs and powers of execution are now concentered and condensed in one man? Will the Hon. Gentleman contend, that it does not exist, because the uniformity of direction is at present added to the uniformity of intention, and there is at length a perfect unity of will and operation, with a consequent increase of power in extending the mischief and misery of the system? In making these observations I do not mean, Sir, to say that we are to carry on the war till the principle of Jacobinism be completely extinct in every individual. That would be to engage in a hopeless contest; to attempt what could never be accomplished. Those persons who, unfortunately for themselves and for society, have been ever tainted with the poisonous contagion of Jacobinical doctrines, can never be thoroughly purified. No quarantine can prevent the diffusion of that plague, no purification can altogether cleanse the former proselytes of Jacobinism.

And I am persuaded, that nothing can be more dangerous than those who argue on the supposed extinction of Jacobinism; for they strive to tranquillize our minds by the same mode of reasoning to which they had re-

course at the commencement of the war. They say we are carrying on war against principles which do not exist, and that we are lavishing the blood and treasure of the country on the pretended grounds of justice and necessity. They state that we have already spent £200,000,000 in the contest. I answer yes, we have spent £200,000,000, but the country has spent that sum to preserve its national Independence, its Constitution, its civil and religious rights, its trade, commerce, and all the blessings which we at present enjoy. With such causes for exerting every effort, with such motives for the security of every thing that is dear to us and to the Hon. Gentleman, can we hesitate to call forth every resource, and to apply to every means for the preservation of the country? Should we hesitate to spend £200,000,000 more if necessary? But the only mode to prevent that expense is, to carry on the war with vigour and perseverance. If the Emperor of Russia has declared himself in favour of the restoration of Royalty in France, we certainly have not; but this subsidy, which is now proposed to be granted, is not a subsidy for Russia, but for the Emperor of Germany. Let us then see how the Hon. Gentleman's objection applies to the Emperor of Germany. The Hon. Gentleman objects to the subsidy because it is, in his opinion, intended to be employed in the re-establishment of Royalty; yet it unfortunately happens for his argument, that the Emperor of Germany has not declared his determination to effect the restoration of Royalty. Our Ally acts, in this instance, in conformity to the wishes of the Hon. Gentleman, and yet on that very ground does he deny him the subsidy which is proposed to be employed in promoting the success of the common cause. If I did believe what I do not believe, that there is no chance of restoring Roy-

alty to France; if I did believe what I cannot believe, that there is no prospect of destroying Jacobinism in that country; yet I see such strong motives, such true policy in the assistance which is now to be given to our Ally, with respect to the security of Great Britain and the world, that I should feel it my duty to avail myself of the co-operation of the continental powers in every case against the common enemy. If the Hon. Gentleman will tell me that the object of Austria is but to drive back the French within their own territories; if he will tell me that Austria only wishes to recover the fortresses of which she has been deprived; so far am I from considering these assurances as objections, that I should feel no inconsiderable consolation even in that kind of collateral security. But has Austria no motives to act with vigour, and co-operate, at least to a certain extent, with us against France? Let us look to the severe and trying experience which she has had, and we shall be justified in concluding, that she cannot expect security from the Republic or Buonaparte. If Austria be impelled to the prosecution of hostilities by views of ambition or aggrandisement, then still do I maintain that it is our duty to take advantage of the co-operation with which she may assist us, and it must appear obvious on every plain principle, that nothing can be more satisfactory to our minds than that the aggrandisement of Austria is a true British object, when placed in comparison with the prosperity of Jacobin France.

The Hon. Gentleman thinks that the war is neither just nor necessary. It is not just, because it is carried on for the restoration of Royalty: and it is not necessary, because we might have made peace. First, with respect to the restoration of Royalty, he says, that he cannot obtain an explicit and satisfactory answer, and that all ex-

planation is modified with an *if* and a *but*, and other particles of special pleading in politics. I assure the Hon. Gentleman that the system of special pleading is as completely erased from my mind as from his. Though I wish for the restoration of royalty, I do not look to it as my sole object. *But* I have no hesitation to declare that it would, if effected, lead with more certainty to security than any other. *But* in this important consideration, the dangers of Peace should be fairly compared with the dangers of the War, and *if* you cannot shew to me that there is a better chance of obtaining security in Peace than in the prosecution of War; *if* our resources are powerful while those of the enemy are every day impairing, then will it follow that the vigorous continuance of hostilities is the most effectual mode of obtaining that security, which we so earnestly desire. These are, Sir, the 'ifs' and 'buts' with which the Hon. Gentleman is dissatisfied. This is the special pleading by which I desire to be tried by God and my Country. Now, Sir, laying aside the diplomatic special pleading of the Hon. Gentleman, let me ask him, whether since the negotiations opened at Lisle, England or France has been most exhausted, whether he thinks that, at the end of the year 1800, France is not more likely to be exhausted; and whether, if a compromise with Jacobinism be necessary at the end of 1800, it will not be carried into effect with less danger, though concluded with Jacobinism enthroned in Buonaparte? I cannot avoid noticing the conduct of gentlemen, who are ever ready to connect false facts and false reasoning, and who have this night connected the words subsidy and scarcity. Is not this allied to the nature of Jacobinism, which makes an appeal to the passions of the people, and precludes the exercise of reason? It is this consideration which induces

me to say that the principles of Jacobinism are not altogether rooted out, and indeed never can be.

The Hon. Gentleman says, an attempt has been made to consider gentlemen as pledged to support the motion; the language I held was directly contrary. I did not say they were pledged — I merely stated that all who voted for the continuance of the war, were bound to vote for the subsidy; and that those who declared against it would act according to reason, by giving their support to the subsidy. There are, Sir, two plain objects which cannot be mistaken; to enable the people of France, by the combined exertions of the Allied Powers, to throw off the yoke of despotism; or to weaken so effectually the force of Jacobinism by the vigorous prosecution of hostilities, as to deprive it of its terror and influence. In my observations on these objects, I assigned my reasons for the conduct which I think should be adopted, but I certainly did not maintain that therefore, gentlemen were absolutely pledged. I do think it is the sentiment of gentlemen opposite to me, that while war is prosecuted by this country against France, it should be carried on as favourably to the country as it possibly can. But that they will endeavour to palsy the arm of the country, and destroy the result likely to terminate to our advantage, is what I cannot believe unless they will tell me so.

With regard to what the Hon. Gentleman has remarked, with respect to the few and the many, his observations and arguments on that head appear to be derived from the very essence of Jacobinism, which in theory considers the power of all, but in practice limits the possession and exercise of it to the few. An Hon. Gentleman who is not in the habit of frequenting much this House, once said, on a similar principle, that the minority represented the country; and if the principle

be fully admitted, the consequences must certainly be very much in favour of the Gentlemen who have opposed the war from its commencement. They have combated the justice and necessity of it for eight years, but having gradually decreased in numbers, it follows that the fewer they are the more fully they represent the people, and speak the sense of the country. I never, Sir, delivered the opinion that is imputed to me, that the people of England were decidedly for peace.

That the people of England were and are still anxious for peace, I do believe; so am I; so is every person who has the happiness of the nation at heart. But they are not anxious for peace, which in its consequences must be worse than war, which will bring with it all the burthens of war, and greater dangers, without any of the substantial and lasting blessings of peace. Since an allusion has been made to the negotiation at Lisle, I am not certain that at that period I used words expressing my opinion that the sense of the country was in favour of peace. I only thought that there existed a better prospect, that the terms of peace would be more carefully observed than before: and if I then entertained hopes on that subject, they arose from observing that there were many strong and satisfactory proofs in France of a departure from the principles and views of Jacobinism.

But I find, Sir, that it is not so much the measure now under consideration which is objected to, as the general prosecution of the war. The Hon. Gent. says Russia has withdrawn herself from all continental co-operation. Does it therefore follow, that the alliance of that Power can in no respect prove beneficial to this Country and the Common cause? Has it never occurred to the Hon. Gentleman, that the Russians may be employed in maritime expeditions of great importance against the enemy

It is obvious that France will be necessarily employed in the means of resistance on a most extensive line of continental frontier, and she will also have to provide for the defence of an extensive line of coast. I do not mean to enter into the subject of any such expedition, or to say a word on the determination of the Emperor of Russia. But if our own force be increased on the whole, so as to make it greater than what it was before on the frontiers of France, we can employ that increase in a more powerful diversion than we could have previously done. The object of the present measure is evidently calculated to procure an increase of force immediately on the Continent, and to place the force to be employed against France in that quarter on an equal footing at least to what it was at the beginning of the last campaign.

The Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Nichol) has alluded to the scarcity of provisions, and stated that the sum of twelve millions would be wanted to procure a supply. Yet this he has done without any certain grounds, for he has not undertaken to shew how much corn we were in want of. It is, Sir, with infinite satisfaction I can assure the Committee, that a very considerable supply of corn has been already obtained, that measures of the most effectual kind have been taken to quiet every apprehension on that head, and that we have at this moment resources equal both to the want of corn, and to the exigencies of the war. As to the general rate of exchange which has been noticed, I must observe, that nothing of that kind affecting the commerce of the country should be allowed to weigh in the scale against the obtaining a proper supply of food, or the vigorous prosecution of hostilities against the enemy. The Hon. Gentleman in assuming that the war is unjust and unnecessary, has argued upon a false principle. It is not true that the war has occasioned the scarcity;

nor is it true, that a supply of Corn could be more easily obtained in Peace. If the war be unjust, it should be stopped altogether; if just, it should be prosecuted, even though the scarcity be greater. It might with equal consistency be contended, that in a town besieged, the garrison, though not vigorously pressed by the enemy, should surrender sooner than be reduced to short allowance. But, Sir, I feel it my duty to observe, that if the Majority of this House is determined to continue the war, that man does not act like a good Citizen who wishes to render the issue of it injurious to his Country, and favourable to France. In arguing the question he is undoubtedly justified in using every fair means to convince the House of his opinion; but he ought on no account to exert himself to make the contest less successful. There can, Sir, exist nothing so dangerous in practice, so criminal in intention, as to ally and connect the words War and Scarcity. It is a conduct in every respect likely to lead to the most calamitous issue, and I should not have noticed it, had I not heard of measures out of this House, which may possibly tend to produce trouble and confusion."—

(K) p. 330. The dates of all these articles, except one, fall within the period of Mr. Coleridge's attendance in London as a regular contributor to Mr. Stuart's Paper,—the period when it was his hope and intention, at least, to write for it regularly. The first of those of 1800 has, perhaps, fewer particular marks of his style than the others; but from the general flow of the composition I think it may have been from his pen, and it will be useful in throwing light on those that follow, and shewing more fully the politics of *The Morning Post* about the time when it appeared. The last, dated August 6, 1800, may have been sent from Keswick. It has considerable resemblance to my Father's early manner, and is unlike the ordinary

run of *The Morning Post* articles, furnished by other hands.

The "Review of a Pamphlet by Arthur Young," p. 394, I judge to be my Father's, chiefly from the style, and because the subject is one which he appears to have been interested in and to have dwelt upon. But there is also, in this case, a something of external evidence in a letter of Mr. Lamb's, addressed to my father soon after his settlement at Greta Hall, Keswick, dated Aug. 6, 1800. —"I have torn up"—(he is relating how he has disposed of my Father's papers and books left at his house) "don't be angry, waste paper has risen forty per cent. and I can't afford to buy it—all 'Buonaparte's' Letters," (perhaps the *Intercepted Correspondence* was so lettered on the back). "'Arthur Young's *Treatise on Corn*,' and one or two more light-armed infantry, which I thought better suited the flippancy of London discussion than the dignity of Keswick thinking." Letters, vol. i. p. 152.

Mr. Lamb thus rallies his friend Coleridge on his strictures upon Mr. Wyndham's manner of expressing himself, in a note written to him while he was in London, waiting upon the M.P. in 1800:

"Now I write, I cannot miss this opportunity of acknowledging the obligations myself, and the readers in general of that luminous paper the 'Morning Post,' are under to you for the very novel and exquisite manner in which you combined political with grammatical science, in your yesterday's dissertation on Mr. Wyndham's unhappy composition. It must have been the death blow to that ministry. I expect Pitt and Grenville to resign. More especially the delicate and Cottrellian grace with which you officiated, with a ferula for a white wand, as gentleman usher to the word 'also,' which it seems did not know its place." Ib. vol. i. p. 143.

(L) p. 413. The *Letters on Monopolists and Farmers*

were chiefly the work of Mr. Poole, of Nether Stowey, but, as my Father had much to do with their composition and appearance, I think, they may fitly be introduced among his contributions to *The Morning Post*. On the margin of No. III., Part I. "Introduction only by S. T. C." was written in his hand: at the end of the second part he had written "Wholly Poole's."* No. I. was composed by himself, for the most part. He speaks thus upon the subject in a letter to Mr. Poole of October, 1800, "The essays have been published in *The Morning Post*, and have, to use the cant phrase, made a great *sensation*. In *one* place only I ventured to make a slight alteration, and I prefixed one essay, *chiefly* of my own writing, and made two or three *additions* in the enumeration of the effects of war. Now I wish all to be republished in a small pamphlet, but should like to have one more essay, of considerable length, detailing the effects and operations of paper currency on the price of the articles of life." The letter of October 14, which is placed after the series just mentioned, is certainly my Father's, since the writer speaks of himself as living 300 miles from London; which applied to him and not to Mr. Poole.

(M) p. 456. The article of November 27, 1801, and that of December 3, 1801, entitled *the Reported Changes* are assigned to Mr. Coleridge on internal evidence alone.

(N) p. 542. The concluding part of this article is reproduced in *The Friend*, vol. ii. pp. 26-7, with this note "The passage which follows was first published in *The Morning Post* and contained, if I mistake not, the first philosophical appropriation of a precise im-

* These notices were written on copies of the *Letters on Monopolists*, &c. which had been preserved.

port to the word Jacobin, as distinct from republican democrat, and demagogue."

(o) p. 585. Mr. Dequincey has given a long and interesting account of Hatfield and the Beauty of Buttermere, and of my Father's concern in the story, in Tait's Magazine for October 1834. Speaking of the heroine of the tale, after an examination of her personal pretensions, he concludes "*Beautiful*, in any emphatic sense she was not:" and indeed it is rather remarkable that in a district abounding in handsome maidens, where noble figures, bright complexions and well turned features, are scattered perhaps more profusely than elsewhere in our Island, and if so perhaps in Europe, perhaps in the World, a girl should acquire the name of The Beauty, who as far as I recollect, had neither fine features, a brilliant skin, nor a form of remarkable shapeliness. There were troops of comelier damsels in my native vale when I had my home there. All I can remember of Mary is that she neither was, in my young eyes, a beauty, nor looked as if she thought herself one, or had ever made a noise in the world. She seemed to be of a steady, firm north country build as to mind as well as person. I was not old enough, however, when I saw her last, to discern in her or in any one those personal advantages which my Father ascribes to her: in early youth, before the eye has become cultivated, and learned to trace out lines and figures, we behold beauty chiefly in the way of brilliancy or delicacy of colouring; our Venus appears arrayed in the hues of Aurora and clad with the vestment of Iris: *grace* is to us a fountain as yet unsealed. It was a common tourist's remark that Mary was no beauty, just as it was said that Buttermere lake was no beauty in comparison with its nobler and more adorned neighbours, Cromack Water, Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite Lake.

(p) p. 592. The following "advertisement issued for

apprehending the pretended Colonel Hope, who lately married the Buttermere Beauty!" seems too incorrect to have been from the pen of Mr. Coleridge, but gives such a lively portrait of a Swindler, Impostor and Bigamist that it is worth reprinting.

FRAUDULENT MARRIAGE.

(From the Morning Post of Monday, November 8, 1802.)

"Notorious Impostor, Swindler, and Felon. — *John Hatfield*, who lately ruined a young woman (commonly called the Beauty of Buttermere,) under an assumed name. Height, about five feet ten inches, aged about forty-four, full face, bright eyes, thick eye-brows, strong but light beard, good complexion with some colour, thick but not very prominent nose, smiling countenance, fine teeth, a scar on one of his cheeks near the chin; very long, thick, light hair, with a great deal of it grey, done up in a club; stout, square shouldered, full breast and chest, rather corpulent and stout limbed, but very active, and has rather a spring in his gait, with apparently a little hitch in bringing up one leg; the two middle fingers of his left hand are stiff from an old wound, and he has a custom of frequently putting them straight with his right: has something of the Irish brogue in his speech, fluent and elegant in his language, great command of words, frequently puts his hand to his heart, very fond of compliments, and generally addressing himself to persons most distinguished by rank or situation, attentive in the extreme to females, and likely to insinuate himself where there are young ladies; he was in America during the war, is fond of talking of his wounds and exploits there, and on military subjects, as well as of Hatfield Hall, and his estates in Derbyshire and Chester, of the antiquity of his family, which he pretends to trace to the Planta-

genets; all which are shameful falsehoods, thrown out to deceive. He makes a boast of having often been engaged in duels: he has been a great traveller also (by his own account,) and talks of Egypt, Turkey, Italy, and in short has a general knowledge of subjects, which, together with his engaging manner, is well calculated to impose on the credulous. He was seven years confined in Scarborough gaol, from whence he married, and removed into Devonshire, where he has basely deserted an amiable wife and young family. He had art enough to connect himself with some very respectable merchants in Devonshire as a partner in business, but having swindled them out of large sums of money he was made a separate bankrupt, in June last, and has never surrendered to his commission, by which means he is guilty of felony. He cloaks his deceptions under the mask of religion, appears fond of religious conversation, and makes a point of attending divine service and popular preachers. To consummate his villanies, he has lately, under the very respectable name of the Hon. Col. Hope, betrayed an innocent but unfortunate young woman near the lake of Buttermere. He was, on the 25th of October last, at Ravenglass, in Cumberland, wrapped in a sailor's great coat and disguised, and is supposed to be now secreted in Liverpool, or some adjacent port, with a view to leave the country."

How this description helps to impress upon one that crimes are committed for their own sake, for the love of the game, from some attractive spell of evil, rather than for any thing ulterior to be gained or accomplished!

(Q) p. 593. The extract from *The Friend* appeared in *The Courier*, Saturday, November 25, 1811, with this notice:

"In a former *Courier* we quoted part of a note in the

4th number of Mr. Coleridge's *Friend*. But the whole is so excellent—there is so much interesting and instructive historical analogy in it, that we are sure our readers will thank us for publishing it."

(R) p. 654. This sentence contains the same sentiment as that which is poetically extended by Mr. Southey in a passage already quoted in the introduction.

(S) p. 717. Of the numbers who fell in the massacre of 1841, the author of "English Misrule, &c.," speaks thus, after mentioning that an able summary of the early authorities on the subject is to be found in the Dublin Review for October 1846. "Lord Clarendon asserts that there were 40 or 50 thousand English Protestants murdered before they suspected themselves to be in any danger. Temple says, "that beside those few which fell in the heat of fight during the war, there were, in less than two years from the breaking out of the Rebellion, 300,000 British and Protestants cruelly murdered in cold blood," that is to say, 35,000 Protestants murdered beyond the number that existed in the whole of Ireland at the time, according to the calculation of Sir William Petty, who contents himself with affirming, that during the eleven years of war, 122,000 fell, of whom two-thirds were cut off by war, plague, and famine; thus reducing the number of those who were massacred to 37,000 in ten years. Rapin states the whole number at 150,000; Hume at 40,000. Carte affirms that the whole number of the *English* in Ulster at the time could not have exceeded 20,000, of whom a large proportion certainly escaped uninjured. The Scotch he computes at 100,000, of whom it does not appear that any fell except in open war. By others the number of Protestants destroyed in the war is reckoned at 10,302; while Warner asserts that the number who fell during the first two years are not to be reck-

oned, at the utmost, above 2028, of whom but a small proportion could have been massacred. At the conclusion of the war the number of the Roman Catholics was reduced from 1,200,000 to 700,000."

(T) p. 780. This Bill was first brought before Parliament on May 9, 1811. The aim of the noble proposer, as he set it forth himself, was to correct the abuses of the Toleration Acts, of William and Mary and his then present Majesty, to extend and render more effectual those Acts, as far as related to Protestant Dissenting Ministers, and, as Archbishop Howley explained it for him, 1st. "To procure a uniform construction of three Acts of Parliament which were inconsistent with one another: and 2ndly. To secure a more respectable description of Teachers to the Dissenters than they then possessed." The Dissenters, however, considered the Bill an inroad into their privileges and liberties, and petitioned against it in great force. It was opposed in Parliament on May 22, of the same year by Lords Erskine, Holland, and Stanhope, the first of whom declared it to be a direct repeal of the most important parts of the Toleration Acts, and gave something like proof of the assertion. Lord Holland agreed with Locke that the Toleration Act was not a complete measure. Lord Stanhope "hated the name of the Toleration Act. He hated the word Toleration. It was a beggarly, narrow, worthless word; it did not go far enough. He hated Toleration because he loved liberty. There was not a man in that House, not one among the Law Lords, not one, perhaps among the Bishops themselves, that had read as many of our religious statutes as he had. He had read nearly three hundred of those statutes; and disgusting and foolish and wicked most of them were. There was but one good statute, a model for statutes, one of Edward VI. which abolished the whole

set of religious statutes before it: yes, shovelled them away all at once." He then showed how "the shrewd American" reasoned for the voluntary system in paying the ministers of the Gospel. Lord Sidmouth declared that he desired to make the Bill one of comprehension rather than exclusion; had not the remotest intention of infringing the Toleration Laws; objected not to low situation in life, but desired to establish a security for moral and intellectual fitness, and had been led to believe that he had the good will of the Dissenters themselves toward his undertaking. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke in his usual mild paternal strain, and in a truly *liberal* as well as lenient spirit: "However he might lament what he conceived to be the errors of the Protestant Dissenters, it should be remembered that the Bible was the foundation of their religious belief, as well as that of the Established Church, and was or might be in the hands of every member of the Empire." The good Prelate said it "was to be recollected that *the best of interpretations were but the interpretations of men, and that the best of men were liable to error.* He thought it would be better not to press the Bill against the opinion of the Dissenters, who had thought fit to oppose it, and were the best judges of their own interests."

(u) p. 850. This fragment is all that I could find of the article of the affair of the Duke of York, of which Mr. H. C. Robinson gives me the following account; "It was to have appeared on Friday the 12th.; and, after several thousand copies had been struck off, the Government heard of it, and, by the interposition of Mr. Arbuthnot of the Treasury, the article was suppressed. This made Mr. C. very uncomfortable; and he was desirous of being engaged with another paper. He wished to be connected with the Times, and I spoke with Walter on the subject; but the negotiation failed."

(v) p. 899. The Decree referred to appeared in The Courier of Wednesday, September 11, 1811, in the following form:

THE DECREE OF THE CORTES,

OF THE 19th JUNE, 1811.

[*From the Español.*]

(*Courier*, Wednesday, September 11, 1811.)

1. The mediation offered by Great Britain for the purpose of conciliating the Provinces of America, is accepted.

2. The indispensable basis must be, the *submission* of the Provinces to acknowledge and swear allegiance to the Cortes and the Government, and to name Deputies, who shall represent them in the said Cortes, and shall incorporate themselves with the other Representatives of the Nation.

3. That all hostilities shall be reciprocally suspended, and all persons, of either party, who are prisoners, shall be set free.

4. That the pretensions of the Provinces at variance with the Mother Country (*disidentes*) shall be heard, and attention paid to them as far as justice will permit.

5. At the expiration of eight months from the commencement of the negotiation, or sooner if possible, a Report of the progress of it shall be made to the Spanish Government.

6. Great Britain shall be permitted, during the negotiation, to trade with the said provinces, it being left to the Cortes to consider, whether they shall be admitted to a share of the trade with all the provinces of America.

7. The negotiation must be concluded within fifteen months.

8. If, at the expiration of that time, it is not accomplished, Great Britain shall suspend all intercourse with

the Provinces at variance with Spain, and shall assist the Mother Country in bringing them back to their duty.

9. The Government, in its answer to the English Minister, shall previously explain to him the motives which have induced it to accept the mediation, and to preserve its honour.

(w) p. 951. Here followed two paragraphs, which, considered as *rubbers* in return for a precedent *bowling*, that but for some such diversion as this, might have done mischief, were fair enough. But a game of bowls is not a thing for permanence. I am unwilling to renew the transitory hits on either side, but wish to abstract the Vindication as much as possible from the particular occasion that called it forth and persons concerned: especially as my Father would doubtless, at this time, be sorry to express anything contrary to general respect for Mr. Smith. The Vindication itself I ought not to suppress, because it contains a sort of teaching important for all similar occasions in all times, and also because it forms a part of my Father's personal history. The earnest warmth and genuine effectiveness of the defence is dwelt upon by a friend, whose judgment I highly value, as one reason for its re-appearance.

P. 963. The following poems of my Father's appeared in the *Morning Post*,—except the last which appeared in *The Courier*, — beside those now for the first time reprinted in the present collection.

France, an Ode, in the beginning of 1798 and again in 1802.

Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode, Sep. 17, 1799.

Lines composed in a Concert Room, Sep. 24, 1799.

To a Young Lady on her Re-appearance, &c., Dec. 9, 1799.

Christmas Carol, Dec. 25, 1799.

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean, Sep. 15, 1801.
Ode to Tranquillity, Dec. 4, 1811.
Dormi Jesu, Dec. 26, 1801.
Extract from *Fears in Solitude*, 1802.
Ode to Dejection, 1802.
The Keepsake, 1801.
Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath, 1802.
The Complaint and Reproof, 1802.
Ode to the Rain, 1802.
Have you heard what the Birds say? Oct. 16, 1802.
Mutual Passion altered and modernized, Sat. Sep. 21, 1811.

I believe the *Ode to the Departing Year* appeared in the *Morning Post* before the author's visit to Germany in 1798, 9, with about ten other pieces of poetry, and *France* in its original form.

APPENDIX.

IN 1810 some childishly mischievous person chose to insert, in the *Courier* of September 15, this notice: "Mr. Editor, As the originality of Mr. Walter Scott's poetry has by many been called in question, I have endeavoured to collect under one view those passages in which he has more particularly been guilty of imitation." Then followed seven short quotations from *Marmion* and other poems of Mr. Scott, with the passages from which their beauties were supposed to have been derived; the whole discovery amounting to considerably less than nothing, seeing that there was never a poet of large production under the sun, whose verses, if examined and compared for the purpose, would not be found to contain a very much larger amount of similarities to preceding poetical compositions, than were thus brought under "one view" by some wiseacre incog. who, to finish his "dainty dish" of folly, signed the document "S. T. C."

On September 20 next ensuing, the aforesaid inanity was reproved in the following terms: "In our Paper of the 15th instant there appeared an article under the head of 'Walter Scott' with the signature of S. T. C. As this is, and has often publicly appeared, as the signature of Mr. S. T. Coleridge, we feel it our duty, at his request, to declare that Mr. Coleridge is not the au-

thor — and would not have known even of the existence of the paragraph, had it not been pointed out to him soon after the arrival of the *Courier* at Keswick. Neither is Mr. Coleridge able to interpret the phrase "guilty of imitation," a sort of *guilt* in which every writer in prose or verse must of necessity be implicated, if we except Homer, who is himself immaculately original, only from the loss of all the writings anterior to the *Iliad*.

This collection of my Father's contributions to public journals, as it is to present to the reader his career in connection with the daily press as completely as I am able to give it, must not be concluded without some notice of certain occurrences in 1811, which the following extract from a letter of Mr. Stuart's to my husband will explain:

"Gale Jones, the celebrated Mob Orator, — and a good speaker he was: he had been bred a surgeon: — was imprisoned in Cold Bath Fields gaol for a libel. From thence he published in the Newspapers accounts of the most cruel treatment which he experienced; starvation, fetters, dungeons; no doubt to excite commiseration, to procure money from such men as Sir Francis Burdett, &c. Coleridge came to me and said "This is most atrocious. If it be true, the Government should be attacked and exposed for permitting it,"— (and this he knew I should be ready to do in the *Courier*:) "but if not true, the Public should be undeceived. He proposed that I should go and make inspection. I said I would if he would go with me. He agreed. Adkins, the gaoler readily let us in on our stating who we were, and that we wished to see the gaol, which we went round, he having sent a man with us. We were

much satisfied, and lastly we inquired, if there was not a person called Gale Jones in custody? Yes, we were told, and we were conducted to him in Adkins' private house, where he was sitting writing in a room as clean, spacious and good, and as well furnished as any citizen enjoys. There were flower-pots with flowers in the windows, the sun was shining in, and not the least appearance of a prison. We told Jones who we were, and our object in visiting; he said he had nothing to complain of and could not answer for what appeared in the Newspapers. Of this affair I wrote and published a long account in the Courier. The Rev. Mr. Thirlwall, of Mile End, one of the visiting magistrates of the gaol, came to the Courier Office next day in the highest delight to thank us, and he published the whole in a small pamphlet. *September* 19, 1835."

I have little doubt that the article in the *Courier* of Saturday, February 16, on the conduct of Government with respect to libels, was written or dictated by my Father. After fully acquitting the Attorney General of having exercised the authority vested in him with harshness, disclaiming any thought of accusing the administration of severer conduct with regard to the public press than their opponents, and remarking the too great spirit of hostility to the press, particularly the Newspaper press, which exists among all public men, the writer avows his opinion that too great a measure of punishment was dealt out to persons convicted of libels. Two long articles headed *Abuse of Prisons*, which appeared on March 4, and March 7, respectively contained a most satisfactory vindication of the much calumniated Cold Bath Fields Prison, both as a House of Correction, and as a place for the detention of depraved criminals, with a detailed account of the gaol, its arrange-

ments and regulations, which were pronounced to have been contrived "with great wisdom and no less humanity;" at the same time, however, the writer questioned "the propriety of sending thither a man convicted of a libel, not on private character, or the sacred retirements of private life, but on the public conduct of a public man, and neither involving nor implying moral guilt." "Of this" it is added, "we ever have disapproved and ever shall." These articles however exposed the artifices of Gale Jones, whereby it was alleged, he sought "to injure the character of the prison, to excite the compassion of the public, and while obtaining all possible comforts to gain the credit of martyrdom, to feed the rancour of his party against this gaol, and above all to ingratiate himself with Sir F. Burdett." Jones averred, in regard to the falsifications of the *Independent Whig* on the subject of his treatment in prison, that he was not answerable for what other persons wrote without his privacy or desire. Whether this was true or not, he certainly appears to have misrepresented and equivocated on the subject of his treatment in prison. Gale Jones had been convicted of a libel on Lord Castlereagh.

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